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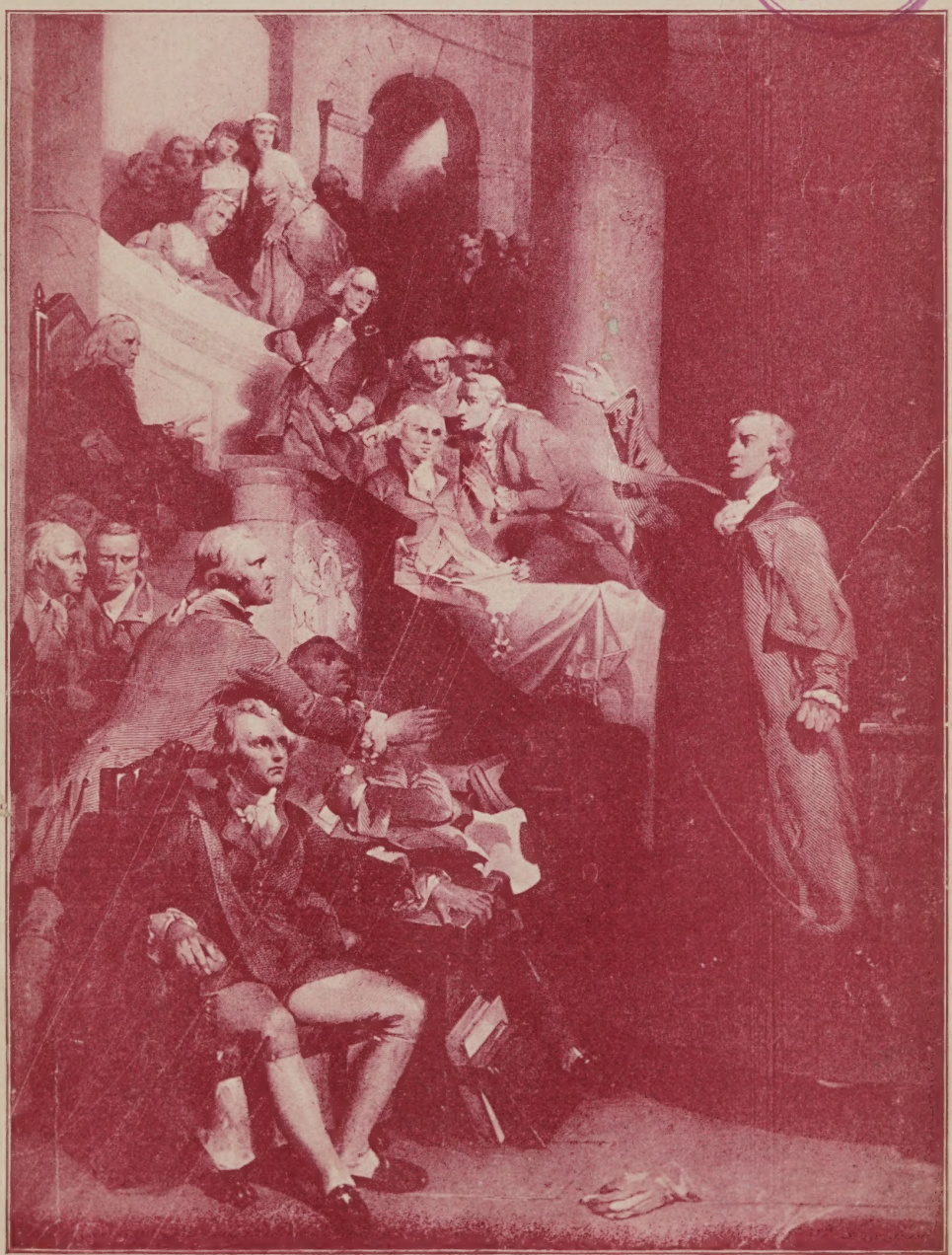

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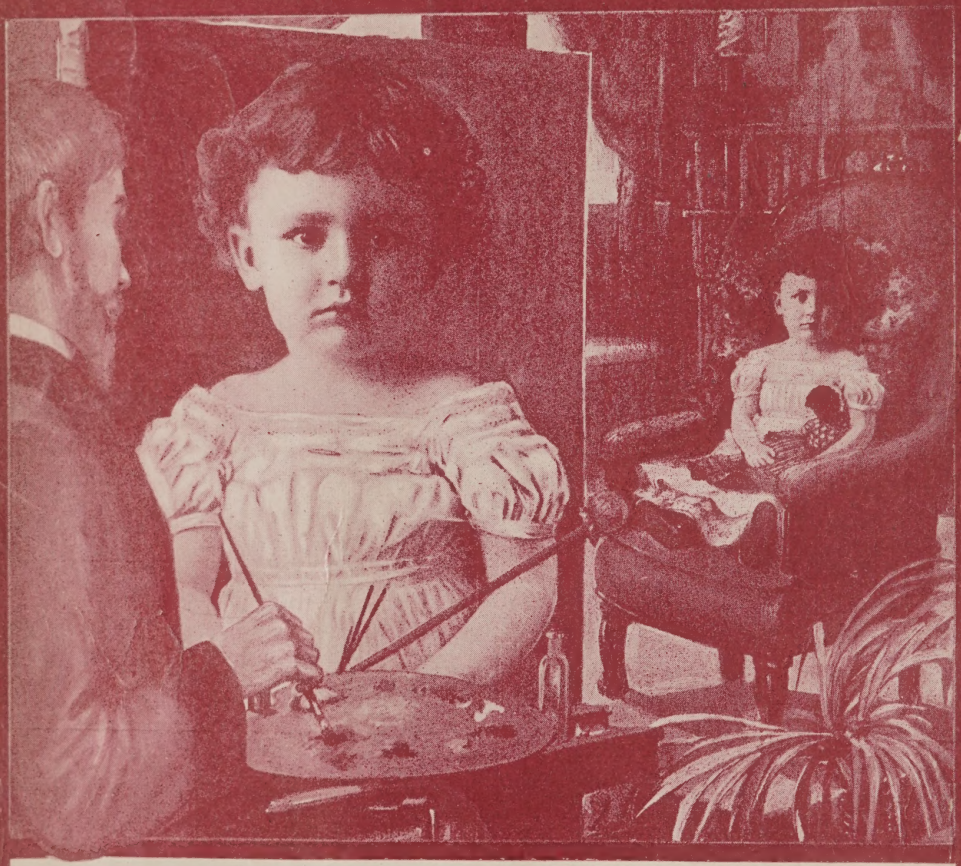

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ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JULY, 1902, TO DECEMBER, 1902

VOLUME XLVIII

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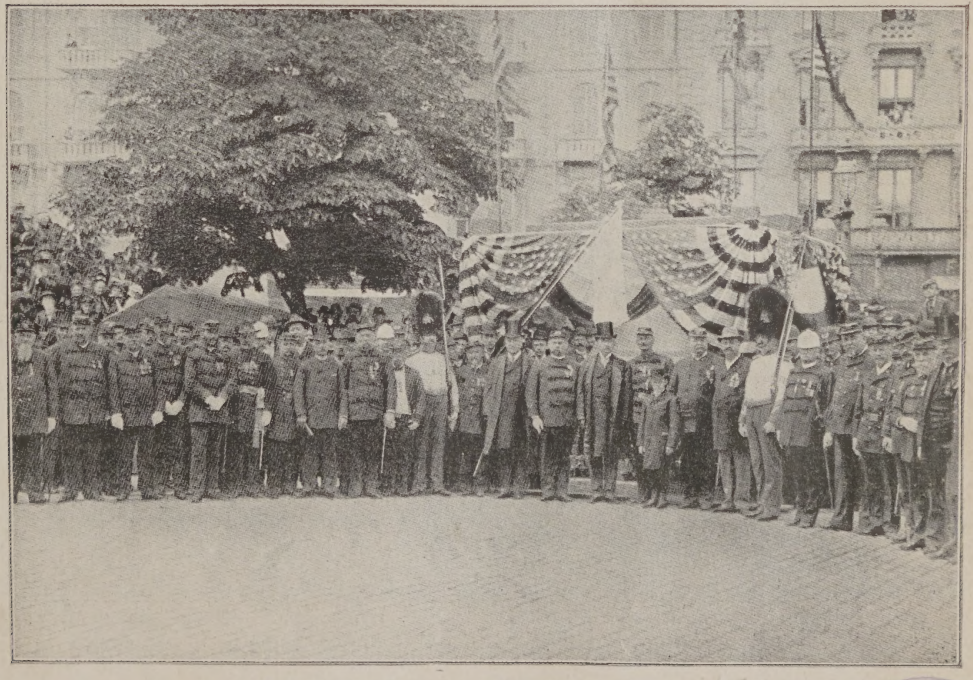
WASHINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE.



IN MEMORY OF FALLEN COMRADES.

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PATRICK HENRY MAKING STAMP ACT SPEECH.

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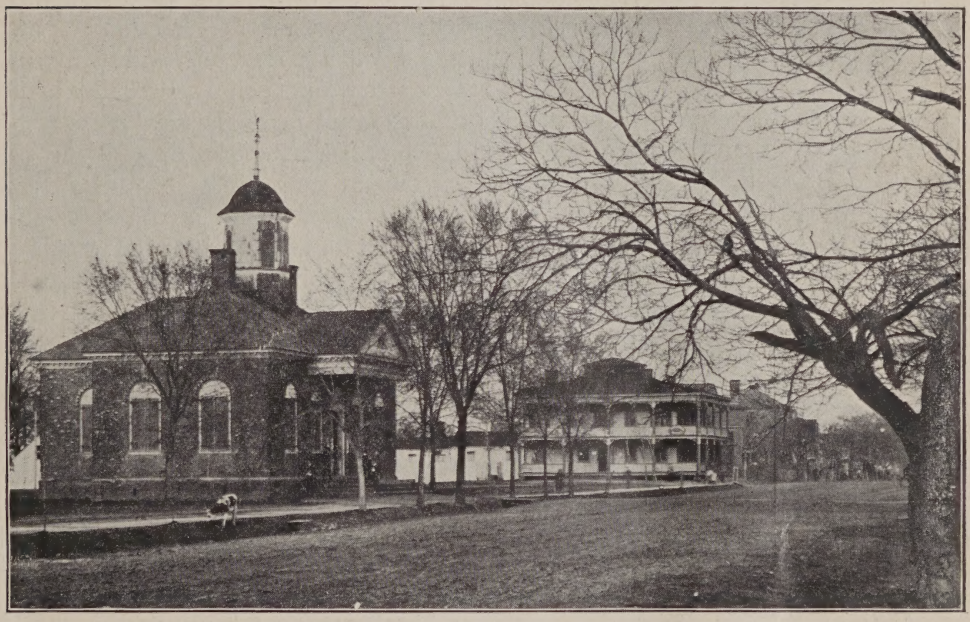


DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET, SHOWING COURT HOUSE AND COLONIAL INN.

THE COLONIAL CAPITALS OF VIRGINIA.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

The interest which all intelligent Americans display towards our colonial possessions is not surpassed by that which they have in the colonial period of this country. If this was not so there would not be the great number of good, bad and indifferent historical novels written and read during the past six years. Even before this avalanche of literature there were two of the old colonies which held a steady fascination for us—Massachusetts and Virginia. This is not strange, for in the Old Dominion was made the first permanent English settlement, while the old Bay State claims the honor of having made the second. To us a pilgrimage to the colonial landmarks of Virginia possesses a charm that Massachusetts does not. Progress has thrown a veil across the colonial scenes of the Old Bay State, while decline ac-

POWDER HORN.

cents those of the Old Dominion. It does not require one-half the imagination or romantic turn of mind to conjure up the "pride of former days" in Virginia that it does in Massachusetts, and, herein, we believe, lies the secret of the great success of Mary Johnston's novels. She possesses the art of "stern accuracy in inquiring," and the atmosphere of that particular part of Virginia where her scenes are laid, readily gave her the "bold imagination in filling up," the second requirement of a good historical novel.

Jamestown, where the first permanent English settlement in America was made in 1607, holds nothing of interest now save the ruined tower of the old church, the scene of the old "courting meadow," and dreams! But it is these dreams that keep us beside the still waters of the James. The spell has been upon us since we learned that there was no way to reach here but by boat; that no train, trolley, automobile, or other modern thing on wheels has ever approached the hallowed spot. The day is a perfect one, and sitting in the shadow of the ruin we recall bits of the history of Jamestown, which is also the early history of the English-speaking race in the south.

After dwelling on the cold, calculating selling of white women for so many pounds of tobacco, which seems romantic to us of this day, and the fact that Negro slavery first found a foothold here, we turn to what remains of the old church; the one tangible evidence that exists of Virginia's first capital.

The first church erected on this spot consisted of a tent made from the sails of Captain Smith's vessels. As quickly as possible a log church was erected, and in this the people worshipped until the third year of the colony, when it was burned. The third church, built of wood, was described as follows by Strachy, the secretary and recorder of the colony:—

"In length, three score foot; in breadth, twenty-four, with chancel of cedar, a communion table of black walnut, and all the pews of cedar, with fair, broad windows to open and shut (as the weather shall occasion) of the same wood; a pulpit of the same with a font hewn below—like a canoe. It has two bells at the west end. It is so caste as it shall be very light within, and the Lord Governor and the Captain General doth cause it to be kept passing sweet and trimmed with divers flowers. It has a sexton belonging to it, and in it every Sunday we have sermons twice a day; and every Thurs-

INTERIOR OF BRUTON PARISH CHURCH. DISPUTED BAPTISMAL FONT INSIDE THE RAILING.

day a sermon, having true preachers which take their turns, and every morning at the ringing of the bell at 10 o'clock, each man addresseth himself to prayer, and so at four o'clock before supper. Every Sunday when the Lord Governor and the Captain General goeth to church he is accompanied by all the counsellors, captains, and other officers, and all the gentlemen, with a guard of Halberdiers in his Lordship's livery, (fair red cloakes), to the number of fifty on each side and behind him. His Lordship hath a seat in the Quoir in a great velvet chair, with a cloth with a velvet cushion spread before him, on which he kneeleth, and on each side sit the council, captains and other officers, all in their place, and when he returneth home again, he is waited to his house in the same manner."

The best authorities state that this wooden church stood until 1676, when it was burned by Bacon's men. They contend that the ruins now standing are those of a later church, as there is a difference in the dimensions of it and the church described by Strachy. This also bears out the belief that Pocahontas was baptized at the font shaped like a canoe, and not at the one of stone which was brought from Jamestown and is now preserved in Bruton Parish Church at Williamsburg. Chapman, in his great painting, "The Baptism of Pocahontas, Jamestown, Va., 1613," has taken the stone font as his model, but even this fails to convince the thorough historians that the Jamestown church held any font other than that hewn like a canoe at the date when the Indian princess was baptized.

In 1676, Bacon's men, in their rebellion against Governor Berkeley, tried to smoke that crusty individual into reason by firing poor, straggling, struggling Jamestown—the one city which the Old Dominion then boasted. This act left the government without any permanent seat for more than twenty years. Williamsburg, then known as Middle Plantation, was next in importance to Jamestown, and considered far more healthful than James-

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, SHOWING MAIN BUILDING, USED AS CORNWALLIS' HEADQUARTERS.

town, which, built on low, marshy ground, was productive of malarial and other fevers. Perhaps this malarial tendency had something to do with Governor Berkeley's want of active interest in the welfare of the colonists—who knows?

When William and Mary College was granted a royal charter, 1693, Governor Nicholson changed the name Middle Plantation to Williamsburg, in honor of the king. He also planned that its streets should form the initials of the royal pair, but the letters "W" and "M" were lost as the town grew. From 1698 until 1779, Williamsburg enjoyed the distinction of being the capital of Virginia. For all their scorn of royalty, the Virginians realized that when these worthies departed, so did the glories of Williamsburg. Then again, it was in rather trying quarters for a capital during those years of war, and so the legislature saw fit to move up to Richmond, which even then gave promise of greatness.

This old town, though no longer the proudest one in Virginia, is still blessed with fruitfulness, being situated in one of the richest spots in the United States. Its climate is all that could be desired; it is the paradise of the epicure and the delight of those in search of romance. Its charms were expressed in these words by one who tasted of its delights:

"I've always thought that I'd rather visit a town rich in history than in hospitality, but it's like choosing which end of the wishbone to pull when it comes to making a choice between these things and Williamsburg."

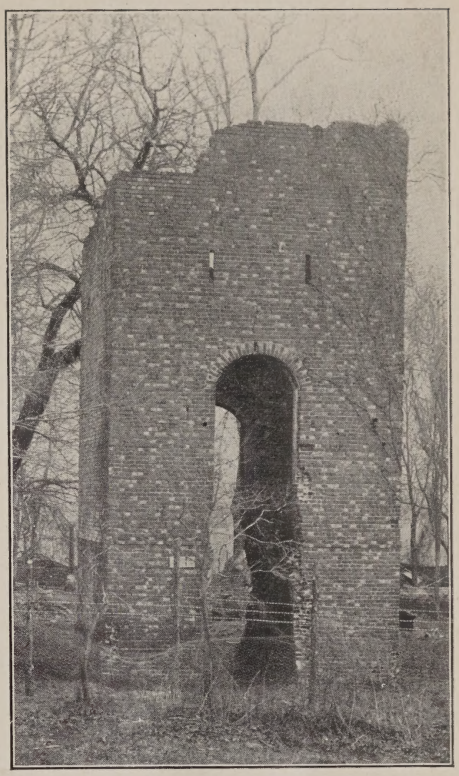
Situated at the upper portion of the Yorktown Peninsula, about fifty miles from Newport News, twelve from Yorktown, and seven from Jamestown, Williamsburg occupies a beautiful ridge of land equi-distant from the James and the York. It can be reached by a road from Jamestown, but the traveler who loves beautiful forests and a good walk will prefer walking through the woods over trails broken nearly three centuries ago, yet remaining primitive-looking to this day.

It was but a score of years ago that the railroad invaded Williamsburg, but as yet trolley and telephone, and many other modern conveniences to be found in the most humble town of the North and West, have not made their appearance.

The main street, Duke of Gloucester, stretches between the grounds of William and Mary College and the Capitol site, a distance of about one mile. From the college end two roads branch out, leading to Richmond and Jamestown, respectively; while the two branch roads at the Capitol end lead to the world-renowned Yorktown and to York river.

Two buildings have stood on the Capitol site. The original one, erected in the first decade of the 18th century, by order of Queen Anne and under the direction of Governor Spottswood, was destroyed by fire in 1746. It was described by a writer of the times as being built in the form of the letter "H," with a handsome portico in the centre, on one side of which was the Secretary's Office and the General Court; on the other the Assembly's Office and the House of Burgess. From each of these wings grand staircases led to the Council Chamber where the Governor and the Council sat in state. When this building was destroyed an order was issued that no tobacco, fire, or candles, should be used; but, in spite of this precaution, the second building, erected in 1752, met its doom by fire in 1832—after the seat of government had been removed to Richmond. Adjacent to the Capitol was the Clerk's Office in the House of Burgess. This building still stands, half hidden in a bower of trees, vines and shrubs, one of the most charming residences of the old town.

One cannot but feel a thrill as he stands on the site of the old Capitol, now nothing but a peaceful green common, remembering the stirring scenes enacted there before the Revolution. Here Washington came, six



RUIN OF JAMESTOWN CHURCH.

months before his marriage, as a member of the House of Burgess. He had distinguished himself in the French and Indian war, and on his introduction to the Burgess, the courtly Speaker of the House, Robertson, praised him for the part he had taken in the defence of the English colonies. Washington arose to reply, but he could not command his voice and seemed at a total loss for words, whereupon the Speaker graciously commanded—"Sit down, Mr. Washington. Your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

But the scene that comes most sharply to us has been one cherished

THE OLD CAPITOL IN WILLIAMSBURG.

HOUSE OF BURGESS, WILLIAMSBURG.

ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS' HOUSES, NEAR WILLIAMSBURG.

from school days. It is that of awkward, but eloquent, Patrick Henry, who, during the Stamp Act discussion, arose and thundered the words that called for cries of horror from those who, while claiming equal rights as the subjects in England, never dreamed of separation from the "Mother Country."

"Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third—" (here he was interrupted by cries of "Treason!") "may profit by their example!" He called out in a voice that rang above the uproar, and then turning on the aristocrats who had almost used physical force to stem the torrent of his speech, he ended coolly—but so defiantly that none there could mistake him—"If this be treason, make the most of it!"

How clearly those stirring words seem to ring in our ears as we stand on this spot, hallowed by memories of the verbal battles for freedom fought thereon! Those words which Jefferson said "certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." On that day Jefferson, then a student at William and Mary, stood at the door of the house and heard that memorable speech. Who knows but that it still burned in his brain when he drew up the immor-

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tal Declaration of Independence? This much is true: when Jefferson was a student at the college he was by no means a sober-thinking lad. He indulged in all the sports and pastimes of that gay colonial town, from horse racing to cock fighting, from fiddle playing to mild flirting with the girls, and, indeed, gloried in the life he and the other students lived, dating many of his letters "Devilsburg," instead of Williamsburg, to give a wicked look to his correspondence, as it were.

Patrick Henry not only brought out qualities that slumbered in such men as Jefferson, but in thousands and thousands of Americans who never before dreamed of such a thing as independence of England's rule. Richmond has honored his memory, but is that sufficient? Why should that spot where first the cry for liberty rang, be unmarked today?

On the site of Lane's store, on Duke of Gloucester street, stood Raleigh Tavern, whose famous "Appolo Room," once given to revelries, was destined to be the "Liberty Hall of the South." Here, in 1769, met Henry's followers, when they were dissolved by the Governor for their opposition to the House of Lords and Commons. Drawing up articles protesting against the use of merchandise imported from England, they separated to retire to their respective homes. Again, in May, 1774, these patriots had recourse to a meeting at the tavern. They had signified their intention of making June 1st a day of "prayer, fasting and humiliation," because of the Boston Port Bill, and this so enraged Governor Dunmore that he immediately declared them dissolved. The next important meeting was held in the tavern, August, 1774, when delegates elected by the several counties of Virginia met to consider the grave state of public affairs and to appoint representatives to the General Congress, which was to meet in Philadelphia, on September 5th. Those elected were George Washington, Benjamin Harrison, Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry and Richard Bland.

While these meetings were taking place in Raleigh Tavern, and official affairs were in a tangle, the social life of the colony continued as before, indeed Washington states in his diary that the Governor did not make this opposition to England's rule a personal matter, but gave balls and routs as though nothing had occurred to ruffle his official dignity, and treated with extreme politeness the delegates and their families.

The original Court House at Williamsburg was burned about the middle of the 18th century, and the present one was erected in 1769. It, too, is replete with historical memories, though one would never think it was such an important building to look upon it today. Its green, too, where many passionate, impromptu speeches were made, suggests little of its past, being given over to sportive children and wandering cows. On court days, however, Duke of Gloucester street, on which it fronts, is thronged with all sorts and conditions of conveyances from the smart carriage to the humble ox-cart.

On the north side of the green, partly hidden by grand old trees, stand three historical dwellings. One, known as the Coleman House, was the home

of William Wirt, the celebrated Attorney General, and the authentic biographer of Patrick Henry. The Peachy house was used by Lafayette as headquarters before the siege of Yorktown. The third house was the home of Edmund Randolph, Washington's Secretary of State, from whom it passed to his kinsman, Sir George Tucker, to whose descendants it still belongs.

The Colonial Inn, on the east side of the green, is where Miss Mary Johnston lived when gathering data for her colonial novels. Thomas Nelson Page and Ellen Glasgow have also made it their home when wishing to escape from the busy world and write their stories of Old Virginia. In its parlor are many interesting colonial relics.

At the Colonial Inn may be secured the key to the Powder Horn, which is diagonally across from the inn's south entrance, on Duke of Gloucester street. This historical structure was built in 1716, by Governor Spottswood, as a storehouse for ammunition to be used in his expedition across the Blue Ridge Mountains, with his adventurous band known as "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." But it is Lord Dunmore whose name is closely connected with the history of the Powder Horn—he who did much to arouse rebellion in the hearts of Virginia's sons. Acting on secret orders received from Great Britain, in the spring of 1775, Lord Dunmore transferred the stores from the Powder Horn to a British man-o'-war, stationed on the York River. It was this same secret order to remove all ammunition within reach of the colonists that precipitated affairs in New England and brought on the battles at Lexington and Concord.

On learning of Dunmore's action, the Virginians formed a plot to attack the British ship, but in this they were restrained by such level-headed men as Pendleton and Randolph, who suggested making a respectful appeal for the return of the powder. To this appeal, the Governor replied that it was removed solely because the slaves were about to uprise in an adjoining county. This false reply failed to satisfy the people, and forming under Patrick Henry, the minute men assembled at New Castle, and marched towards the capital, with the intention of forcing the governor to return the ammunition. Frightened at their approach, the governor sent his Receiver General to meet them, and he, meeting Henry within a few miles of Williamsburg, effected a compromise by which the value of the ammunition, 330 pounds, was paid over to Henry, who deposited it in the Williamsburg Treasury. But the governor had not yet settled with the people. Converting his palace into a garrison, he suddenly convened the assembly, and this war-like attitude enraged some of the hot-headed to such an extent that they broke into the Powder Horn and secured some of the rams. These they were induced to return by some of the cooler members of the House of Burgess, who saw that the key of the building was delivered to the Speaker of the House. Upon an examination of the Powder Horn, it was found that the treacherous governor had caused barrels of gunpowder to be secreted beneath its floor, with the intention of blowing it up, together with any colonists that should venture therein.

This plot, coupled with the report that the British soldiers were coming to Williamsburg, aroused the people beyond restraint, and, fearing for his life, Dunmore fled with his family to the British ship lying off Yorktown. After giving up all hopes of a reconciliation with the colonists, the governor set sail for England, being "the first royal representative to abdicate the colonies."

On the site now occupied by "The Grammar and Mattie School" once stood the Colonial Palace. It was "a magnificent structure, furnished and beautified by gates, fine gardens, offices, walks, a fine canal, orchards, etc.; and over the building a good cupola or lantern illuminating most of the town." No governor kept up the pomp of this lordly mansion, set in four hundred acres of ground, to equal Lord Dunmore. Notwithstanding his being at loggerheads with the legislature most of the time, he entertained its members nobly, though he did write to England that poor choice was displayed in the selection of men sent to the assembly. He made an exception in favor of Washington; no doubt on account of his being a man of considerable property and "the husband of the rich Widow Custis." It was while on his way to Williamsburg that Washington met the young widow at the home of P. Chamberlayne, Esq., who dispensed hospitality at his plantation in New Kent. Much of Washington's courting was done in Williamsburg, where Martha was a reigning belle, and both of these worthy persons stood in high favor with the Dunmores. Indeed, it is said that Washington was more in touch with the gentry than with the commoners, and that it was not until Patrick Henry made his famous speech in the legislature that the true man in him was aroused; that the idea of opposing the crown came to him. This attitude was only natural, considering that Washington's social position was with the gentry, and surely no patriot risked more than did he when he took up arms against England. It is only when we count how much he threw away "in the old order of things," that we can realize his grand, sacrificing nature.

But, to return to the history of the royal palace. Its main building was destroyed by some of the troops that passed through Williamsburg on their way to the siege of Yorktown. Its wings, used as office and guard house respectively, were torn down during the Civil War by Union soldiers, who used the brick in the erection of barracks.

Well preserved, on the west side of the Palace Green, stands the residence of Chancellor Wythe. Aside from being noted as the home of that celebrated expounder, it was honored by General Washington and his staff on the occasion of Washington's visit to Lafayette's camp, in advance of the allied American and French armies on their way to beard Cornwallis at Yorktown.

On the corner of the Palace Green and Duke of Gloucester street is situated Bruton Parish (or Christ Church) the oldest in continuous use in Virginia. The Isle of Wight Church, while of earlier construction, was neglected for many years and not restored until recently. Quaintly beautiful is Bruton Church, with its old English bricks mellowed by time and overgrown with glossy ivy; while its

church-yard, luxuriant in verdure, is one of the most beautiful to be found in this country. Amidst all this flowering and leafy life are old stones, in various degrees of preservation, which tell, in quaint language, of those who sleep beneath—names which recall the aristocrats of those far-off days and cause us to break the stillness of the place by quoting Gray—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The communion service of this church was presented by Queen Anne and King George. Its organ is said to be the first brought to this country. The baptismal font, brought from the old church at Jamestown, is pointed out as that before which Pocahontas was baptized, but, as we have already stated, evidence gathered by careful research, seems to disprove this claim. The Sunday School balcony, brought from England, is well preserved, as is the old bell, the latter bearing the inscription, "Gift of James Tarpley to Bruton Parish, 1761." Its preservation is wonderful, considering the fact that it has figured in the pranks of collegians for over a century, for many a time has Williamsburg been aroused by its ringing, and rushing out, found serene skies instead of the fiery ones they expected to see. On these occasions great was their wrath at the students of William and Mary, but even the most staid of these citizens were willing to take a hand at "ringing out the old and ringing in the new," when news came of the declaration of independence. The whole town went wild with joy and bonfires were lit, banquets held and speeches made not only on the day that the news reached Williamsburg, but for several days and nights thereafter. What a pity it is that we have not a complete record of the speeches made in our country on that memorable occasion! But we can well imagine some of them, especially those that were delivered by Southerners or by men of Irish race. To these men, as to no other, Nature seems to have given the power of delivering "impassioned prose," with a conviction that carries their audience with them as though but one heart beats and one brain thinks for the multitude. Speaking of Southerners and Irishmen in connection with this stirring time, it is interesting to note that twenty-one of the signers came from south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and that Secretary Thomson, as well as three of the signers, namely, Smith, Taylor and Thornton, were born in Ireland.

Thoughts of the men who helped to make the nation, bring us to William and Mary College, so aptly termed "The Mother of Presidents and Statesmen." On its roll of honor are three Presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler; four signers of the Declaration of Independence; twenty-seven illustrious soldiers of the Revolution; the President of the First American Congress; the chief author and draftsman of the United States Constitution; thirty-seven judges; two attorneys general; the most eminent Chief Justice we have had—John Marshall; several Cabinet officers, and many others who have written their names high on the rolls of literature, law, and in the Army and Navy.

This roll of honor of William and Mary College is not surprising when we consider that next to Harvard it is the oldest educational institution in the United States, and to it came not only sons of Virginia, but of most of the states south of New York. While still one of the leading colleges in Virginia, it has had its day so far as outside students are concerned, and, indeed, you will find that many of Virginia's sons have been enrolled at Georgetown University since it started on its illustrious career in 1789.

The first building erected at William and Mary was Brafferton Hall, planned by Sir Christopher Wren. The other notable buildings on the ground are the chapel, which is really a wing of the main building, and the President's House. In the vaults beneath the chapel were buried the dignitaries of the colony. The remains of Sir John Randolph, Attorney General of the Old Dominion; Peyton Randolph, President of the Continental Congress; and of Lord Botetourt yet remain there. The President's house, erected in 1732, was used by Cornwallis as his headquarters until he was hunted towards the trap at Yorktown. After his departure the French troops took possession. These troops having accidentally set fire to the building, partially destroying it, the French King, Louis XVI, made ample restitution by sending a fund for the restoration of the building and also presenting the college with a library of several hundred selected books.

Other interesting spots in Williamsburg are "the six chimney lot," the former home of Martha Washington, Bassett Hall, from whence Tyler passed to the White House, and the ground where the battle of Williamsburg was fought, May 5, 1862.

At one end of Williamsburg's main street stands the statue of Lord Botetourt, one of the last royal governors of Virginia. During the Civil War it was taken from its original position in front of the college and placed in the grounds of the asylum for the insane. Its position here was safe, indeed, and many years elapsed before it was brought back to its old stand. Evidently there are still some persons who resent his lordship's presence, for the statue is much mutilated and even scribbled upon by some mischievous students. It is a poor old relic of royalty, and only slightly interesting as such.

At the other end of the street, as utterly devoid of distinction as a bit of meadow, is the spot where the first cry for freedom from royal rule was uttered. In 1907, a celebration of the settlement of Jamestown three hundred years ago will be held in Norfolk. From there many will flock to Williamsburg to muse on its past glories, as we have done. Grant that they may find on this hallowed spot a monument to the man who planted the first seed of this Grand Republic—Patrick Henry!

"TONINO'S GARDEN."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

In Tonino's garden the sunshine used to come through the vines and patch the cool brown shade where we played. In Tonino's garden there were all sorts of wonderful green things growing: vegetables and fruits and flowers flung together in profusion. The old gate and the shadowed walk shutting us off from the white glare of the road and the hum and throbbing life of the great hot, leafy, summer world outside were precious things; but best of all, in Tonino's garden, was the quality of the earth in a certain part of it—for making pies.

Tonino was the "curato's" nephew and an orphan. He lived with his uncle and the wrinkled, brown-faced peasant-woman who was their housekeeper in the little house behind the church. He was eleven years old and he knew Latin, and could serve Mass and play the organ, but he also loved making mud-pies. It was the bond of union between him and the other boy. Tonino wore suits of blue not at all like the suits of other boys. If Pasqua made them, it is probable she wove the stuff herself. He had a quiet, thoughtful face, dark-grey eyes, serene and deep; he was very grave for his age but sometimes he would smile. His games, too, were singular in character. When he could not go out and idle away the long holiday hours in the shade of the "pergole," he would stay in-doors and play his quaint religious plays with a toy altar covered with lights and bits of tinsel and tiny pictures. There were always services in progress at that wonderful altar. Or else he would help the housekeeper with all sorts of interminable labors connected with the church and church-service, and the Bimbo in pink suits (with frills to them!) followed the couple about, his ignorant eyes full of wonder. The Bimbo was a good deal younger than Tonino, but he spent more time with him than did the Bimbo's elder brother who went to the priest for his vacation tutoring, and in spare hours, preferred to fly kites with the village boys. At times the whole crowd gathered in Tonino's garden and there were grand drills with swords and a flag, but, left to themselves, Tonino and the Bimbo played in the mud and the water. And if they did not talk much, their labors were very great.

The one trouble with Tonino was that he was good. Not "goody": he was too unsophisticated for that, but genuinely good. He never fell into the river, never blackened himself with walnut-juice, never left portions of his raiment on the brambles and—sometimes I have cordially wished that he would fight. But no. The embryo autocrat lit all the miniature tapers on the altar, ordering Tonino not to touch them and Tonino suffered him and let him afterwards extinguish them, one by one. Occasionally, in the midst of some solemn function, just when the incense had been coaxed to burn at last in the half-inch thimble, Pasqua's voice would be heard, summoning the arch-priest to be ashamed of himself and to go that minute and do his lessons. And the arch-priest went. If the lessons

were to be done from books, the Bimbo went out into the garden and had solitary wild adventures in the mysterious tomato thickets or in the depths of the asparagus wilderness; but if Tonino had to practice, the Bimbo would curl up in the old leathern arm-chair and there lie listening to the slow, grave unwinding of religious melodies, to Tonino's voice humming, or to the rhythmic count and beating of the bars. If the "curato" were sitting with Tonino correcting his mistakes and keeping time for him, the Bimbo sometimes got drowsy, but he never tired of the whole marvelous business. That instrument with its incredible stops and keys and the wild notes flying out at intervals unexpectedly from beneath the player's fingers, the exotic words upon Tonino's lips and chiefly, Tonino's being able to make real music. Beautiful music it was, too, "O Salutaris Hostia," "Tantum Ergo," a thundering "Laudate Dominum" which the Bimbo loved for the storm-roar in it, and "Ave Verum," which was Tonino's favorite. He sang it with the awe in his face that must be upon the faces of angels when they bow before the countenance of God. The Bimbo whose book-learning consisted in the knowledge that d-o-g spelt cat, and c-a-t dog, asked Tonino why he sang that tune always, and if it was because he liked it, why he liked it, and if why why, why? But Tonino answered that he was going to make his First Communion before long. Then the Bimbo would sigh and wonder why he didn't understand, and how it was that Tonino, who wore such funny clothes and got laughed at sometimes for being a "sissy" should know so much that other boys didn't know. "What are you goin' to be when you are big?" the Bimbo would ask, for Tonino's future was a problem to his little mind. Most of the boys were going to be soldiers, the doctor's son was going to be a doctor, and the Bimbo himself professed that he would be a gentleman; in fact in moods of enthusiasm he asserted that he would be a "fine" gentleman—but Tonino! It seemed as though he must wear blue cotton forever and stay in the old garden, that when the Bimbo came back, in the off-duty hours of his profession of gentility, they might yet play in the mud together.—"Tonino, what are you goin' to be?"

And Tonino modestly confessed that he would be a great musician and compose Masses that might, perhaps, be sung even in the grand Lucca Cathedral. Then the Bimbo subsided for the combination of Lucca and the Cathedral and Tonino was above and beyond anything the baby mind could grasp. In the evening, when the fireflies came out, spangling the ripened harvests, and swinging their tiny beacon-lamps through the masses of pink blossom bordering the corn-fields, there was another song Tonino used to sing, his twilight song, and even the Bimbo knew what that meant for it was the old, old psalmody of love, murmured of mothers and prayed, with folded hands, by little children on their knees; Tonino used to linger over its notes, softly, in the dusk: "Ave Maria." Once, in the midst of his singing he had turned round abruptly to ask the Bimbo if he loved Our Blessed Lady. To which the Bimbo furtively answered "Yes"; and then wondered if he were truthful; for Tonino's thoughts were not his thoughts, and of love, he knew nothing

as yet but the adored face of his mother. But Tonino seemed content.

Summer was drawing to a close, the last woodland summer in green Tuscany, so far as the Bimbo was concerned; the boy at the organ had been singing "Ave Maria" and his head was bowed in the shadow. "Bimbo," he said, fingering the keys still, "I've got something to tell you."

The Bimbo, whose small soul was sore divided between the music, recollections of a snake seen among the stones that morning, a guilty consciousness that it was bed-time and firm resolution to ignore his bed-time, sat up with interest.

"I didn't mean to tell anybody, only you are going away and you may not come back. I'm not going to be a musician any more: I'm going to be a priest."

"And you're not goin' to play in the Cathedral any more?"

"No."

This was the hardest blow of all. The Bimbo crept out of the big chair and said demurely: "I fink it's time for me to go home."

Tonino rose, touching a last chord. If he were disappointed he did not say it. The Bimbo, if he were disappointed, did not know it. But the thought that Tonino would be a priest was weird and uncanny.

For a moment the pause and the hush were palpable between them, then, outside the open window, a bat or a bird screeched through the silence.

. . . . . .

The sequel, being modern, is absolutely prosaic and unpicturesque, for there is not much poetry about actual every-day life. It is Italy still, however, the one redeeming point.

The season was the favorite season for pilgrimages, not April,

"When smale fowles maken melodie" but middle summer.

There was to be a peasants' pilgrimage to Loreto and I determined to join it because I wanted to go to Loreto and because I wanted to go with the peasants. The line from S. Guilio lies close to the Adriatic coast, and as we sped along, the sun ascended out of the blue eastern water into a sky of flaming rose; the fishing smacks went out, little dusky sails, in fleets, to meet him, and whenever the train stopped, if the pilgrims were not singing hymns or saying their prayers aloud together car by car, you could hear the sweet birds twitter in the morning.

There is no hill so fertile, so smiling, or so happily situated in all that beautiful strip of country as the verdant hill to the summit of which is situated the ancient, venerable and historic city of Loreto. Perhaps the best view of it is that you get at evening, the traveler's farewell glimpse, when the amethyst shadow is transparent still, and the far city, "the spiritual city," gleams like a sapphire on the height. But, on the morning I speak of, the sun was scorching, the dust smothering, and as the dense crowd, hundreds on hundreds of men, women and children, laboriously ascended the winding-road, the simile was forced upon you of the steep ways of life. Almost all the pilgrims were fasting, and they carried their day's provisions with them; but it was no uncommon thing to see some stout-hearted woman, burdened already, yet place her arm about a weaker sister and help her in the ascent. If the "spiritual city" made me think of Galahad, the dark, close-pressing

throng suggested the visions of their own seer, Dante.

Moving with it we came, through medieval streets, to the dear quaint old piazza with the church striking out its upper outlines boldly against the blue, and the golden statue of Mary the Virgin burning above it like a flame. Sixtus V wrote upon the façade of this temple, defiantly it would seem in our own age of puny faiths and damning questions, and yet the daring makes the soul glad, as do the dauntless blows of some brave champion:—"House of God's Mother, in which the Word was made Flesh." It is large and simple, and strong, and seems to challenge you not to enter those sacred precincts with irreverent feet. Inside the church all the stones around the Holy House are worn with the knees and the lips of centuries.

The little dusky dwelling, cased in marble, stands in the centre of the church proper, and overhead, the beautiful cupola compasses the flights of white angels with the great, shadowy archangels standing among them at intervals, in their repose of heroic might. We were given our pilgrim-badges, crosses of white flannel with the red-lettered motto: "In hoc signo vinces," but, when we attempted to enter the "Santa Casa," the custodians with knobbed staves interfered and informed us we must wait until the present occupants had enjoyed their full half-hour, the time allowed each separate pilgrimage for Mass. I do not think we were impatient but, verily, no half hour was ever so long. Some of us, tired out, sat upon the step: the step of Mary's house. And I have no doubt that, to many of the silent travelers, the thought must have come of the Boy who, long since, may have rested there before them.

As we waited, one of the young Oreas who had been trying to collect his brother's people in the crowd, rushed up full of enthusiasm: "I say! jolly luck: Don Antonio Caresi is here and is going to sing this afternoon.

"Who, in the name all that's wonderful, is Don Antonio Caresi?"

"Why! Don't you know? Don Antonio, the great soloist, has a voice like a . . . like a . . . oh! a gorgeous voice, only he can't sing anything but the "Ave Maria."

I must have looked blank for indeed this struck me as singular and Guido rattled on: "Funny, isn't it? Nobody knows how or why; but it's a fact."

"But," I remonstrated, "if he has a voice and can sing one thing why can't he sing any other?" Guido shrugged his shoulders.

"He can't, that's all. I don't know why." And Guido disappeared again as quickly as he had come.

Then at length it was our turn to enter the little house and cast eyes, for the first time, on the rude masonry hoar and blackened with age. We began by kneeling, then the press grew so great we were compelled to stand and finally were forced back until our shoulders met the hallowed walls. The impression of standing against those walls, or rather of being pressed against them, is a thing that will last for life. After Mass the pilgrims were free to breakfast, dine, walk, or do anything they pleased, and most of them chose to ascend the "Campanile" for views of the exquisite out-lying country and placid sea. The afternoon was taken up by a very long ceremony, part-religious and part-civic, during

which the blessing of banners played an important part. Indeed the nave filled with the members of Catholic societies, grouped around their respective standards, presented a striking and almost military sight.

I had forgotten all about Guido's singing-priest and the recollection only came to me swiftly and pertinently as the time approached for Benediction. The organ was playing and a sudden deeply significant hush, the hush of sharp expectation, fell upon the swaying multitude. As the voice of the soloist unfolded into space, I involuntarily started. Then I listened again. No, I did not know it. And yet it had seemed to me that I remembered. Whosoever the singer, the voice itself was a living miracle. Bass, baritone, tenor, you could not be sure. It was peculiar with round, full soft notes like big pearls and, though it was strong and even ringing, there was a mellowness about it that defied analysis. I suspect that, in reality, it was a baritone of rare quality, rich, deep and admirably controlled, but it was full of sympathy and some wide, wide knowledge and elusive suggestion of universal things. You read about voices like this one: you do not often hear them, but that day in the church of Loreto a very simple "Ave Maria" was making dull hearts beat and moistening hard eyes. The throng in the nave, the walls of the vast building, the very silence, seemed quickened to receive it. "Ave Maria, gratia plena. . . . Dominus Tecum." The words, to me, brought back not one of the scores of times and scenes in which I have heard them since, but a room seen in twilight and a boy at the organ with his head bowed in the dusk. Then some kind of a reminiscence of a child curled up in a big arm-chair; a dewy, shadowy garden outside; fire-flies, and the fading rose of evening.

Could it be? We did not go back again, though I had never forgotten those long, glad summer holidays; but I had no idea what the boy Tonino's surname had been. He was just "Tonino," a beautiful memory of a lad with a grave, mild face full of innocence—and delightful hours of play in a shady garden.

"Sancta Maria, Mater Dei . . . ora pro nobis.' . . . It seemed to grow more like him. He had always sung with what I knew now to be a depth of tenderness and understanding, those words humble in repentance and heavy with human heart-aches "pray for us sinners." Though what should have made sorrow in the soul of the boy Tonino I do not know.

The great golden voice of the soloist floated away to embrace the little house in which the angelical salutation was first heard, and winged to the cupola there to join the choirs of White Angels bearing upward their eternal litanies of love. In its vast scope it seemed even to touch, lightly, at the sills of the high windows and come back, deeper, fuller, more intensely human, to the heaving crowd.

The dwindling "Amen" died out at length and as the refrain ebbed its soft measures from the organ, once more it was the boy Tonino, fingering the keys. I knew he was going to say: "Bimbo, I have something to tell you," and the child in pink would slide out of the leathern chair and answer: "I fink it's time for me to go home."

I went out into the afternoon air and a bird wheeled above my head, scream-

ing; then, singular as these things are, I knew, beyond shadow of doubt, that the soloist was Tonino.

Guido was edging towards me in the crowd and I gripped him: "Who is that Don Antonio Caresi?"

"The singing-priest, I told you this morning. I don't know any more about him."

"Is he a 'Marchigiano'?"

"Not he! He's a Tuscan; came here with his pilgrimage. I'm trying to count how many provinces are here to-day."

"Never mind the provinces. Come and introduce me, will you, like a good fellow."

"I! I don't know him. But we can hunt up some one on the Committee who does."

Five minutes later we were shaking hands on the piazza. He no longer stood above me; the grey eyes were just as quick and deep but, for all else, he was a stranger. Different stature, different garb, different voice. I no longer knew what influences had made him: it was not the Tonino who manufactured mud-pies and trudged around after Pasqua. With that Tonino, a play-fellow segregated from all others and hallowed by the reverent friendship of earliest childhood, Don Antonio Caresi, whatever his qualities, could never blend or be one. These meetings, too long after, must always be sad. I told him my name, and he knew it and remembered; and his face was very bright.

"Your uncle," I asked, "and Pasqua?"

"Gone," he said, "long since."

Then he looked up, mirth treading on the heels of sorrow in his face, and I knew the thought was keen upon him of the dear old garden, and the little altar and that rude, kind voice scolding him from the kitchen.

"So you are the Bimbo? . . . What have you done with your tow-head?"

"And you with your blue suits? . . . But that 'Ave Maria' you were singing just now, is it the same old one?"

"Yes. How ever could you remember it?"

"I didn't remember it: but I seemed to know somehow."

"I never sing anything else now."

"So I was told; but, if you will pardon my saying so, I could not believe it."

"It is quite true; and I am not positively sure that I am sorry."

"But I don't understand . . . you have a (I was going to say "glorious," but swallowed the adjective and brought the noun out short) 'voice and you ought to know music.'"

"I play the organ still, but I no longer sing. When my boy-soprano broke I lost the power. I have tried many times since and failed. But that 'Ave Maria,'" . . . he paused one moment and some exquisite emotion, so subtle and so swift you could scarcely detect it, stirred the depths of his eyes, . . . "has stayed with me always. There is no note in it I cannot reach; and I have never yet succeeded in singing it out of tune."

And this, strange as it may seem, is the true story of the soloist with the golden voice and the one solitary song.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THE SPANISH PIONEERS OF NEW MEXICO.

There are few pages of American history so full of interest as those which pertain to pioneer days in New Mexico, Arizona, and California. I hope some day to see a real history of the United States written, and by a historian who will look beyond the little line of Atlantic sea-board for his data, who will realize that in the great Southwest the history of the country began.

I hope to see a history that will do justice to the most wonderful pioneers which the world ever produced; the men who won that bare brown land to the world, at the price of incredible hardships, dangers and sufferings, extending over a period of three hundred and fifty years.

It is a story of blood and warfare, of daring and desperate valor, of superhuman marches and terrible privations, of devoted heroism, of unsleeping vigilance and apostolic zeal.

In reading the history of the United States one would fancy that the Nation had been born and nurtured east of the Alleghanies, that there is little of interest in early pioneer life which is not woven round the Pilgrim Fathers, the Dutch founders of New Amsterdam, the Quakers of Philadelphia, the early settlers of Maryland under the leadership of the Calverts, or the story of Pocahontas and John Smith, amid the wilds of Virginia. Yet the territory occupied by New Mexico and Arizona had a European civilization almost a century old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

A report to the King of Spain made in 1626 shows that it then embraced within its borders more than 30,000 Christian Indians, amongst whom schools were established and churches erected whose ruins are amongst the most interesting architectural remains of former days. And this work for civilization and Christianity had been effected among the most highly civilized and the most advanced of aboriginal nations—the Pueblo Indians, who had walled cities of stone before William the Conqueror made mince meat of the Anglo-Saxon myth, who had six-story houses before the first crusaders planted their standard on the ramparts of Jerusalem, who possess even at this day an architecture the most remarkable on the continent, and the most picturesque in the world.

The first white man to set foot in this territory was a Franciscan Missionary, Fra Marcos de Nizza. Cabeca de Vaca, and the other survivors of the unfortunate Narvaez expedition had given such glowing descriptions of the populous towns of which they had heard on their way across Texas, that Fra Marcos offered to explore those regions and preach the gospel to the natives. The Viceroy Mendoza commissioned him to penetrate into the country and endeavor to discover the nature of the territory and the opportunities that presented themselves for Spanish settlement and missionary zeal.

Accompanied by a lay brother, and by a Negro, Estevan, one of the survivors of the Narvaez expedition, he penetrated as far as the city of Cibola, near the site of the present city of Zuñi, in New Mexico, where

the Negro was put to death by the Indians of that Pueblo. He reported the Indians of this country as being in an advanced stage of civilization, wearing mantas of cotton and living in houses of stone. "The people," he declares in his report to the Viceroy, "are somewhat white; they wear rich apparel, and lie in beds; they have emeralds and other jewels, but they esteem none so much as turquoise."

Having set up a cross within sight of Cibola, he took possession of the country in the name of the king, and hastened back by the way he came.

Three ideas animated the Spanish pioneers, one the acquisition of new territory for the king, another the conversion of the natives to Christianity, and the third the picking up of whatever superfluous wealth, in the shape of gold or silver, that might be found in the possession of the Indians. In this latter respect, they were no better or no worse than other pioneers. They differed from the so-called earth-hungry Anglo-Saxon in this, that, for more than a century, wherever the latter has touched America, the Aborigines are practically extinct. In the far greater American area covered by Spain for those three hundred and fifty years, the Aborigine is practically as numerous as at the conquest, and much better off.

A year later, in 1540, Fra Marcos returned to New Mexico as guide for the most remarkable of all the explorers of North America, Francesco Vasquez Coronada, who in his unprecedented march for the gilded myth of the Quinria passed over the prairies of Kansas and, as some think, Nebraska, until he came as far as the spot where Kansas City now stands. When Coronada returned to New Mexico from his fruitless search, he left behind him, on starting for Mexico, the Franciscan, Fra Juan de Padilla, who volunteered to remain and preach the gospel to the Indians of the plain. He was the first martyr of the newly-discovered country, meeting his death a short while after at the hands of the Indians for whose conversion he had voluntarily become an exile.

In 1583 a second expedition under Espejo visited the Pueblo cities, but returned as it came. It was reserved for the millionaire explorer, Juan D'onate, to plant the first permanent Spanish colony in the great southwest. Everywhere he received the submission of the Pueblos, though Acoma treacherously set upon a fragment of his following after having invited them up to their sky-built city, and "bungled" them to death with clubs and flint knives. Five bleeding heroes leaped down the ghastly cliff to the plain almost 300 ft. below and, wonderful to relate, only one was killed by the fall. In the following month, on the 22nd day of January, 1599, Vincent de Zaldivar, a brother of one of the victims, returned with seventy men to punish treacherous Acoma, and never in all history was there a greater feat of arms than the storming of that impregnable rock; but storm and conquer it they did though the wild trail that led up to its summit was slippery with the blood of 500 heroes who fought for hearth and home against the Spanish invader.

And then for eighty years was witnessed the strange sight of a mere handful of Spanish settlers holding three great tribes of Indians, variously estimated as from 70,000 to 100,000, in subjection to Spanish authority, and a small band of intrepid Franciscan

Missionaries winning such numbers to the faith as had never been seen since the days of Pentecost.

"In 1617," says Lummis, "three years before Plymouth Rock, there were already eleven churches in use in New Mexico. Santa Fe was the only Spanish town, but there were also churches at the dangerous Indian pueblos of Galistéo and Pécos, two at Jémes (nearly 100 miles west of Santa Fe, and in an appalling wilderness), at Táos, San Ildefónso, Santa Clara, Sandia, San Felipe and Santo Domingo. Deprived as they were of civil and military assistance, the lonely missionaries accomplished wonders in inducing the barbarians to build big stone churches, and to worship the new white God."

The records of those early Spanish pioneers are well kept; wherever the Spaniard has set his foot he has left behind him excellent material for the future historian. The reports of the governors and missionaries are still accessible, and the labors of men like Hodge, Lummis, Bandelier, Morgan and Winship have made the path of present day students moderately easy.

I have come to the conclusion long ago that no Englishman is fit to write history. He is so puffed up and stuffed full of pride of country that he is incapable of doing justice to other nations. The "O Lord-I-give-Thee thanks-that I-am-not-as-other-men" attitude has distorted every department of historical literature which he has touched.

The New Englander who dwells along the thin fringe of Atlantic coast is almost as bad. He is so impressed with the everlasting importance of the thirteen colonies, in the making of the nation, that he is apt to sneer at everything in the line of historical achievement, which does not bear the thirteen colony ancestral tag. I do not want to detract from anything those Jersey and Maryland coast gentlemen may have done, but we would like the children of the coming generation to know that other people have contributed to the making of this nation besides the sons and daughters of the American revolution; that the men who slept with their hands on their scalps and fought the fiercest savages of the plain for three hundred and fifty years are as worthy of honorable mention as those who shivered and hungered at Valley Forge. that the Spanish pioneers who refused to rob the Indians of their homes, and who by generous and humane laws secured them in the undisturbed possession of their lands for all time, are worthy of being studied by American youth, that Coronada and Onate and Vincent de Zalvidar and Perez de Villegran, Juan Ramirez, Junipero Serra, Lucario Montoya, and Manuel Chauves are men whom American history may well place in her highest niches, heroes whom every lover of heroism may well delight to honor.

There is a rare old book, worth many times its weight in gold, printed by the order of the king, at Madrid, in 1630, and containing the report made by Fra Alonzo de Benavides, Custodian of the Franciscans in New Mexico. He was himself a missionary amongst the Indians and an eye-witness of the facts he relates, and a part of the history-making era he records. There is only one copy of this book in this country, and the first translation of the same was made in October, 1900, by C. F. Lummis, Editor of "The Land of Sunshine," Los Angeles, California, and one of the greatest liv-

ing authorities on matters pertaining to the ethnology of the Southwest.

If we remember that this report was made only six years after Plymouth Rock, we will understand something of the wonders spiritual and temporal which the Spanish pioneers and particularly the Spanish missionary had accomplished since Juan D'Oñate established the first permanent settlement amongst the Pueblos of the Plains.

In this report Benavides states that the Indians of the forty-six Pueblos are very well disposed towards the king and the Christian faith, that 34,320 of them have already been baptized, that there are already more than fifty churches, some of them very large and very elegant, in charge of sixteen Fathers and three lay brothers, a number wholly inadequate for the needs of the missions, that in nearly all of the Pueblos schools have been established, where reading, writing, arithmetic and Christian doctrine are taught, and that already many of the natives are familiar with the Spanish language. He petitions the king for thirty more missionaries, who are sent to him more than three years later, arriving in Santa Fe, the seat of government, in April, 1629, under charge of the new Commissary Fra Estévan de Peréa. whose report in 1632 adds much light to the condition of affairs then existing in the territory. Fra Benavides' report contains an account of the first attempt to convert that elusive and notable warrior, the Apache, and his kinsman, the prince of cattle thieves, the Navajoe. The attempt was not very much of a success and the Apache is to this day very much of a pagan.

Some of the Navajoes became Christians, but the majority of them imitated their neighbor, the Apache, and adhered to the fetiches of their fathers. Both of these tribes preyed unceasingly upon the peaceful Pueblo and the Spanish pioneer, and for three hundred years it was a life and death struggle.

From 1600 to 1680 the record of missionary and Spanish rule is one unbroken series of success with here and there a page made gory by the Apache or Navajoe.

Pueblo after Pueblo laid aside its pagan superstition, and accepted the authority and the religion of the strangers. Acoma, the first to feel the might of the Spanish arm, was the last to submit. In 1629 the brave and gentle Fra Juan de Reminez came alone and unattended to the foot of the rock-built fortress, and was received by his new parishioners with a shower of arrows. Tradition has it that the miraculous preservation of a little girl, who fell from the edge of the cliff and who was borne by him unhurt to the anxious watchers above, was the passport that obtained for him admittance to the hostile city, and rendered the inhabitants thereof submissive to his teachings. For more than thirty years he dwelt amongst them, taught them to read and write, and led them gently and lovingly to Christianity. When he died, in 1664, the people of Acoma had been changed from the fiercest to the gentlest of all the Pueblo nations and the farthest advanced in the ways of civilization.

During this period, however, there is a scarcity of records, but this much we know, that almost all of the Pueblos became at least nominally Christians; but there was at the same time a growing dissatisfaction with

Spanish rule and especially with the efforts of later governors to force natives to serve them without remuneration, a matter strictly forbidden by Spanish laws relating to the treatment of the Indians. To this was added the discontent fanned by the Medicine men, whose former influence over the natives was threatened by the teachings and practises of the Christian religion. This dissatisfaction culminated in the great Pueblo rebellion of 1680, a rebellion which threatened for a time to sweep away the last vestige of Spanish authority, as well as Christianity. "In the awful month of August, 1680," says Lummis, "the Pueblo thunderbolt burst from a clear sky upon the Spaniards. Nowhere else in the history of the United States, save at the little Bighorn, was there such a massacre of Caucasians by Indians, as on that red 10th of August. More than a score of devoted missionaries, more than 400 heroic Spanish colonists were butchered in a blow that fell across all New Mexico at once, and the pitiful remnant of the invader was driven from the land."

The Spanish returned under Diego de Vargas, the re-conqueror, in 1692, and though there were here and there occasional uprisings during the next thirty years, the Pueblos in that one great rebellion learned the value of peace, the Spaniard learned the value of prudence; as a consequence, for almost two hundred years, they have dwelt side by side in peace. And here, let me state, before proceeding further, that there are few things in American life or history that contain for the student the charm of the study of this most quaint and interesting of aboriginal races.

The Pueblo Indian has changed but little since the conquest. He was a systematic farmer then, raising on the arable lands of New Mexico enough of maize, beans and squashes to give him a comfortable subsistence. He is still a farmer, though with improved methods. The Spaniard gave him the horse and the cow, and those herds of sheep, which constitute so large a proportion of his present wealth. He was an irrigator possessing a system of reservoirs which conducted the life-giving water to his parched crops, centuries before the coming of Coronada, and Juan D'Onate. In 1540 he dressed in mantas of cotton (which he himself raised), buckskin, twisted rabbit hides, tunics of Yucca fibre, and mantles of feathers. He knew how to weave, to spin, to tan, to make beautiful baskets and a species of sun-glazed pottery which is highly prized by the connoisseurs of today. He lived in three, four, and sometimes five story houses, built of adobes or sun-dried bricks, whose style of architecture has no counterpart the world over. He was nothing if not original. His house as well as his city was built with a special eye to defense against the Apache and Navajoe freebooters, who seem to have learned early in their history that it was easier to live by robbery and murder than to earn their bread by honest toil.

The Pueblo was built, wherever possible, at the top of a cliff, difficult of access and easy of defense. The house was one of many, built side by side, and extending in great blocks, hundreds of feet in length and rising up in a sheer perpendicular, behind. The upper stories built back a few feet from the front of those beneath,

(Continued on page 61.)

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

VI.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

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Towards the beginning of the last century a young man came from the west to the north of Ireland—from Connaught to the Black North—from Mayo (I think) to Belfast. Bernard Coleman got admittance into the Northern Bank and gained, eventually, a high position in it, probably the only Catholic among all the important officials; for Catholics were not as strong then as they are now. I remember one of the names then powerful in banking circles—Narcissus Batt—which has not a very Catholic or Celtic sound about it. Bernard Coleman married Catherine Reynolds of Dublin. They had three daughters, and, I think, no son—certainly none that lived to man's estate. In due course these three girls changed the name of Coleman for Watson, Mulholland, and Macaulay, respectively. The first of these names is represented still by Colonel Watson, who has long served in the Indian Army; and the last of them by the sons of Colman Macaulay, who died in the middle of an exceptionally brilliant career in the Indian Civil Service. The third sister, Mrs. Mulholland, is represented by His Honor, Judge Mulhol-

HIGH STREET, BELFAST, WHERE ROSA MULHOLLAND WAS BORN.

land, who presides over the County Courts of Staffordshire, and by his three sisters, Lady Russell of Killowen, Lady Gilbert, and Miss Clara Mulholland. Two of these names are well known in contemporary literature. Clara Mulholland is the author of a large number of pleasant tales for children, and of some agreeable and much more than harmless novels. Lady Gilbert's fine achievements in fiction, of the highest and purest kind, will be referred to in this paper, although it is concerned chiefly with her poetry. The brother and sister of these gifted writers have given proof that they also might easily have gained literary distinction if they had chosen. I venture to discover an interesting testimony to this family combination of literary talent in a back number of "The Irish Monthly," which Mr. Henry Bedford of All Hallows College, Dublin, to whom I confided the secret, called "The Mulholland Number," in a lecture at the Loretto Convent, Stephen's Green. Of set purpose, in drawing up the editorial "menu" for March, 1879, I let three sisters and a brother contribute four of the items. That exquisite idyllic romance, "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," by Rosa Mulholland, was then running its course through the magazine. The number leads off with "Aunt Maxwell's Return," by C. M.—a lively little drama which has often been acted on the convent stage, and is perhaps the most successful of Miss Clara Mulholland's efforts in that difficult department. To press the third sister into the service of Maga, I was obliged to resuscitate without leave, a beautiful little story written in her girlhood. She had meanwhile changed her name and laid aside her pen, but her new initials, E. R., without her per-

mission, were signed to "The Dream-Madonna." Still more unauthorized was the insertion of the fourth item which completed the little family party. To the ancient editorial indiscretion which I am confessing, I will add the fresh indiscretion of quoting from this "Mulholland Number" the poem "The Close of the Day," to which are signed the initials, W. M., that can now be interpreted by our readers. I have never seen them affixed to prose or verse anywhere else, the more is the pity.

"I was weary and faint with the heat of the day,
I was sick of the dusty road,
When a woman came by the lonely way
Where I sat with my heavy load.
And she smiled and pointed towards the sun,
And she said: ere it sets, there is work to be done,
And good is the work that is well begun,
And peaceful the close of day.

And I rose as one that has slept too long,
And I took up my burden sore;
But I could not keep pace with the footsteps strong,
And she passed and came no more.
And I feared that again my heart would quail,
And I feared that again my feet would fail,
As I saw her fade in the distance pale,
Towards the close of day.

But her golden smile passed into my heart
And quickened my blood like wine;
And I said: though she and I must part,
That woman is surely mine,
For I have received the message she bore,
And she and I will meet once more,
Whether that meeting shall be before
Or after the close of day.

O mystical woman, O dear, dear wife!
Ere the golden day was o'er,
We met again in the ways of life—
We met to part no more.
Blest be the hour that saw us part—

ROSA MULHOLLAND, IN GIRLHOOD.

Blest be the healing, saving smart—
Blest be the true and trustful heart
That loves to the close of day."

Between the families I have named, and the family of Arthur Russell of Newry and Killowen, a most intimate friendship had been maintained through more than one generation, dating back to the earlier years of the century, when Mrs. Margaret Russell was an inhabitant of Belfast. After her hegira to Newry a close correspondence was kept up (each letter costing the best part of a shilling for postage), for that was a letter-writing age, and there were able and ready letter-writers on both sides. Besides a frequent interchange of visits on the part of individuals, a monster family party would be organized once or twice every summer, each contingent driving half the way and meeting at the pretty little town of Dromore, with its literary associations as the see of Jeremy Tay-

THE VILLAGE OF KILLOWEN.

lor and Bishop Percy of the "Reliques."

But this was long before the appearance of Rosa Mulholland upon the scene. Her father was a Belfast physician, Dr. Joseph Stevenson Mulholland, a man of gentle nature and refined tastes. The house in High Street in which she was born has yielded its place to a larger building—midway, I think, on the left, as you look from the corner of Donegall Place towards the Albert Memorial.

In her childhood she came slightly under the influence of one who had literary associations clinging to her. Her eldest sister, Ellen, and for a time she herself, were pupils of an excellent old lady, Miss Knowles, sister of James Sheridan Knowles, whose fame as a dramatist still survives in his plays, "Virginius," "William Tell," and "The Hunchback." But the best part of her education came from her mother, a woman of fine intellect and noble character, whom the somewhat premature death of Dr. Mulholland left in sole charge of her young family.

Though she was only twelve or thirteen years old at this time, his gifted child thinks that, if she inherited any part of her literary or artistic tastes, it was from the parent whom she lost so early.

"I have a lively recollection of my delight in his narratives of all kinds with which he constantly entertained us in his leisure moments in the evening. I think he had a distinct talent for narrative, and also for drawing useful and high morals and conclusions from what he related and quoted to us. Esop's Fables, Scott, Shakespeare and the Bible were the favorite sources from which he drew pleasure for us and gave subject for early thought."

An intellectual tone, a spirit of culture, pervaded the place and especially this particular circle. Belfast, in the

preceding generation, in the first half of the last century, was fond of calling itself the Northern Athens—a title it would not have the face to claim at present. Emerson Tennant, Samuel Ferguson, Thomas O'Hagan, were then spirited, ambitious lads with the world before them. London and its magazines were very much further away than they are nowadays; so the Belfast folk started one of their own—"The Ulster Magazine," edited by Charles Hamilton Teeling, brother of Wolfe Tone's secretary, Bartholomew Teeling. The first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland

LADY RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

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CLARA MULHOLLAND.

signed his contribution T. H., for his father had dropped the O., which was less fashionable than it is now. Another contributor of prose and verse was the eldest Miss Coleman, who was also admitted into "The New Monthly Magazine," edited in

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

London by Thomas Campbell of "Hohenlinden" and "The Battle of the Baltic." All these things, however, seemed only dim, distant traditions to Mrs. Watson's little niece, though no doubt they exercised something of that mysterious influence which people are now fond of calling heredity. She very soon betrayed her taste for rhyme and story. Very soon, too, she inspired poetry, if that sacred name can be given to a simple acrostic like this, which its writer chances to remember:—

Rosy and mirthful, in the glow
Of life's young morning-hour;
Sweet as the lowly violet,
A meek and artless flower.

In those days ping pong and hockey and other vigorous games had not yet been invented, and young people of a certain rank in life used, in their little social gatherings, to indulge in more intellectual pastimes than finds favor, I suspect, with the corresponding class of the present generation. But *soyons de notre siecle*, as far as its ways are blameless. At any rate this sixth of the "poets I have known," while still a child, showed great aptness in making funny little rhymes in various fireside games; and once, during a summer sojourn at the Point of Killowen, I urged her to give me some rhymes of a more serious character. She obeyed, but in her shyness placed her attempt, not in my hand but in one of my books. It chanced that I did not open that book till some months afterwards, when between its leaves I found a scrap which I still preserve. Upon it is written in a careful, childish hand (she was twelve years old) this delicious little lyric:—

"A sweet little thing
Is a snow-drop in Spring,
In its snowy white robe dressed;

THE OLD CHAPEL OF KILLOWEN.

THE NEW CHURCH OF KILLOWEN.

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A pearly gem
On an emerald stem,
With a dew-drop upon its breast.

Oh! a brave wee thing
Is a snow-drop in Spring,
For the Winter's scarcely gone
When it lifts its head
From its frozen bed,
And says, "Bright Spring, come on!"

SIR JOHN GILBERT.

And a welcome wee thing
Is a snow-drop in Spring,
For it heralds the Summer sun.
At the first warm ray
It melts away,
And the Snow-drop's task is done."

I happen to have kept also the first sample of this young poet's prose that ever came into my hands. She and one of her cousins combined in intruding on my studious solitude with a letter. "Punctuationless" was supposed to be a funny form of "unpunctilious," and I think Sairey Gamp (who was very popular at the time) is followed in her way of asking the question, "Who denies it?" The Dr. Cahill whose lecture is so audaciously summarized (with a grain of truth in the summary) was the Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D., a very eloquent preacher and lecturer on scientific subjects, who did not expect to be forgotten in forty years. Though he died in Rome—not

VILLA NOVA, BLACKROCK, CO. DUBLIN, LADY GILBERT'S RESIDENCE.

the Eternal City, but one of the five or six Romes in the United States—his remains were brought home to be interred in our beautiful Glasnevin, where a life-like statue of him stands above his grave.

"I fancy I see the astonishment, not to say dismay, written on your face when the two feminine epistles enclosed within this envelope meet your eye. I must own that we are a most audacious, punctuationless pair of young spinsters. Who deniges of it? I'm sure I don't know what makes me write, for I haven't anything in the world to tell you. There is nothing here but old news. Dr. Cahill is gone, and, as I suppose the newspapers and E. W. have already told you all that is tellable about his lectures here, I will not touch upon them. They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Perhaps it is. At all events it is a very unsatisfactory thing, only showing one how very little one knows without rectifying the evil. (Lest you be at present in a fainting condition from the shock lately received, before going any farther I will administer a restorative in the shape of a warning that I don't ask you at all to reply to this. Knowing that you have more to do than you have time to do it in, I wouldn't on any account inflict such a penalty on you). This parenthesis over, perhaps you can bear to read the rest of this with more tranquillity of spirit.

You may like to know one or two of the more interesting of the important truths that we learnt from Dr. Cahill. First, then, you can make glass of anything by fusing it in a crucible with the lid off; secondly, you can make stone of anything by fusing it with the lid on. But the third and most important piece of information he gave us was, that you can make anything out of anything by fusing it. I've an old straw bonnet, past using, out of which I intend to make a bundle of pencils some fine day. I would strongly advise you to try the experiment.

Well, enough of experiments. Don't you remember that work of Ruskin's you

COMPTON HALL, DEVONSHIRE, THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE GILBERT FAMILY.

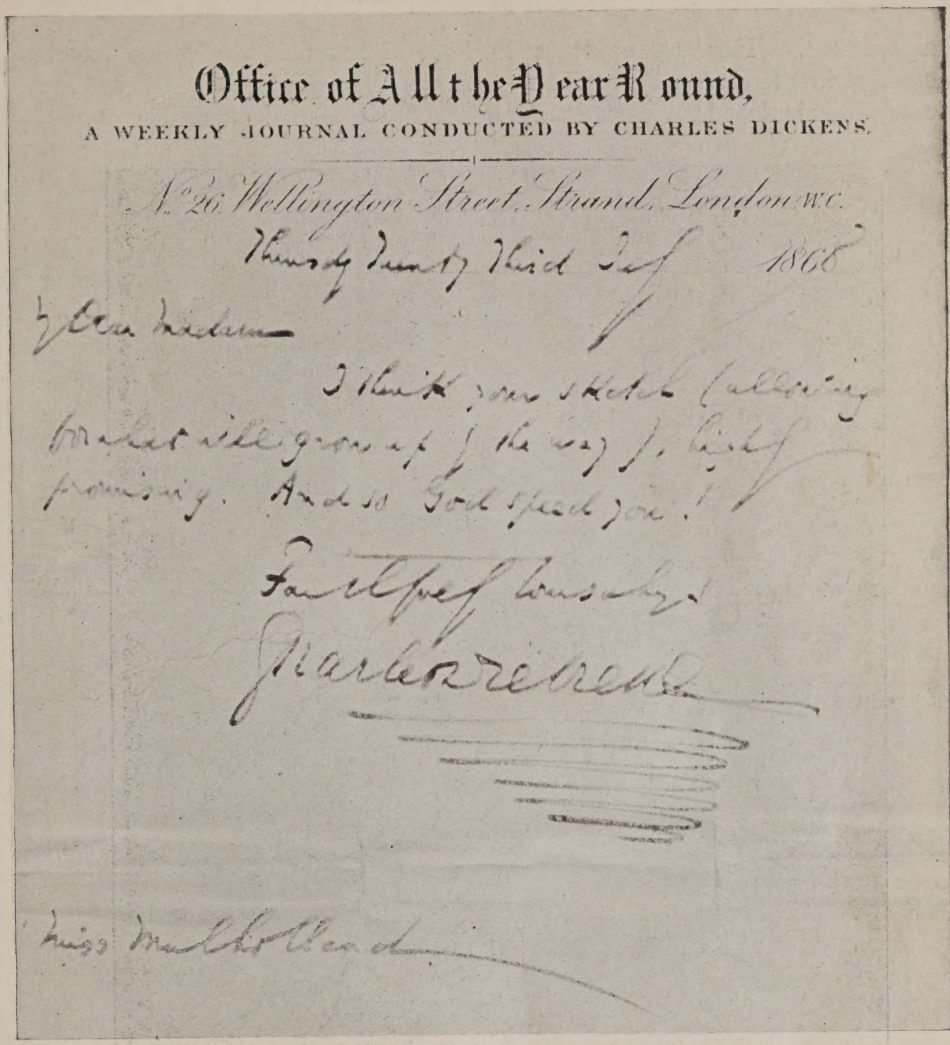
spoke of when you were in town, 'The Stones of Venice.' Well, that good old soul M. W. got it for me out of the Library, relinquishing her own book to let me have it. I am reading it at present, spending now and then an hour in rambling with the author through the ruins of what was 'Beautiful Venice.'

Do you know I have had my likeness taken by Letitia Ward? She did it very nicely indeed, in water colours. I am thinking of setting up in that line myself, and have already begun with Franky and Joe. Charlie gave me a present of a box of beautiful paints the other day.

This letter should have gone long ago, but as there is nothing in it that could not be said one time as well as another, it does not much matter. As I have, I think, already said, I have no news whatever for you, unless, indeed, you might like to hear that I am dressing a doll (like Maritana in the play) for the Bazaar, and that M. W. is deep in the 'Potstick Mania' for the same purpose. It is also probable that you have not as yet heard of the great American oyster which 'took nine men to swallow it whole.'

After these important items I dare say it will be dry and uninteresting to you to know that we had a delightful excursion to 'Crawford's Burn' when Ellen was in town. We left Castle Torney* at 12 o'clock and went in a procession of two cars to the place, which is between Holywood and Bangor. We spent a most delightful day in rambling through the glen. It is such a beautiful spot, full of lovely little meandering zig-zag paths, that wind up the sides of steep hills, covered (the hills, not the paths) with every variety of tree and shrub, from the palest golden colour down to the darkest green; from the tiniest tuft of moss up to the 'giant of the forest.' One could never

*A comic name for the house in Donegall Street in which a young attorney had just begun his work. The Belfast attorney was afterwards the English Attorney-General.


Office of All the Year Round.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 26, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.
Thursday [illegible] 1868
Dear Madam
I think you stand [illegible]
Market will grow up [illegible]
promising. And so God speed you!
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens
Miss Mulholland

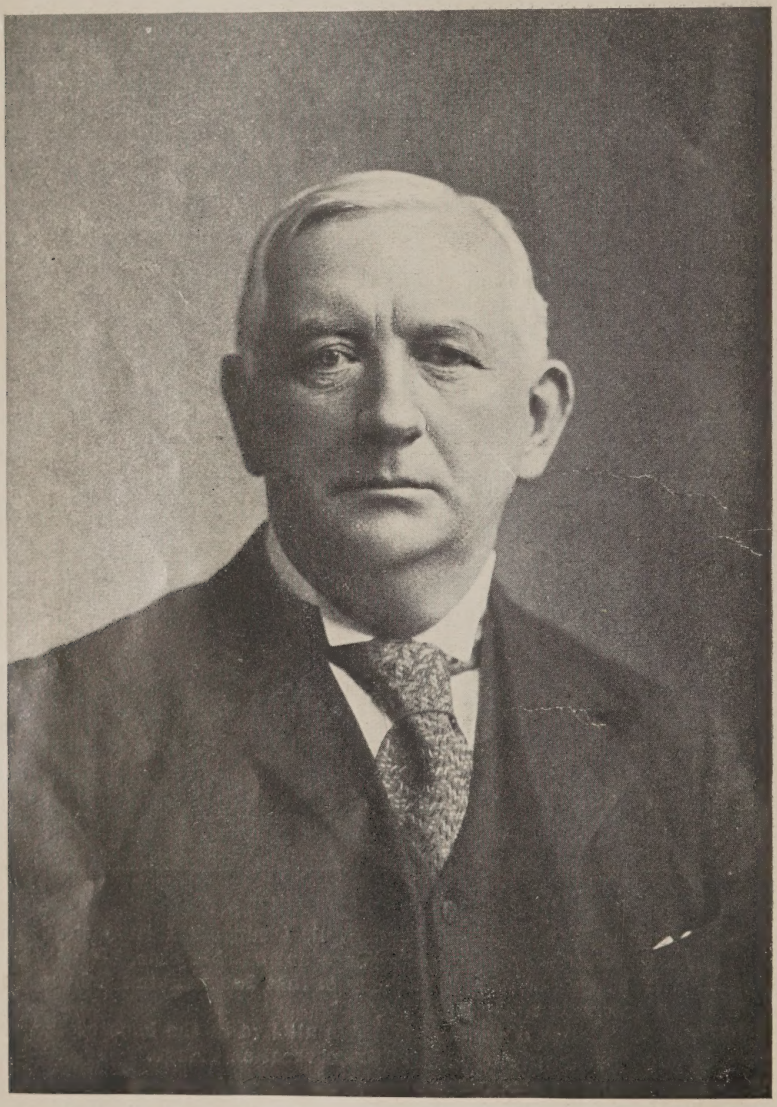
imagine oneself to be in the pleasure grounds belonging to a gentleman's house while wandering along one of the little footpaths that lead you now up a violet bank, now to the very edge of a clear stream, were it not that now and then pleasant and often welcome rustic seats appear, certainly never fashioned by the hand of nature. You may imagine that we brought plenty of flowers away with us. In fact I had quite a chimney garden among flower pots—no, that's not what I mean either, it's a flower garden among the chimney pots. That's it.

Well, I suppose I have tired your patience out by this time. If not, all I can say is that Job 'couldn't hold a candle to you.'

We all live in the hope of the pleasant times vacation brings."

It is plain from this letter that the Author of "Marcella Grace" had already in her fourteenth year a lively and easy style of her own. We detect in it also indications of her artistic

temperament. Her strongest call seemed at first towards Art, not Literature. She cherished this vocation for several years, even to the extent of becoming a professional student in the School of Art, Kensington. One at least of her first stories in "London Society" was illustrated by her own pencil. This art-training has not been without its effect on her writings, which are rich in word-painting of the most exquisite kind. But the success



JUDGE MULHOLLAND.

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which attended the first efforts of her pen forced her soon to lay aside her pencil forever.

These artistic yearnings are linked with Rosa Mulholland's first appearance in London magazines both as poet and as story teller. The title of one of her first short stories was "My First Picture," and her first poem in "The Cornhill Magazine" was "Irene," which had the honor of being illustrated by the famous painter Millais. It was this circumstance which gave the greatest delight to the youthful débutante. "I would really give something," she wrote to me, "to have been peeping over your shoulder when you opened this month's 'Cornhill.' How do you like Mr. Millais' 'Irene' ? I think it beautiful. But does it not seem extravagant that I should have furnished him with an idea, fresh from the bogs? Yesterday two 'Cornhills' arrived, and two letters, one from Charlie and one from W., each demanding an explanation. Charlie calls it 'a delicious piece' and is not sure, but suspects the authorship from having seen the name 'Irene' in your letters, and also from the signature R. M."

I have refrained from cutting "Charlie" down to his initial, partly because his enthusiasm over the earliest success of his young sister-in-law betrays more of a literary spirit than the biographer of Lord Russell of Killowen gives him credit for; and in fact he had always in such matters refined tastes and vivid sympathies.

Miss Mulholland sent me soon after a letter received from Millais, which I copied before returning it.

"Dear Miss Mulholland,

I think your drawings most excellent, and I am very glad you have sent them to me. I live quite close by the Kensington Museum, so that you may find me out easily when you next come up to Town; and then I will tell you all that I can to help you.

I am glad you like the Illustration to your Verses. It is a great chance how a drawing on the wood looks after being honey-combed in the process of engraving. The head was harmed, and the moonbeams cut so coarsely that the rays look like chalk scratches.

Your addressing me could not be otherwise than flattering, the more so from your living so very far away in the mountains of Connemara. I can only repeat a hope that you will come and see me when you are in London.

I remain,
Truly yours,
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

At this time Mr. Millais' correspondent was living, as he says, at Letterfrack, in Connaught. The year that she spent there, and especially a short sojourn in the island of Inisbofin, made a lasting impression on the sensitive nature of the gifted girl, and affected a good deal of her work. But with the exception of several visits of considerable length to London her mature life has been spent in Dublin. Nay, even "Irene" was dated from Dublin. Imagining that London editors would ask, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth or Connemara?" Miss Mulholland in sending "Irene" on her travels gave the Dublin address of a friend who had left that address when the traveling agent of Smith and Elder called there. This gentleman mentioned the matter to a Limerick bookseller who bore the very appropriate name of Zachariah Ledger; and he in turn mentioned it to me. And so a cheque for ten guineas found its way at last into the proper hands.

This, however, was not Rosa Mul-

holland's first printed poem. She had sent to "The Irishman" a pathetic ballad, "Evicted," which Ralph Varian had the credit of discovering there and inserting in his "Harp of Erin" with the note, "There is infinite force and beauty in the following fugitive ballad." Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston include it among the anonymous pieces in their new "Treasury of Irish Poetry." About the same time R. M. sent to "The Universal News," without giving her name or address, a poem, "Our Lily," of which the sub-editor, John Francis O'Donnell, remarked (as he told me afterwards) "Dickens would give two or three pounds for this if it had been sent to "All the Year Round." Mr. O'Donnell himself had then contributed many poems to the brilliant little periodical of the great novelist.

As "Our Lily" is the youngest of the poems which Rosa Mulholland included in her collected volume of "Vagrant Verses," I will give it here. With all its picturesqueness, the ear is a little disappointed at the end of the third line in each stanza, having expected it to rhyme with the first.

"A bed of lilies basking in the sun,
Their snow-white petals blushing ever faintly,—
Their cups are brimming with the golden light,
That hovers round them with a radiance saintly;

A young laburnum drooping from the wall,
Upon the path its golden blossoms trailing,
Just thrilling to the echo, sweetly soft,
Of winds in distant forests sadly wailing;

Framed with the leaves my baby-Lilian stands—
The lilies love their little human sister,—
And shed their light around her sunny curls,
And, swaying, touch her cheek as though they kissed her.

She stands, with wide blue eyes and lips apart,
A bright carnation in her fingers crushing,
Lost in an infant reverie of joy
To see the kindling West and mountains flushing.

My little golden-headed lily-bud,
Say, canst thou penetrate those realms of splendour
That hide but mystery all vague and dim
For eyes less spirit-like and souls less tender?

And do thy snow-white kindred whisp'ring tell
Rare secrets of those far-off glorious regions?
And does thy sinless gaze e'en now behold
The gleaming pinions of their angel legions?

Look at me, pet! and not so wistful-wise—
We cannot spare thee, even to the angels:
We need thy smile, thy tiny tripping feet,
Thy small voice chanting little sweet evangels.

I've seen that yearning look in other eyes
That now are closed, and in the green earth sleeping;
But thine are of another shape and tint—
Thou camest to bring us laughter and not weeping.

Ho! for a race—and then thou'lt tell again
The words I taught thee, funny little lisper!
My birdie, come! and never mind the sky—
Thou must not listen while the lilies whisper."

Mr. J. F. O'Donnell returned to Ireland to edit one of James Duffy's spir-

ited attempts at later establishing a popular Irish magazine. To the later numbers of "Duffy's Hibernian Sixpenny Magazine" Rosa Mulholland contributed a few very graceful poems and several pleasant stories. The editor wrote to me:

"The success which has attended 'The Two Lenores,' in *The Hibernian* is delightful, and to no one has it been more agreeable than to myself. The story stands out in strange contrast with the morbid concrete of our first pages. All the papers but one have spoken well of it; but I have not seen them, for I never let a newspaper into the house, and seldom read them abroad."

Fourteen years after O'Donnell's premature death Miss Mulholland wrote tenderly about her first editor, in "The Weekly Register," then conducted by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. It has just, after many changes of ownership, been transformed into "The Monthly Register."

"But it was not of St. Columba I thought when beginning this letter, but of another poet who died away from Ireland, longing for a sight of her green oaks and fair hillsides. Fourteen years ago John Francis O'Donnell was laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery at Kensal Green, having, during his thirty-five years in this world, loved and sung his country with ardour, and leaving behind him a good deal of sweet poetry, the most remarkable, perhaps, being contained in a little book entitled *Memories of the Irish Franciscans*. It was a tender and holy ambition to record in verse the history of each of the chief ruins of the Monasteries of Ireland's beloved Franciscans throughout the land; and O'Donnell faithfully carried out the idea he had conceived of it. In the darkest day of this country the humble followers of the seraphic St. Francis,—of Francis of the rough cord and the sandalled feet, who preached to the birds and tamed and taught the wolf, —these lowly Franciscan friars were the friends and consolers of the suffering population whose religion was banned. No danger dismayed them, no terror withheld them from passing from place to place, shriving the burthened soul, celebrating Mass in cellar and cave, bearing their God to the dying. Often death was the immediate penalty of such services, and it was a common sight to see a dead Franciscan in his brown gown swinging from a tree in the wind on the roadside. No wonder the Order of Francis is beloved to this day throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. O'Donnell's *Memories of Irish Franciscans* has a claim on the Irish heart over and above the merits of its poetry."

During her first visit to London after the publication of "Irene," Miss Mulholland wrote to me:—

"I have another piece of news which I meant to have given you before now. I have been to see Millais, and what is more strange, he has been to see me. E. and I went one evening, and were told by the servant that he was out. I was a good deal disappointed, but scarcely had we got home and taken off our bonnets when he walked in. He had been at home, and had very kindly followed us at once. He said he was so sorry for the servant's mistake and invited us to come next evening and see his studio. He sat a long time, chatting and looking over my drawings. We liked him very much, he was so frank and unaffected, and seemed to take such a kind interest. We went to Cromwell Place next evening and had a great treat. He showed us his rough sketch books. He says three lines are sufficient for a sketch from life, a kind of note to be worked out when required. He does not advise me to go to any school. I may, or I may not, as I like; but he thinks I can improve myself more by sketching from nature. He desired me to come to him whenever he could be of the slightest use to me."

Meanwhile Miss Mulholland had been working up her first novel, which when completed had the good fortune to be judged as follows by Mr. Smith Williams, the famous reader of the firm of Smith and Elder, famous chiefly as the discoverer of the genius of Charlotte Bronté. The "Emmanuella" of

his letters had been called at first "The Seven Kings" and was afterwards called "Dunlore" and finally "Dunmara," under which last name it duly appeared in two volumes.

"Dear Madam,

I have read with lively interest the commencement of your story of 'Emmanuella,' and am gratified at being able to express the admiration of your talents as a writer of fiction which its perusal has elicited. It appears to me that, with imaginative power and artistic skill to conceive and present vividly to the reader your ideas, you combine a pure taste, flowing and vigorous diction, and, above all, spirituality of mind which elevates the tone of feeling pervading your writing; while at the same time a genial sympathy with, and a delicate apprehension of, all that is good and beautiful in nature, are entwined with an appreciation of the humorous—which last is a valuable ingredient in a popular writer.

Before offering you an opinion of the merits of your story itself, however, I should be obliged if you would favor me with an interview on the subject; especially as the MS. breaks off at a critical point and much will depend upon the denouement of the tale. If you will do me the favour of saying at what hour you could make it convenient to honour me with a call here, I will make a point of being at my desk and at your service.

With respect to your poems, I beg to say that, graceful and ethereal as are the themes they embody, the versification, though often felicitous, is less correct and elegant than is desirable for such fancies as yours: but that is only saying that poetry is more difficult and requires more art and finish than prose. Indeed, as there is but little encouragement for poetry at the present time, and the greatest poets have to wait for years before their genius is recognized by the public, I am glad to be able to congratulate you on the superior ease and power which characterize your prose composition.

Your wish, expressed by our friend, Mr. Connell, to know my opinion of your writings, will, I trust, excuse the frankness of this letter.

Believe me to remain with sincere respect,

Dear Madam,
Your very faithful servant,
WILLIAM SMITH WILLIAMS."

When this favorable verdict was shown to me at the time, I took the liberty of keeping a copy of it which has perhaps survived the original. So likewise with the letter which Mr. Williams wrote the next day.

"My Dear Madam,

Since our interview this morning, it has occurred to me that you might feel prompted by your feelings to essay a short story by way of testing your success in periodical literature; and although I still think that you would not do well to fritter away your talents in slight sketches for Magazines, still, if you should be desirous of coming before the public in this way, I beg to assure you that the Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* will be happy to consider a short story of some ten or twelve pages from your pen, and would be glad to find it suitable for the Magazine.

May I suggest that, in writing it, you would be more likely to succeed by aiming at simplicity, and contriving the plot skilfully so as to present vividly two or three characters by means of incidents calculated to exhibit the persons dramatically, and with as little dialogue as possible? Neat construction and finished pictures, combined with a well-chosen subject, would be likely to ensure success: and a striking story in the *Cornhill Magazine* would be much more advantageous to you, both pecuniarily and in point of reputation than anything you might write in any other periodical, as the standard of merit is the highest, and the readers the most numerous of the best class,

Believe me to remain,
My dear Madam,
Yours very faithfully,
WM. SMITH WILLIAMS."

Shortly before this, the young story-teller had secured the favor of the author of "David Copperfield," "The Pickwick Papers," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "A Christmas Carol," and all the rest. For many years Charles Dickens welcomed into "All the Year Round" all the stories and all the verses that this Irish contributor offered to him. Short stories by the score, poems by the dozen, and two full-length novels,

"Hester's History" and "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," ran their course through Dickens' magazine. "The Late Miss Hollingford" and "Twelve Months of My Life" were also tales of considerable length—exceedingly clever in construction and execution. The English reviewers were most generous in their appreciation of this new writer. "The Westminster Review" said that the author of "Hester's History" "has an excellent style of her own, quiet, yet full of power, and marked by a pathos which nowhere degenerates into sentimentalism." According to "The Athenæum" "Hester's History is clever, compact, and entertaining; the personages are well drawn, well colored, and well set upon the stage, and they all perform their parts well. There are plenty of incidents but not a single reflection. The author had a story to tell, and she has told it well, without a digression." "The Morning Post" pronounced "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil" to be "a tale exceptionally bright, powerful, and striking," while "The Graphic" found in it "very decided marks of genius."

The highest tribute, however, to her merit was Charles Dickens' practical faith in this young Irish maiden who was working away modestly, far from the noisy London world. In dedicating a little book to her in 1889, I wrote:

"The most popular master of fiction showed his faith in your rare gifts as a writer of fiction by asking you to contribute the two-volume tale, 'Hester's History,' which brought to a close the first series of *All the Year Round*. The new series of that periodical contains your 'Wicked Woods of Tobereevil,' and many a lively or tender story besides. When a companion tale was needed for his 'No Thoroughfare' in the Tauchnitz Edition, Dickens himself chose your late 'Miss Hollingford.' German and French versions have made some of your writings better known abroad than at home; although in the process of translation much must needs have perished of the vividness, simplicity, delicacy and self-restraint of a style which, without a trace of affectation or mannerism, is as distinctly personal and as exquisite in its kind as Nathaniel Hawthorne's or Eugénie de Guerin's."

I am glad to be the first to give to the printer some of the kind words with which Charles Dickens enhanced his kind deeds. Miss Mulholland was about twenty-five years old when he addressed her thus from 26 Wellington St., Strand:—

"Dear Madam,

I have some hope that the purport of this brief letter may not be disagreeable to you.

This journal will be very glad indeed to accept a story from you (if it should suit your convenience) to be published in its pages in serial portions, for two, three or four months (as you may prefer): the first weekly portion to be published on the 12th of August. An early letter addressed here to myself will greatly interest and oblige,

Dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,
CHARLES DICKENS."

The following also regards "Hester's History," for which Dickens himself chose that name.

"I have great pleasure in the receipt of your note.

There appears to me to be nothing objectionable in the subject of the domestic story you have begun, and I therefore hope you will pursue it, as it evidently engages your fancy. I shall be glad to have your kindly offered sketch of the plot, but for no other reason than that I may try to find a good name for the tale. If a title should have occurred to you, do me the favour to let me know what it is."

What confidence Dickens showed in his young contributor by beginning to

publish her unfinished tale! The next note is short and sweet:—

"My dear Madam,
I think your sketch (allowing for what will grow up by the way), highly promising. And so, God speed!
Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS."

A month later he writes:

"My dear Miss Mulholland,
I think you have made an excellent beginning. Pray lose no time in supplying the printer with more manuscript. The press is very close indeed upon you—too close. The printer has my strict injunctions respecting your duplicate proofs.
Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS."

But the subject of the present paper is the sixth among the "Poets I have known"—Rosa Mulholland as a poet rather than as a story teller. Therefore Lady Gilbert has hardly yet been mentioned here by the name that she at present bears: for most of her poems, and even the collection of them published under the title of "Vagrant Verses," appeared before that important date in her life—her marriage in 1891 with the great Irish historian, Sir John T. Gilbert, so pre-eminent for solid learning and for original research.

We cannot pass on to the special theme of this article without referring to Lady Gilbert's tales for children, which may be considered as a connecting link between her prose and her poetical work, especially the first of them, "The Little Flower Seekers." No one but a true poet could write such dainty and fanciful prose as this and "Puck and Blossom." "Four Little Mischiefs" and "Five Little Farmers" are on a lower level, and for that reason probably more intelligible and more acceptable to youthful readers.

And now, although we have not mentioned "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," or "A Fair Emigrant," or "Banshee Castle," or "Nanno" (the most perfect and most artistic perhaps of all), or "Onora," in which "The Daily Chronicle" discovers "that delightful combination of pathos, humor, refinement and charm which we have learned to expect from the authoress of 'Nanno'"—we must pass on at last to Rosa Mulholland's poems. Indeed she has interspersed the story just mentioned with several of them, one of which a competent critic in "The Star" considers "nearly as fine as Tennyson's 'Rizpah'" and another "as heart-breaking as 'The Song of the Shirt.'"

The editor who displayed the most insatiable appetite not only for Rosa Mulholland's stories but for her verses was, as we have already mentioned, Charles Dickens. He had such confidence in his young Irish contributor that he allowed her to begin a serial in "All the Year Round" before the whole was written. Sometimes, when too scanty an instalment was in stock, a warning would come in his favorite blue ink: "The printers are too close upon your heels." There was one disadvantage in the faith thus placed in her by the great popular novelist: it concealed her name from the public, for no name but "Charles Dickens" appeared in the contents of "All the Year Round." Not even initials were appended to the poems. These fugitive and anonymous pieces the poet was at last persuaded to gather into a volume, with a good deal of reluctance, as she confesses in a letter which I found among Judge O'Hagan's papers.

"My dear Judge O'Hagan,
I am so very grateful for your most kind letter which I have found awaiting

me here on my return from the country. I am very proud of it indeed, as coming from so high an authority as the author of 'Dear Land' and the translator of 'The Song of Roland.' It was very, very good of you to think of giving me this pleasure, and to find time to do it in the midst of your pressing duties and affairs.

I scarcely know how my little volume of verses came into existence. They were written at odd moments and scattered about, and I should certainly never have thought of gathering them into a book, only that Father Russell insisted upon its being done. I am glad that Mrs. O'Hagan is also willing to take the 'Vagrants' into her heart, which I know is very warm. Will you kindly give her my love, and believe me,

Dear Judge O'Hagan,
Yours very sincerely,
ROSA MULHOLLAND."

"Vagrant Verses" received a warm welcome from the critics, even on that side of the Atlantic in which these sentences will be printed. I think Dr. Maurice Francis Egan was the reviewer who pronounced in the "New York Freeman's Journal" that Miss Mulholland had "more than fulfilled all the promise of her earlier work," and described her "Vagrant Verses" as "real poems, noble in conception, musical in utterance, and marked by perfect taste and exquisite understanding of the technical difficulties to be overcome in writing good poetry." And perhaps it was John Boyle O'Reilly himself who in "The Boston Pilot" described her poetry as "characterized by grace, sweetness, and rare artistic finish, oftentimes exquisitely tender and pathetic."

As this volume, which this magazine itself prophesied would be "dear to all lovers of poetry," can, I think, be still procured from Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, London, our quotations shall not be from it but from poems that are less likely to have come already under the reader's notice. I sent it at the time to Ruskin, who acknowledged it in this characteristic fashion:—

"Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire
8th June 1886

"My dear Sir,

I am deeply grateful for your letter and the book. I have known Irish girls before now, but this is a grand one. How old is she? Tell me all about her, please. I answer in haste, having glanced only at a verse or two yet,—but I know the music of them too well.

Ever your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN."

One of the products of the Celtic Revival, which has not been confined to Ireland, was an exceedingly original miscellany, "The Evergreen, published at the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues." Four volumes of this remarkable combination of art and literature appeared, corresponding with the four seasons. Professor Geddes induced Lady Gilbert to be his laureate of the seasons. The following is her opulent personification of autumn.

"Under a purple cloud along the west
The great brown mother lies and takes her rest,
A dark cheek on her hand, and in her eyes
The shadow of primeval mysteries.

Her tawny velvets swathe her, manifold,
Her mighty head is coifed in filmy gold;
Her youngest babe, the newly blossomed rose,
Upon her swarthy bosom feeds and grows.

With her wide darkling gaze the mother sees
Her children in their homes, the reddening trees,
Roofing wet lawns, fruit-laden lattices,
Blue mountain domes, and the grey river seas.

A myriad flowering faces flush the air
Sun-kindled eyes, and flaming outspread hair

And vermeil cheeks, the children of her love
Whose rapid heart-beats all her deep veins move.

The sun's fair children, he whose kisses burned
Upon her wedded lips, and now hath turned
Life-giving ardours upon other spheres,
Leaving their radiant offspring to her tears.

Still laugh they in their joy, with sapphire eyes,
And leafy wings of gold, and singing cries;
Still clap their rosy hands, and on the breeze
Cast fragments of their jewelled draperies.

With tranquil heart the mother watcheth them,
Each flower erect upon its fearless stem:
A wind-tost head hath lost its ruby crown,
A sapphire zone is unaware let down.

There a wing drooped, and here a love-lit face
Darkens and drops from its irradiate place;
A swaying of sweet limbs, and there a fall—
Bewildering terror seizeth upon all.

They rush with stumbling feet and blinding hair
To her who waiteth in her darkening lair,
Destruction following; their anguished cry
Rings in her ears, 'O mother, must we die?'

Then openeth she, the mighty one, her breast,
And folds them all within her arms of rest:
'Ye are immortal, children of my pain;
Sleep unafraid, for ye shall live again.' "

In "Who's Who?" the paragraph devoted to Lady Gilbert mentions that gardening and astronomy are two of her favorite amusements. Her taste for star-gazing is pleasantly illustrated in one of the heroines of her delightful tale which, I think, is her very latest, "Cynthia's Bonnet-Shop." Her gardening tastes are evidently referred to by Mrs. Hinkson in one of her talks in "The Girls' Room" of "The Monthly Packet."

"A lady whose exquisite writing has probably often given pleasure in the Girls' Room, was telling me a little while ago of the delights of gardening. Among the hobbies of various more or less distinguished women, recently confided to a contemporary, gardening found no place; and yet for any woman, for the writing woman especially, or any of sedentary occupation, there could be no hobby as healthy and happy. My friend drops her pen regularly, and is away to her more delightful art of producing flowers. Vegetables she does not attempt. She leaves those to the crusty old gardener who was out of place among the roses. Hers is an old-fashioned garden, where flowers and fruit are mixed. It dovetails into some acres of green lawn. The cooncrake cries there in summer nights, and the little field-mice scurry along the aisles of seeding grasses, and blue and grey moths hover drowsily over the big moon-daisies and the meadow-orchis. There is a walk under two rows of very ancient trees, on the boughs of which the squirrels swing, and by the path goes a tiny brook which comes from the mountains and slips away through a neighbor's garden to the sea. The mountains are near, but when all the trees are in leaf, they are invisible from the old-world garden; when a sudden blue cone looms up in the near distance, they know the winter has come. Last summer I found my friend in her garden very workmanlike in her get-up. With a garden-hat, and stout garden-gloves, she was equal to all emergencies. She was eloquent to me over the delight of calling flowers into being, and the wholesomeness of the quiet work over the freshly turned earth. She had experienced the solace of gardening when she was recovering from the shock of a sad bereavement. She said that when nothing else could take her out of her sadness, her garden soothed her, with its suggestion of the sweet life blossoming out of a grave, and its quiet communion day by day with Nature. She learnt the secrets of the birds and squirrels in those quiet hours, and the austerity of Nature was like a cool hand laid upon her hot grief."

As this description of the poet's beautiful home appeared in January, 1895, the "sad bereavement" must have been the death of her dear friend, that amiable woman, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, author of "Essays, chiefly in Irish Biography." A more overwhelming bereavement which occurred some years later, the death of the good and gifted man to whom she was most happily united—Sir John Gilbert—is referred to in the following pretty letter from an unknown girl. It and the answer to it were shown to me at the time by their respective writers, and I think it no harm to have kept copies of them, and even to print now what is nothing but creditable to all concerned. Into the holy solitude of Carmel, in which H. L. has since hidden herself away in the fresh springtime of her opening womanhood, these pages are not likely to penetrate. None of these letters indeed, as I have perhaps hinted before, has been furnished to me for the purposes of this article, which merely puts together materials that chanced to be already in my hands. One of the most important of my readers—namely, my editor—prefers such *lettres inedites* to extracts from printed volumes, which people may consult for themselves.

1st February, 1899.

"Dear Lady Gilbert,

I have often thought of writing to you before, but I always felt afraid. Yesterday I was looking at your photograph in a book. When I slept, I dreamt you came to me, looked at me gently, stroked my hair, and drew my head to your breast. When I awoke, I felt so happy, and all my fear had gone.

Do not think me impertinent. I am only writing because I love you, and I wish to thank you for the happiness you have given me by your books. During three years of ill-health, when I lay awake sometimes for hours at night, sick with nervousness and fear, I would imagine myself in a great mansion at a great ball, sometimes at Eldergowan. I would see Fan and Giannetta and Mattie and Kevin and Letty and all the rest tripping in and out. It was only a fancy, but it relieved my mind and made me feel happier.

Although I have never seen you, I seem to have known you always. The very first thing I ever learned was a little hymn called 'A Little Pilgrim.' 'Holy Childhood' was the first book I read.

I cannot write what I feel for I am always shy and awkward; but I love you, and I kiss these words which I hope your eyes will read, and, when I pray, I ask God to bless you and our holy Mother to comfort you.

After all it won't be so very, very long till the years are over and we meet our own again to be together always, always. No more parting. It makes me glad to think of it. And those we have loved on earth and have not known—oh, we will know them, and they too will love us then.

I hope you will not be vexed with this letter. I am writing it because it may cheer you in your sorrow to know you have made others glad. I know my writing is very bad. I never could write well; but please do not think of it. I love you.

Yours lovingly,
H. L."

"Holy Childhood," which H. L. says was the first book she read, is an exquisitely simple collection of prayers, hymns, and instructions for very young children, all written by Lady Gilbert, except two Litanies and three or four prayers. The late Mr. Charles Eason, the W. H. Smith of Ireland, the owner of all the railway book stalls, took a very special interest in this and other Catholic prayer-books which he published, though himself a Protestant. "Holy Childhood" has had an enormous sale and continues to be in constant demand. I wish I could quote some of the delicious little homilies about greediness, disobedience, laziness, and some of the other faults that childhood is heir to; but I must crave

space for "The Shining City" which H. L. first learned off by heart.

"I am a little pilgrim,
I travel towards the land
Where God doth live in glory,
With Christ at His right hand.

This world is very lovely,
With birds and trees and flowers;
And love and truth and kindness
Fill up its careless hours.

But 'tis not half so lovely
As that I long to see,
Where the blessed live with Jesus
Through all eternity.

There is a shining city,
As God Himself hath told;
The walls are built of jewels,
And the streets of purest gold.

Of wondrous pearl are fashioned
The gates that round it stand,
And over each is marshall'd
A shining angel-band.

They watch for weary pilgrims—
They watch for little me—
Along the happy pathway,
As far as they can see.

And when they see me coming
Along the shining road,
They'll fly a bit to meet me,
And bring me into God!

In at the pearly gateway,
And down the golden street,
They'll lead me through the glory
Straight to my Saviour's feet.

There I shall live with Jesus
While endless ages run,
Within that shining city,
Away beyond the sun!"

When I came soon afterwards to know the youthful writer of the preceding letter, she showed me the kind answer that it elicited; and I am sure she would allow me to share it with those who share her feelings so far as to have persevered to the end of this prolix and rambling paper, out of their interest in the subject of it. I have more misgivings about another ordeal through which I fear it must pass before being sent across the Atlantic.

February 7th, 1899.

"My dear Miss L.

I do not know how to thank you for the sweet letter you have written me, so full of love that it makes me feel ashamed to think how little my works have deserved so much. Still it is dear to me to have it. Love is so much better than praise—is indeed the only thing *worth* in earth or in heaven.

It is sad to think you have been so long suffering, so young; but I trust that is over. Perhaps when the bright weather comes, we may meet. I am tempted to wish that *that* could have been in my happy days—when I was the happiest woman in the world, and felt myself to be the most blest. But God's ways are mysterious; and, though he has broken my heart, yet will I trust in Him.

You say truly the years are short—how much more do I feel this than you at your age can do. Sorrow has taken away the fear of Death, and a thought that a year ago was terrible, has now become sweet. So strangely does God play His own music on the heart-strings He has rent. Though my hope and joy are in Death, I will live as long as I am bidden; and I may have work to do for God before He will receive me, too.

You see "deep answereth unto deep," and as you have written to me out of your heart, so have I out of mine.

Thanking you again for your sweet thought and generous act, and, above all, asking your prayers *for two*,

I am yours with love,

Rosa Gilbert."

If our limits have not yet been overpassed, I should like to add another to our niggardly supply of quotations. The following was copied some years ago into many newspapers in the United states and elsewhere as "the exquisite effusion of a dying Sister of Charity." A certain Sister of Charity had the good taste to admire it and made a copy of it which was found among her papers after her death. These papers were handed over to her

relatives, who, knowing the Sister's taste for verse-making, imagined the poem was her own and sent it forth under the title I have mentioned. It is called "Failure," in "Vagrant Verses."

"The Lord, who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is not done;
I tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so little and weak as I—
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me cheerfully toiling,
Showed me their work as they passed away;
Filled were their hands to overflowing,
Proud were their hearts, and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
In at the golden gate of their rest;
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,
Failing ever in spite of their aid!
Fain would their love have borne me onward,
But I was unready and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name
The Voice will find me still at my labour,
Weeping beside it in very shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
And, when He looks for the fruits of years,
Nothing have I to lay before Him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten—
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross;
And the Lord who made them frail and feeble
Maybe will pity their strife and loss."

This impressive poem is by no means autobiographical. Rosa Mulholland has accomplished admirably the task that God gave her to do. Her hands are not empty, but filled with "a burthen of beautiful work well done." But her work is not finished. One of the services that are still expected from her is that she will not leave "Vagrant Verses" solitary, but will hasten to give us a second volume containing the poems of her last sixteen years with those of earlier years which are eminently worthy of being preserved and have not yet been collected. Such a volume will be another treasury of true poetry, as pure and holy as Adelaide Procter's, with the subtle music and exquisite diction of Christina Rossetti.

A MAN OF THE SIXTIES.

BY NINA WELLES TIBBOT.

A hazy sun was shining over Brentwood. Sol Newman, the town weather prophet, said a storm was brewing for the Fourth of July to keep people from burning themselves up. Rachel Holcomb left her sewing and came out and looked at the sky. She thought the weather "real fine." When she had craned her neck in every direction to see that no one was coming, she slipped back into the house, took her light cashmere shawl, threw it over her shoulders, and went a quick pace down the road. She was going to Sarah Canty's house, a place she had not been for thirty-eight years. When she reached the door, she rapped softly, then waited, her frail figure drooping wearily in the light of a setting sun.

In a few moments the door opened and Sarah looked out. She started nervously as though to close the door but Rachel understood her movement and was not to be defeated.

"Good evening, Sarah," Rachel said, bowing stiffly, "I came over to see if you wouldn't like to go to Medford with me to-morrow. They're going to have fireworks and a celebration. The Newman boys say it's a-going to be real nice. 'Most everyone is going and I've got the promise o' Mis' Dobbins' horse and buggy."

Rachel stopped talking and waited for Sarah to speak, but Sarah did not speak. She was wondering what had brought Rachel to see her after all these years. She had not been in the house since Tom Harlan was brought home dead from the war. The silence grew painful for both. After several attempts, Sarah managed to make answer.

"I might go along with you, if you want me to. I hain't nothin' else to do and it beats stayin' at home."

"I'll stop for you at seven, sharp," said Rachel, a smile creeping into the corners of her mouth, "there's going to be some races in the morning and we might as well see the whole thing. You needn't take any lunch," she called back when half-way to the gate, "I'll put up enough for both of us." Sarah closed the door with a bang and Rachel hurried home.

"It's all foolishness our bein' so set against each other," reflected Rachel, when she was again seated at her sewing. "Here we are old women and livin' alone, and knowin' each other since ever we was born, but both of us too spunky to speak. I'm glad I broke the ice anyhow, even if it does make gossip for the whole neighborhood."

The next morning Mrs. Dobbin's horse and buggy was standing before Sarah's gate when the clock struck seven. Rachel sat very stiff and straight on the right half of the seat. Sarah came out, tall, spare and pale, her straw hat tied under her chin with two streamers of black ribbon. A few moments later they were clattering down the road. They were thin women who had spent the best of their lives at hard work. As a result, their chests were hollow and their figures drooped pathetically. Two sallow faces looked out from under their straw hats and took note of things they passed.

"I was just thinkin' o' the last time

we drove over this road together. We was goin' to the huskin' bee to Hanscomb's" Sarah stopped, hoping Rachel would go on with the story. As she made no reply, Sarah continued, "Tom Harlan was there and Richard Hanscomb was home waitin' for his Company to be called out. You remember it don't you, Rachel?"

Rachel nodded.

"Wasn't Richard a fine-lookin' fellow? I have never seen a handsomer man than he was in uniform. I husked with him nearly the whole evenin' and you husked with Tom."

Rachel's face twitched. The lover of her youth was still fresh in her memory.

"Tom wasn't to be sneezed at, either," Sarah continued, "Girls don't have such beaus now-a-days. Why, before I'd tie myself to such men as some of the women in our neighborhood have married, I'd go without all my life. Maybe they think they've done something smart in gettin' a man, but if we weren't more particular than they are, we could o' been married a dozen times. The truth is, there isn't a man in Brentwood I'd take as a gift."

"I should say I wouldn't! There's Mrs. Tom Pratt, she told Mrs. Dobbins she thought she ought to give me her sewin' for I was unmarried and alone in the world. Her husband lets her climb in and out of a lumber wagon right on the streets o' Medford, an' I've seen him do it many times. I don't object to climbin' in and out, but I do object to havin' a man sit and watch me."

"Mrs. Seymore is no better off. When he's tired he has her milk the cow, but I never heard of a provision bein' made in her favor when they are both tired. Do you know, when I see men actin' so selfish, I always think of Tom and Dick and some of the other boys back in the 'sixties. They don't raise that kind any more. I'd like to see the woman that could climb in and out of a rig that Tom Harlan was drivin' and him not help her. He was wonderful well-mannered."

Rachel tried to answer, but there was a catch in her voice.

"I've often wondered," Sarah continued, thoroughly interested in her memoirs, "if you and Tom ever knew that Dick and I heard him when he asked you? If you remember, you had finished huskin' and had sauntered out for a walk. The moon was shinin' the brightest ever was and you took the path under the tall poplar trees. We didn't know that you had gone that way and so we went. The first we knew we'd overtook you was when Tom out and asked you to marry him. Dick stood still from surprise, I think, and couldn't help hearin' you say 'yes.' Then Dick turned to me and said, 'would you say yes if I'd ask you?' I don't know what I said, but after a little Dick asked me the same question Tom asked you."

"And what did you say?" Rachel seemed strangely interested, and flicked the horse with the whip while Sarah answered,

"I said the silliest thing a girl could say. I felt a little confused and perhaps a trifle guilty, at any rate I said, if Tom marries Rachel I'll marry you. I don't know to this day what I said that for. 'If he don't marry her, won't you marry me?' Dick asked, a pained look creepin' into his face. I was just full o' pranks them days, and just to tease him and make him anxious I

said 'no.' Then Dick looked awful sober and after a little we went into the house."

There was silence for a few moments. Sarah seemed absorbed in thought, and Rachel sat with her eyes riveted on the road.

"The next day Tom went to the front and never came back." The sand swished on the buggy wheels. A meadow lark flew over their heads warbling a part of his morning's matin. "Dick had gone too," Sarah came back to her story, "and I never had a chance to tell him I was only foolin' about Tom. The next time we saw Tom, he was dead."

A hollow sob made Sarah turn and look at Rachel. Her face wore the same stolid expression, surely it was not she who had made this sound. Sarah glanced at the knotty fingers with their needle-pricked tips. They held the reins closely, so Sarah continued,

"When I saw Tom dead, I thought I should die too, for I remembered what I had told Dick. I can see him yet, dressed in his uniform, and his sword lying by his side half-wrapped in the folds of the old flag they had marched under when they left home. I kissed that flag a thousand times, for it seemed to me that Dick was wrapped in it too. I knew you was mad at me for takin' on the way I did. I could see it in your face and the neighbors told me about it afterward, but I didn't care if you was, all I cared about was Dick."

"Sarah Canty, was that what made you act so to Tom Harlan's funeral?"

"Yes, it was."

"And didn't you love Tom?"

"No, I didn't; I don't know why I should love him."

"Well, you acted like it; everybody thought you did, anyway."

"I s'pose they did. I meant to come and tell you about it as soon as I could, but before I had a chance someone wrote to Dick that I was most dead with love for Tom and he broke off his engagement. After that, I didn't care."

"Well, if I ever saw such a mixed-up mess. Dick was just heart-broken because you didn't love him and came to see me about it. He thought it was just dreadful for a woman to marry a man when she didn't love him; takin' him because she couldn't get the one she did want."

"Did Dick tell you that?"

"Yes; and the next week he married Lizzie Woods."

"I 'spose it's all right for a man to marry someone he don't want?" Sarah flirted her head, bobbing the bows of black ribbon.

"I never saw Dick after he married Lizzie, they went west somewhere."

"Mrs. Pratt said they was livin' in Nebraska and had five grown up children, two of 'em married. Lizzie was most dead with consumption then. Afterward, I believe she did die."

They had reached Medford. The narrow streets were gay with bunting. Chinese lanterns and fire-crackers dangled from every door. A brass band played "Yankee Doodle," and "Way Down South In Dixie." Some boys ran a three-legged race and a vender screamed "Ice cold lemonade" in their ears. It had a washed-out look, and they turned away to where a man stood under a pavilion, reading the Declaration of Independence. They only heard the second line when Rachel nudged Sarah, and whispered in a

trembling voice, "Who's that man?" Sarah shook her head and passed on the question. The answer that came back caused both old ladies to turn pale. "Richard Hanscomb!" Sarah repeated the name nervously.

"How old he is!" She managed to gasp in Rachel's ears.

"He ought to be, he was a man back in the 'sixties."

"That's so, I 'most forgot. I always think of him as I saw him last. Don't you think of Tom that way?"

Rachel wiped her eyes on her cambric handkerchief and looked at the speaker. "He's a fine-lookin' man," she said hoarsely.

"Yes, he is."

He was through reading, and the two old ladies wormed their way through the crowd to the tall board fence that separated the crowd from the orator. There they waited for him to come their way.

"If I had only known, I'd a' worn my black alpaca, it's a sight better lookin' than this." Sarah smoothed her cotton dress and looked annoyed.

"He's coming this way," whispered Rachel.

His Grand Army sash was caught by a gust of wind and struck Sarah in the face. When she brushed it away she was looking into the eyes of Dick Hanscomb. She held out a hard, trembling little hand, and he pressed it closely in his. Rachel came to the rescue, and between the two a conversation was carried on that completely routed the enemy—a colonel who had charge of Dick. The whole town was surprised almost to a scandal when the two old maids from Brentwood walked away with Mr. Richard Hanscomb.

"Well, if they be old, they hain't forgot all their coquetry," said Grandma Newman, "Back in the 'sixties them girls could just take their pick o' the boys."

Meanwhile, Rachel and Sarah were spreading out their luncheon and making things comfortable. It was such a reminder of old times, they forgot that only a scrap of their lives was left and began being jolly. Dick sang a song—a war song—and all of them told stories. When the meal was finished, Rachel crept softly away, saying she wanted to find Mrs. Pratt, and telling them if she did not return to drive home and put the horse in the barn.

Again the moon shone among the poplars and made long shadows across the road. Sarah remembered that other night and a faint flutter crept into her heart. It was only a vibration of that throbbing that had beat in her breast so long ago, but she recognized the trembling and blushed faintly.

And Dick, well Dick was a man of the 'sixties and understood.

AMONG THE ROSES.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

It was a warm, languorous June night. The air was heavy with the breath of countless roses. The full moon shed a soft radiance over the path, strewn with rose petals, along which a man and woman strolled. The tones of a violin sobbing out the latest waltz floated out to them on the perfumed air. The woman was speaking, and her voice was low and languid as the voice of the night wind.

"No, I can not marry you," she was saying, "I am only a flirt—unworthy the love of a good man. That is what you said, and—you may be right. No, no, listen! hear me out. You think you love me—wait, do not interrupt,—but you are mistaken. Besides—"

"I must speak!" the man broke in passionately. "I love you! I did say you were unworthy the love of a good man—but that was before I knew you. I know you now, and I tell you, you are the one woman in the world for me—the only woman I shall ever call wife."

"Besides," the woman went on calmly, as though she had not heard the low, impassioned words, "I am older than you—years older. I think it is written somewhere that a man may not marry his grandmother. Some day you will thank me for my firmness now."

The low tones ceased abruptly—as though she suddenly found it difficult to go on.

"You are cold and heartless!" the man cried savagely, his handsome, boyish face working convulsively; "My scalp is only one more added to the many already dangling at your belt. I am merely the last victim. Bah! It is true what they say of you—you have no heart!"

"Hearts are troublesome things," the woman said in a low tone. Then added rather hastily, "Good bye, and God bless you!"

But the man had turned away.

A sudden gust of wind swept the loosened rose petals from their stems, scattering them in showers about her. They pelted her from all sides—but she did not heed them.

A cloud floated across the moon, and the path lay in shadow. The peculiarly mournful cry of an owl broke suddenly upon the stillness of the night. The woman shivered.

"Hearts are troublesome things," she murmured with a wan smile, turning wearily toward the house.

* * * *

It was June again.

Roses—roses everywhere! climbing over the lattice, trailing along the walks, clustering in beds—roses everywhere!

The woman shivered. The heavy perfume made her feel faint. The bride carried white roses. These were red, deep, rich red—like the blush on the bride's cheeks. She recalled the look in the man's eyes as they rested upon the sweet, girlish face of his bride; and she drew in her breath sharply with a little gesture of pain.

"It is better so," she said in a tired voice. "I was right. He never loved me."

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

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A STOR, GRADH GEAL MO CHROIDHE.*

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

The braes they are aflame with whin,
  The glens with flowers rejoice;
In every bush a gladsome bird
  Lifts up a tuneful voice.
But whin and flower and bonny bird
  And each sweet melody,
But adds an ache to my sore heart,
  A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

For, whins may flame, and flowers may bloom,
  And sun flood hill and plain;
And birds on every bough may sing
  Sweet Summer's come again;
Yet I shall shiver for the chill
  That holds the heart of me—
My Sun has set, my Summer fled,
  A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

You were my cherished Flower of Flowers,
  You were my Warbler sweet,
You were my Sun of Summer, kind,
  You were my world complete:
'Twas Nothingness beyond you when
  Those arms enfolded me—
Now I'm alone with loneliness,
  A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

---

*O Treasure, Bright love of my heart.
Pron. *A stor gra gal mochree.*

The Flower has withered on the brae,
The Bird has quit the tree,
And all the world has weary grown,
For my sad heart and me:
Yet patiently through empty years
My sorrow would I dree,
Had I one look of love from you,
A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

The grass waves o'er your dear black head,
The cold clay wraps you round,
It's lonesome for you lying there
So deep in the dark ground,
Where my arms can never reach you,
Where you can never see
The blinding love that fills my eyes,
A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

'Tis sad to think those eyes don't light,
And I, your Heart, so near:
'Tis sore that I should call and call,
And you refuse to hear,
But sleep, *a ruin*†, for sure 'tis Night:
And soon glad Dawn shall be,
When lips will meet and souls will greet,
A stor, gradh geal mo chroidhe!

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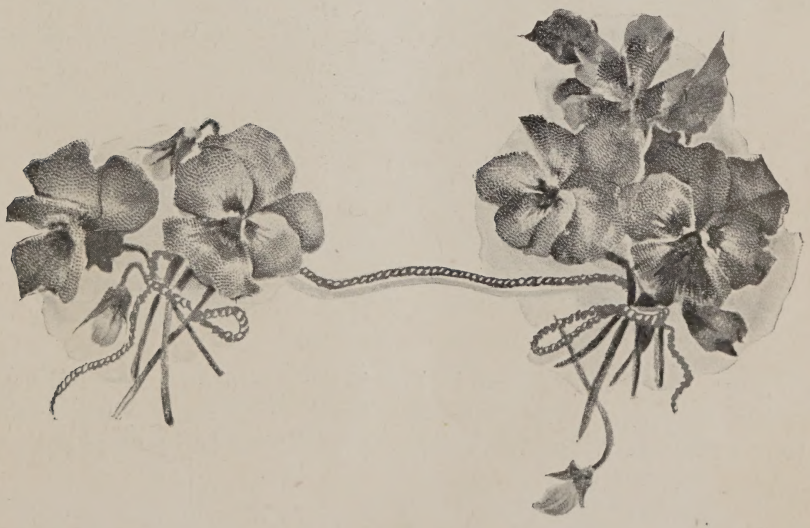
†O Darling. Pron. *aroon.*



MY EARLY FRIENDS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

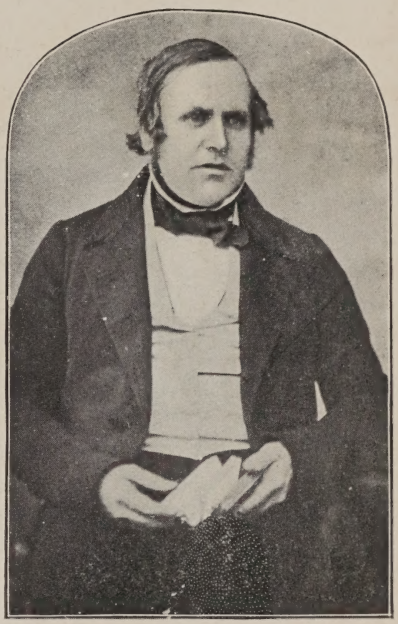
BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

I have not been in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons for more than twenty years. During those twenty years I have indeed been looking up to the reporters very frequently from the green benches of the House itself, and have been in continuous intercourse with some of the inmates of the gallery, but I have never been within the guarded enclosure of the gallery itself. For many years before that time I often had a place in the gallery

RICHARD COBDEN.

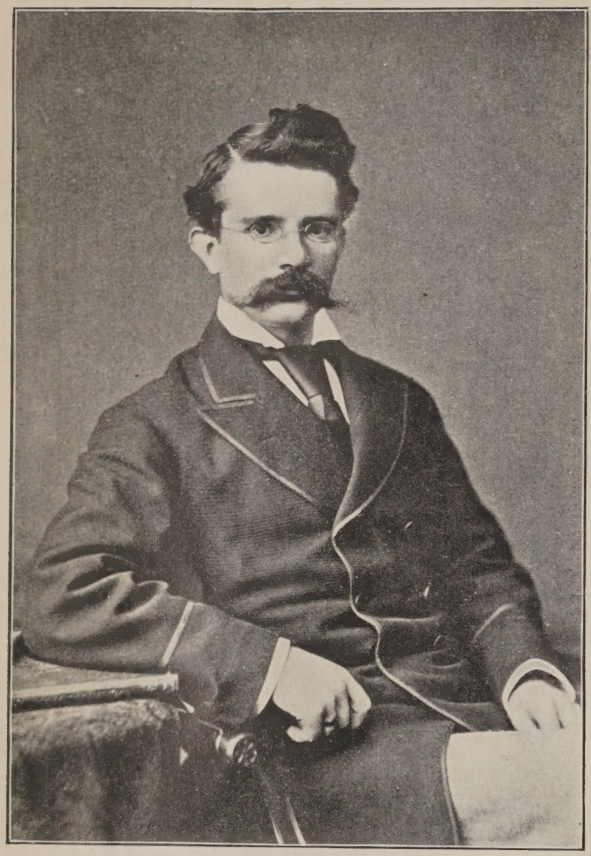
during each session—first as a reporter and then as a writer of leading articles. I am one of the very few men to whom was given the opportunity of leaving his seat in the Press Gallery of the House to exchange it at once for a seat in the House itself. I first came to occupy a seat in the gallery in the House of Commons at the opening of the session of 1860, when Palmerston and John Russell and Gladstone were the orators of the Ministerial benches, and Disraeli had the best of the oratory all to himself on the front bench of Opposition, and Cobden and Bright attacked Ministry or Opposition according as free-trade principles inspired them. The Reporters' Gallery at that time still echoed with anecdotes of Charles Dickens, whom the elder men could boast of having known as a fellow-worker on the staff of a London morning paper. All the testimony that came to my ears concurred in describing him as one of the best reporters who ever sat in the gallery.

At that time the Reporters' Gallery was not by any means so well provided with accommodation for the work and the comfort of journalists as it is at present, or even as it was during the later years when I had a seat there. In 1860, the only places in which a reporter could write out his notes were three ill-lighted and scantily-furnished rooms behind the gallery itself; and the only place where a morsel of food could be had was a dingy den, in which a slice of cold beef or a badly-cooked chop, with a cup of coffee, exhausted all the appetizing resources of the caterer's art. There was not a book of reference or a map of any kind at the disposal of the reporter or the leader-writer who might have desired to satisfy himself as to some citations or allusions which came up in the course of the debate. Before I ceased to frequent the gallery, it had attached to it a reading-room and a library, and a long, well-ventilated dining-hall, in which a reporter could enjoy a properly-cooked meal and a good glass of wine.



FREDERICK LUCAS.
Founder of *The Tablet*.

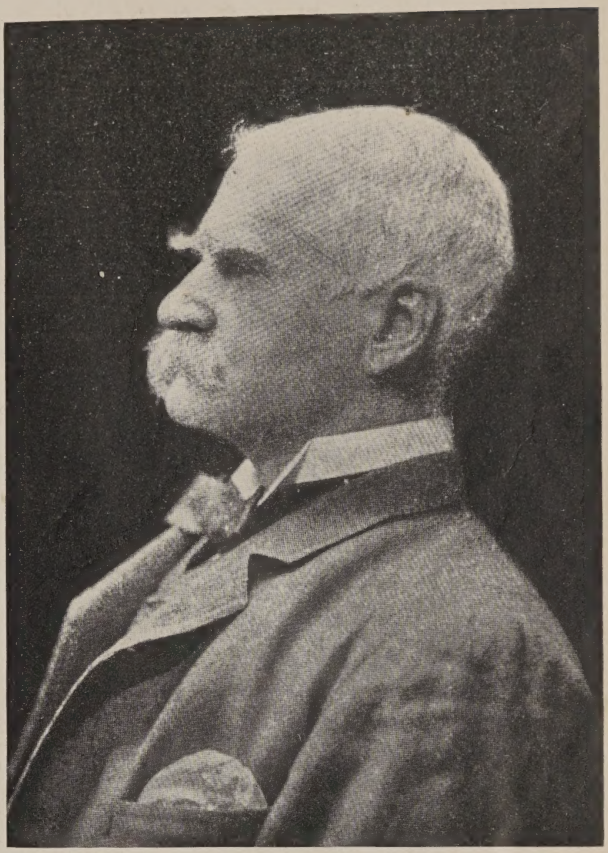
My work as a leader-writer on the London Press had to do first with the Morning Star, which has long since ceased to shine, and afterwards with the Daily News. During the interval between my work on one paper and on the other, I was looking at life across the Atlantic and writing pretty regu-



WILLIAM BLACK

larly for the New York Independent, and occasionally for the New York Tribune. During my Morning Star days, which began, as I have said, in 1860, and ended in 1868, I made the acquaintance of some men who have since become famous, and of some, too, who at that time were striving for fame, and who might possibly have achieved it but that the destinies interposed and the life was slit away too early for any chance of fulfilled promise. The Morning Star was always the organ and the advocate of international peace, but it was compelled to have a fighting career, for all that. It found itself almost always in opposition to the ruling classes and the ruling theories and fads of the time. It was, indeed, commonly set down as the organ of fads itself, but so many of its fads have since been accepted by all parties as beneficent principles of practical legislation, that they may be taken as a part of our sacred constitution now. But we had to fight hard for our own fads and against other people's fads in those far-off days, and sometimes every man's hand was against us, and our own hand was against that of every other man. The literary staff of the paper was then all made up of young men: the editor always told us that he had great faith in young men when a new journal had to make its way. The editor himself was not young—indeed, we thought him quite a venerable person in those days, although he must have been inside fifty years of age at the time. He was Mr. Samuel Lucas, and was a brother-in-law of John Bright, and a brother of the Frederick Lucas who founded the Tablet in London. Samuel Lucas, although he had been brought up to business in the city, had a decided gift for editorial work and a keen appreciation of literature. When, after one session in the gallery in the House of Commons, I was invited to take a

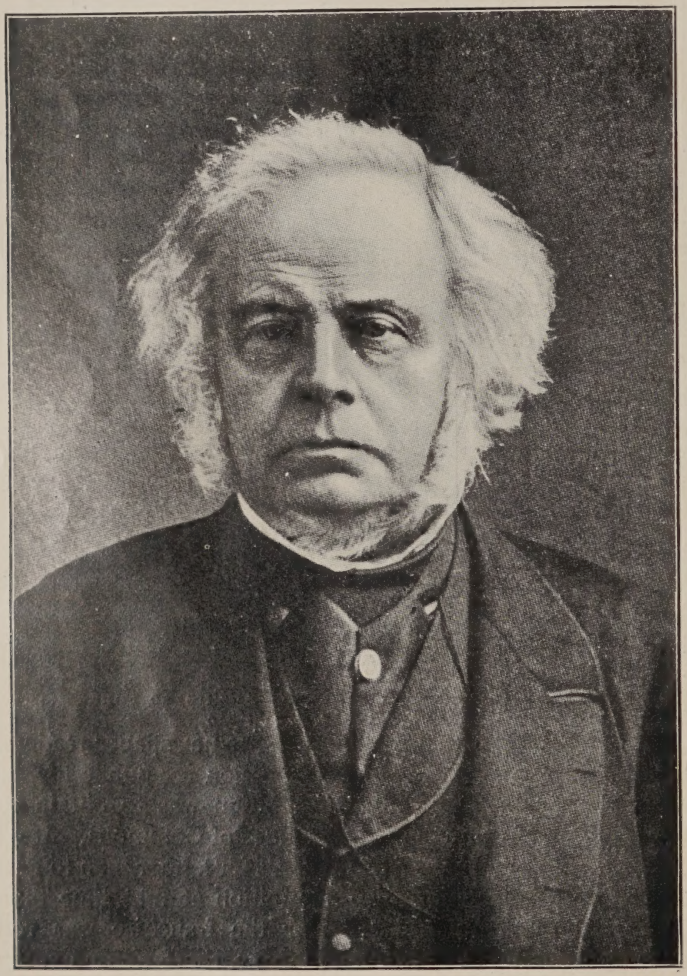
place among the leader-writers, I found that a sort of institution in the editorial room was a five o'clock tea, at which the leader writers and the assistant editors used to gather together every evening and talk over the topics to be written about for the morning paper. Sam Lucas always presided at these gatherings, and led the talk, and very pleasant and bright talk it was, varying from serious or animated discussions on the manner in which this or that political subject ought to be dealt with, to a lively interchange of jokes and sarcasms, and repartee and chaff.



ARCHIBALD FORBES

John Bright often favored us with his company, and took part in our more serious discussions, and sometimes took part also, I am bound to say, in our humour and our chaff. Among those who formed the regular company in the earlier years of my association with the Star, the greater number have long become mere memories to those who knew them. Samuel Lucas died almost immediately after the death of his friend and political leader, Richard Cobden. Washington Wilks used to write a leading article every day for the Morning Star; he wrote with great force, often with genuine brilliancy, sometimes, perhaps, with a little too much of the emotional and the rhetorical to suit the ways of the average newspaper readers. Wilks had a passion for public life, and his great ambition was to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. It was more difficult for a poor man to gratify such an ambition at that time than it is now, for the franchise was restricted and narrow, there was no voting by ballot, and the money lavished on a contest was then hardly controlled by any effective legislative conditions. Wilks was a thorough democrat by conviction, he was a powerful and passionate speaker at public meetings, and it was a delight to him to carry a great audience along with him in the rush of his

rhetorical utterance. He had refined tastes in literature, had written one or two clever historical volumes, and he seemed, at the time that I knew him, to have a bright and successful career before him. But his physical health was not equal to the constant strain he put upon it by his newspaper work, by his incessant speaking at public meetings, and also by the intense and passionate interest which he felt in every public cause that became dear to him. During the Civil War in America the Morning Star took up the cause of the North, and especially the anti-slavery cause with unflinching devotion.



JOHN BRIGHT.

While his colleagues on the paper were content to advocate their views

by their pens only, Wilks was declaiming from some political platform almost every day in his life, and often more than once in a day. One night we were expecting him at the editorial rooms of the Star, for he was as usual to write a leading article, when the terrible news reached us that he had fallen dead at a public meeting somewhere in London while addressing an audience in vindication of the policy of the Northern States. His career thus closed before he had attained what may be called the prime of life. I remember driving with him one evening to the House of Commons, and on the way he said to me: "You and I know perfectly well that the great ambition of both of us is to have a seat in the House, and I tell you that, despite all the difficulties in our way, we shall both get there if we only hold on to life." He did not get there, for he lost his hold on life too soon. If he had got there, I am sure his voice and vote would always have been given on the right side whenever any question was astir which had to do with the advancement and the happiness of the human race.

If Wilks during his lifetime always kept us, his colleagues, in touch with the living political life, Leicester Buckingham kept us in tone with the voices of art and letters, of the stage and the concert-hall. Buckingham was the regular dramatic critic for the Morning Star, and he also wrote leading articles of the lighter order—articles on social topics, as they would now be described. He had made several successful adaptations of plays from the French, but had never attempted an original play, for the good reason, as it seemed to him, that in those days no London manager cared to run the risk of putting on the stage any comedy which had not already received the approval of a Parisian audience. Robertson had not yet taught us that English life in the days of Queen Victoria might have subjects from which comedy could be extracted; and Dion Boucicault had not proved that something more than the materials for a one-act farce may be found on the soil of Ireland. Leicester Buckingham was a singularly handsome man, with a fine figure, and, at the time that I first knew him, was not more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. He was the son of a famous traveller, James Silk Buckingham, and founder of the Athenæum, who had gone about the world a great deal for those days of somewhat limited wandering, and his son, when a boy, had been in many far distant lands. The elder Buckingham was a philanthropist, a teetotaller, and an advocate of international peace; and I am afraid he had come a little before his time, and was the subject of a good deal of chaff in the sprightly pages of Punch. Leicester Buckingham was a sparkling talker, and, indeed, might have been called a wit and a humorist; he used to bring us in all the freshest news, and all the latest anecdotes of the actors and actresses and the opera singers who were then famous or were rising into fame. Leicester Buckingham, who is long since dead—he, too, died before his prime——had become a Catholic, and he remained devoted to his faith during a life of which the principal occupation might seem, to an ordinary observer, to have been carried on amid mere frivolity and amusement.

Another of our colleagues, and a man of a very different temperament from either of the two I have described, was the late Frederick W. Chesson, who took an active, although a very unostentatious, part in every philanthropic movement of his day. Chesson was one of the assistant editors of the paper, but, besides that, he held the office of Secretary to the "Aborigines Protection Society," an organization got up by some of the best English philanthropists for the defence and the advancement of all the native races under England's Imperial rule. Chesson's main interest in political life was because it gave him an opportunity of bringing public men to his aid in the furtherance of the noble objects which he had at heart. His whole life was given up to the promotion of these objects, at all events as much of his whole life as could be spared from the needful daily duty of making his living as a journalist. He never had the least desire to make a speech, and indeed never made a speech when he could possibly avoid doing so, and he had few topics in common with Leicester Buckingham except when he consulted Buckingham as to the existing conditions of this or that far distant region, with which Buckingham was familiar, and Chesson had never seen. Chesson was one of the sincerest men, one of the most unselfish men, one of the purest men I have ever known. He was gentle and bright by nature, and he was fond of pleasant company, but he took life seriously, and it sometimes irritated him to find that rational beings could be so frivolous, while the world, to use Sydney Smith's phrase, was "bursting with sin and sorrow," while the Christians were oppressed in the Ottoman Empire, while slavery still flourished in the American Republic, and while the native races in so many British possessions were misgoverned and trampled on. Some of us, I am afraid, were occasionally inclined to chaff Chesson because of the seriousness with which he took all these things, but Chesson was a man of unbroken good humor, and he endured our folly with a kindly toleration. Every man on either side of the political field knew Chesson, and the cause of genuine philanthropy lost much by his too early death.

Another of my colleagues of my early days who has also passed away was John Gorrie, who afterwards held a high position as a Chief Justice in more than one of Queen Victoria's Colonial dependencies. John Gorrie was a young Scotch advocate when he came to settle in London, and obtained an engagement as a leader-writer on the staff of the Morning Star. During his connection with it, the famous troubles arose in Jamaica out of the disturbances which were magnified by popular alarm into an organized rising of the black population against the whites, and out of the measures of extreme severity employed by Governor Eyre to put down the supposed rebellion. Eyre's policy created an immense amount of public indignation amongst Radicals and philanthropists generally in this country. Bright led the political attack, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer were among the strongest opponents of Governor Eyre's actions, an attempt was made to arraign Eyre before a criminal trib-

unal in England, but the grand jury threw out the bill in spite of Chief Justice Cockburn's charges, which condemned, from first to last, the arrest, trial, and execution of Gordon, the supposed leader of the rebellion. Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, became one of the defenders of Governor Eyre, whereupon the Morning Star came out with a parody on Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Home they brought their warrior dead." I only quote the first verse of the Morning Star's parody:

> Home came news of Gordon dead,
> But the poet gave no sigh,
> Mill and Bright indignant said,
> 'Twas a crime that he should die.

The Morning Star was much given to political parodies and squibs in those days, some of them being no doubt a good deal better than the one from which I have just quoted.

To return, however, to my immediate subject. The Aborigines Protection Society and other philanthropic organizations sent out a number of legal advocates to Jamaica to watch the criminal trials there, and John Gorrie was appointed one of these. The ability he showed in his new capacity recommended him to the attention of the Radical party and the philanthropists. After some years he received a Colonial appointment, and he finally became a Colonial Chief Justice. I met him after many years, when he had returned to London, and our old friendship was renewed for a time, only to be cut short by his all too premature death.

Thus, therefore, five of my earliest friends and colleagues on the Morning Star have long disappeared. Only two who used to sit with me round the editorial table in those earlier days are still living—Alfred H. Dymond and Charles A. Cooper. Dymond went out to Canada and settled there. He entered the Dominion Parliament, and became distinguished as a speaker. Before he joined the staff of the Morning Star he had been Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and in this capacity he was accustomed to deliver lectures all over the country. I heard him deliver a very powerful lecture in Liverpool years before I ever sat with him at the table of the Morning Star; in this way he acquired a capacity for public speaking which stood him in good stead when he came forward as a candidate for a seat in the Dominion Parliament. I heard him make a quick retort once in a London company, upon a German skeptic, who was pertinaciously disturbing us by his uninvited declarations of unbelief: "I don't belief in your Devil," he said: "I no more belief in your Devil than I belief in that," and he made a loud snap of his fingers. "But you do believe in that," Dymond retorted, producing an imitation of the snap; "you can't help believing in it." The skeptic had given himself away, and was floored for the moment. Dymond, after his withdrawal from the Dominion Parliament, was placed in control of a great educational institute established by the Dominion Government in one of the provinces of Canada, and there I had the pleasure of paying him a visit some years ago.

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On the death of Samuel Lucas, I became chief editor of the Morning Star, and we retained our tea-table institution, but, of course, we had some new colleagues. One of the most dis-

tinguished of these has but lately died —I mean my dear old friend William Black, the brilliant novelist. Black had come up to London to seek his fortune in a literary career, and he obtained an engagement on the Morning Star. He was sent out as war correspondent for the Star to the Prussian Army during the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, and that expedition, in which he undoubtedly distinguished himself, was, I think, the only one of the kind ever undertaken by him, because he soon made a success in novel writing, to which after a few years he gave himself up altogether. Later on, after my return from the United States, William Black and I were again colleagues for a time on the staff of the Daily News, but Black soon found that his success as a novel writer made him wholly independent of newspaper work, and he absolutely ceased to be a journalist.

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Of course we had other writers who made regular contributions to the columns of the Star. I am very proud of the fact that it was under my editorship Archibald Forbes, afterwards the renowned war correspondent, came out for the first time in print. Edmund Yates, as I have already said, wrote for us, and so did Hain Friswell and George Manville Fenn and George Eric Mackay. Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the novelist, at one time wrote literary and dramatic criticism for us, and Mrs. F. W. Chesson was for years our musical critic. But in this rapid sketch I have been dealing almost exclusively with the colleagues who sat round our editorial tea-table, and I shall not attempt to deal with the other departments of the paper. I may say, however, that strangers who could lend a helping hand to our efforts in forming public opinion were sometimes invited to join us at those gatherings. One such stranger was the late Cyrus W. Field, of New York, the successful projector of the Atlantic cable, who helped us more than words could tell during the long agony of the American Civil War by the amount of information he was always able to give us as to all the scenes of the war, the soldiers who took part in it on both sides, and the statesmen who guided it from Richmond or from Washington. Never was there a truer friend to England and to England's best interests and highest purposes than my dear old friend Cyrus Field. In these days of friendly feeling between England and the great Republic, days when we hear so much talk about the union of hearts, it seems to me that Englishmen could not do a more graceful act than to raise some memorial in London to the man whose Atlantic cable brought England and America into touch, and who, perhaps, did more than any other man of his time to keep England and the United States on terms of friendship during a crisis which, more than once, seemed as if it must end in war.

He used to visit us so often in the Star editorial rooms during his frequent visits to London, that my memory distinctively associates him with some of the actual colleagues who talked politics and compared ideas for leading articles around that tea-table, and I cannot resist the temptation to claim a fresh and outer interest for this article by associating his name with it.—From *St. Peter's.*

THE PASSING OF GRATITUDE.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

What has become of the people who used to be grateful for favors received? The question is prompted by a package of photographs, soiled, scribbled upon, and returned with seven cents postage due. Thereby hangs a tale. Once upon a time a suave-spoken gentleman dropped into a certain editorial office, with a request for the loan of some valuable plates that could not be duplicated in event of loss. The applicant was a "High Churchman" he informed the editor, represented a city daily, and wanted the cuts for use in connection with an article on an archbishop's jubilee celebration. The editor, anxious to assist a brother not of the Faith, readily loaned the plates —and saw them no more. Letters of enquiry, personal messages, all things in the way of pleas for their return, were alike treated with contempt. The too-accommodating editor nursed a just wrath, but when the time came forbore to take revenge. A year went by, and again a representative of this city daily came with an urgent request —this time for photographs of a number of prelates. "Don't lend them" counselled Prudence. "Remember the plates." The editor hesitated. The applicant was young, evidently beginning his journalistic career, a Catholic, and was recommended by a prominent clergyman. But his youth and his prospects were what appealed to the editor. It wasn't fair to make him suffer for the "High Churchman's" shortcomings. "He may lose his assignment if you don't help him out," suggested Goodnature. The editor helped him out. He got the pictures, and promised earnestly to be personally responsible for their return. Promises do not seem to count with the average young man. This one got what he wanted, and there his interest ceased. The photographs were not returned until a strenuous demand for them brought the package in the condition named above. A "heathen Chinee" would have shown more courtesy and conscience than either of these journalists displayed, and the smallest backwoods sheet published could teach professional etiquette to the paper that employs them.

On another occasion a would-be lecturer came in briskly; not a moment to spare evidently. And indeed he was a busy man. He was seeking subjects for slides for a lecture on Irish leaders, and bore a note of introduction from a man high in public life. The magazine was eulogized as being the possessor of "the finest collection of pictures to be found in any State." The editor succumbed to pride, and drew the Irish leaders from their albums to aid the lecturer's cause. His patriotism must have consumed him, for from that day to this he has not been seen—or the pictures either.

Now these are trivial incidents, but they suggest a serious thought. Are we getting away from the old-fashioned standards of gratitude and courtesy? They were gracious things, and modern progress gives us nothing to replace them. What has be-

come of the nice sense of honor that once marked transactions in public life?

No doubt every one who reads this has had similar experiences. There are few who escape the visitation of the borrower with defective memory. Money, books, clothes, articles of household use, are borrowed—and forgotten, not purposely let us charitably hope. But the discomfort to the owner is the same, and there should be a concerted movement against the offenders. There is a fine large satisfaction in helping any one, in being of service, but there are few natures spiritual enough to keep on helping out ingrates. There ought to be a society for the suppression of borrowers who forget their obligations, or the criminal law should be amended to deal with such transgressors. To bring these people up with a sharp turn is the one way of piercing the crust of self, and making them realize their own shortcomings.

As with every other abuse that threatens the comfort of the community, home-training is largely responsible for the numerous presence of the selfish, ungrateful individual, the cormorant of society. Many parents inculcate selfishness, and an astute weighing of services rendered from outside. Thus their children learn early that their teacher's devoted care is "paid for," the seats they occupy in cars and must not yield to any claim of age or sex are "paid for," the houses they inhabit and wreck "are paid for," favors are rendered for ulterior motives, etc., etc. Thus the course of instruction is continued, until retribution not infrequently overtakes the instructors, they becoming in turn victims of the too commercial training they imparted. The writer has in mind the mother of three sons, who gave to her children the most unceasing care, and who in her old age subsists upon the pittance grudgingly contributed by them, forced from them by the law. Nor is the case a solitary one.

"What is there in it for me?" is the leading question of the day, and a capacity for "working" people is a passport to success. Instead of gratitude and courtesy many young people cultivate a brand of politeness that expresses itself in "Thanks awfully," "Thanks very much," "Paw-dohn me," and other conventional forms equally indicative of gentility of birth and breeding.

There is grave reason to fear that they are taking an "elective" course in manners, carefully eliminating the essentials.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D

VIII.

SOME DOCTRINES THAT ARE NOT UNDERSTOOD BY NON-CATHOLICS.

Of all the divine truths which the Catholic Church proposes to her children, assuredly there is none more acceptable to the pilgrim race of Adam than that of purgatory. It is the golden chain of friendship that links the living with the vanished dead, and that keeps them fresh in the memory of those who loved them on earth, and whose greatest joy is to be able to help them in that shadowy border-land through which in pain and sorrow they must journey before entering the Land of Promise. Purgatory is a dread but consoling doctrine.

I.

PURGATORY.

What is the doctrine of purgatory, and what are Catholics required to believe upon the subject? Two propositions have been defined by the Church, viz.: "That there is a purgatory, and that the souls therein detained may be aided by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful." The first of these propositions suggests the question. "What is meant by purgatory?" Confining myself strictly to what is of doctrine, I answer, that it is a state in which some souls suffer for a long time before they can enter heaven; but where that place is, or what is the exact nature or duration of the suffering, or what is the exact amount of relief which is received from the suffrages of the faithful, are all topics of conjecture and of opinion, upon which no doctrine is delivered. There is a very general belief that the suffering is from the action of fire, but this is not an article of faith. The souls which are liable to this punishment are those which, being reconciled to God through the merits of Christ, and thus saved from the punishment of hell, have been subsequently stained with minor offences, or venial sins, which His *mercy* does not deem worthy of hell, but His *justice* deems worthy of punishment. Also those souls which, being saved from perdition by repentance and mercy, have, like the ancient penitents, Moses and David and hosts of others, to undergo a temporary punishment after the eternal punishment had been remitted, and which have not satisfied during life what devine justice thus imposed—these souls are after death subjected to the temporary punishment equivalent to the guilt that remains.

My object is to show that the belief in the existence of purgatory is in accord with reason and Scripture and was openly professed in the Christian Church from the first ages down to the present day, and is not, as the innovators of the 16th century would have us believe, an invention of "tradition." No one will question that the Latin Church believed in its existence in the 13th century; and although the general opinion then among the Greeks was that the sufferings were not by fire, but by the endurance of darkness, labor

and affliction, yet those Greeks united with the Catholic Church, and the vast majority of those separated from it, believed as of faith the two propositions which form the whole substance of the doctrine of purgatory.

Reason tells us that God will render to every man according to his works. The application of this principle to the different conditions in which men are found at the hour of death will lead us necessarily to infer the existence of purgatory. Most people hold that those who die pure and holy are immediately admitted into heaven, and that those who leave this world with a load of guilt upon their souls will go to everlasting torments. Now there must be an intermediate class who are free from great sins and yet are not perfectly pure in the sight of God. These souls cannot at once enter heaven as nothing defiled can be admitted to that abode of perfect purity: and they will not be condemned eternally, because their guilt, though real, is supposed to be slight.

Then again, persons who have committed mortal sins may repent and obtain forgiveness; but the dispositions of true penitents are very unlike. Some besides being exceedingly sorry for their sins practice many virtues and perform sincere penances to appease the wrath of God, while others content themselves with what is barely necessary for the pardon of sin; and though both will have the guilt of their sins taken away, provided they have the proper dispositions, still God in His infinite justice will deal differently with them. Those who have satisfied God's justice by performing sufficient penance will be admitted at once into heaven, while the others will have to discharge the debt of temporal punishment still due to their sins.

That there should be for souls after death a state of purgation is within the grasp of human reason. It is a doctrine which was taught in the remotest ages of the world. The thoughts of Plato on this subject, one of the world's greatest thinkers and writers, who lived more than five centuries before the Christian era, read like a sermon from the Fathers of the Church. Clearly does he draw the line between eternal punishment for unrepented crimes and temporal punishment for lesser transgressions. Virgil in his great poem echoes the same doctrine. The Church has supplemented and completed the pagan conception of expiation by that of intercession: and she has added thereto the sweet consoling doctrine that the suffering souls may be helped by the suffrages of the faithful, and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

It was a practice of the Jewish Church to pray for the dead, as we learn from the Second Book of Machabees (II. 46). Now this practice of the Jewish synagogue, and afterwards of the Christian Church, implies a purgatory; for the saints in heaven stand in no need of prayer, while the condemned in hell cannot be benefitted by prayer (St. Math. XVI. 26).

The doctrine of purgatory is implied in several places in Holy Scripture. There is no explanation of those texts unless we admit the doctrine of purgatory. Thus when our Lord assures us (St. Matt. XII. 26), that we shall have to render an account on the day of judgment for every idle word which we have spoken, we cannot suppose that these small faults will pass unpun-

ished, nor that they will bring us eternal condemnation. Again our Saviour tells us: "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him—neither in this world nor in the world to come" (St. Matt. XII. 32). From which words we may infer with St. Augustine and St. Gregory that some sins are forgiven in the next world. Now this can only be in a middle state which we call purgatory; for in heaven there is no sin and in hell there is no redemption. Again, St. Paul (I. Cor. III. 13-15) speaks of some who have built on the right foundation which is Christ, but still their good works represented by gold, silver and precious stones are mixed with imperfections which he represents by wood, hay and stubble. He tells us that these shall be manifested on the day of judgment and shall be saved by fire. The figure here used by the apostle refers to the manner in which gold is purified: as gold is melted in the furnace till the pure metal is entirely separated from the dross, so the souls of the just who depart this life in the grace of God, but yet are stained with smaller sins and imperfections, shall be purified and refined by passing through the cleansing flames of purgatory. They shall be saved yet, so as by fire.

II.

I shall make a few selections from the works of eminent Catholic writers and preachers representing the first thousand years of our Christian era. St. Clement, converted in the year '62, composed a long prayer for his liturgy in which he begs eternal rest for the souls of the faithful departed. The ancient work attributed to "St. Denis, the Areopagite," without doubt contains the doctrine of the first century. It has the following passage: "The priest then drawing near repeats the holy prayer over the dead person; in that prayer he beseeches the divine clemency to remit to the deceased all sins committed by human infirmity, and that it might place him in light and in the region of those who live." Tertullian in his book of the "Soldier's Crown" places amongst the traditions of the apostles the suffrages and prayers for the dead. "Let us pray for him and demand earnestly refreshment for his soul and fellowship in the first resurection, and let her have sacrifice offered on the anniversaries of his death, for if she do not this she has repudiated him as far as lies in her power." St. Cyprian in the third century holds the same doctrine. Eusebius, the great historian, in his life of Emperor Constantine, states that the Emperor desired to be buried in a splendid church, "that his soul might have the benefit of a multitude of prayers." St. Athanasius, who died in 373, was a great luminary of the Church, and in many of his works on Catholic doctrine commands prayers and suffrages for the dead. St. Basil, who died in 379, compiled a liturgy which contains prayers for the souls in purgatory. Ephraem, a most illustrious Syriac teacher, who died in 373, began his last will and testament in these words: "Be it known unto you all that I write this testament to entreat of you that you would assiduously remember me in your prayers after my decease, for I have spent my life in vanity and iniquity." He requests masses for his repose on the thirtieth day and at other times. The great St. Cyril, who was

born in 315, in one of his catechisms says: "We pray for the deceased holy fathers, and in general for all who are dead, believing that this will be a great assistance to those souls for which prayer is offered, whilst the holy and the tremendous victim lies on the altar." St. Gregory Nazianzen was consecrated bishop in 372. In his oration on the death of his brother, he makes use of these words: "Let us recommend to mercy both our own souls and those of the persons who, being as it were, more forward on their journey, have come before us to the resting place." He concludes by asking the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his brother's soul. St. Ambrose speaks in the same language concerning the death of his sister. He says that she is not to be wept for, but commended to God by prayers. St. Jerome (died 420) says: "As water extinguishes life, so do alms deeds extinguish sin." St. John Chrysostom, born in 344, says: "The deceased is aided not by tears, but by prayers and alms deeds." St. Augustine (died 430) has so much upon the subject that the difficulty consists, not in the discovery, but in the selection. "When, therefore, the mind recollects where the body of its beloved friend is interred, the affection of the person who recollects and prays, commends the beloved soul to God." St. Gregory the Great (died 604), has this: "The offering of the salutary victim is usually of great aid to souls even after death, so that the souls of the departed appear even sometimes to demand it." St. Bernard (died 1153), preaches the same doctrine. St. Isidore (died 636) says: "Unless the Catholic Church believed that sins were forgiven to the faithful departed, she would not offer sacrifice for them to God." St. John Damascen says that at all times orthodox Christians prayed for the repose of the souls of the dead. St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1148, prayed that he might have the consolation of passing from this life on All Souls Day so as to have the benefit of the Holy Masses on that day.

III.

I have given you proofs of the beautiful, consoling doctrine of purgatory from reason, Scripture and the Fathers. I might strengthen these proofs by quotations from a vast library of literature representing every phase of thought—Catholic and non-Catholic—but space will not permit. I can do little more than mention a few of the many writers, and ask the enquirer to make this topic the subject of a special course of reading. The field is so vast and varied that he can hope to do little more than become acquainted with the names of the authors. The ages of antiquity unite their solemn and authoritative voice with that of the living actual present in testimony of the truths of this consoling Catholic dogma. The Fathers of the early Church—the saints of the Church—the doctors of the Church—the prelates and priests of the Church—the poets and prose writers of the Church—all speak the same language of undoubting faith and solemn conviction regarding purgatory. They all make the same earnest and eloquent appeal to the faithful on behalf of the dear suffering souls. Even the heathen and pagan nations and tribes of the world bear witness to the existence of a middle state in the after life. Nor is Protestantism wanting in

this great mass of evidence. Many of its most eminent divines and secular writers have joined in the grand Credo of the nations of the earth in regard to purgatory.

We might divide this world of literature into doctrinal and devotional works—represented by the Fathers, the saints and the doctors of the Church:—and legendary, which is more or less authentic:—and the historical and poetical, as expressed by the great scholars and writers of the world, regardless of creed. Some of these legends are exceedingly beautiful though not strictly Catholic in expression. For instance, Adelaide Procter's legend, "The Faithful Soul." This is a lovely poem full of dramatic action, but in the light of Catholic dogma it will not bear close examination. The same may be said of a whole army of writers who have selected Catholic legends for their subjects. They have more or less truthfully presented in legendary lore the doctrine of purgatory. Father Faber beautifully expresses this idea in the following lines:

We know them not, nor hear the sound
They make in treading all around:
Their office sweet and mighty prayer
Float without echo through the air;
Yet sometimes, in unworldly places,
Soft sorrows twilight vales,
We meet them with uncovered faces,
Outside their golden pales.
Though dim, as they must ever be,
Like ships far off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails.

The tendency to commune with the dead and to pray for them is strong and universal. It survives whatever systems or whatever creeds men may invent for its suppression. Samuel Johnson is professedly a staunch Protestant, bristling with prejudices, but a delicate moral sense enters the rugged manhood of his nature. Instinctively he seeks to commune with his departed wife after the manner dear to the Catholic heart, but forbidden to the Protestant. He keeps the anniversary of her death and he composes a beautiful prayer, full of Catholic sentiment, for the repose of her soul. Tennyson has the same thought beautifully expressed in his "Morte d' Arthur." He makes this hero say:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day."

The great Cardinal Newman, before he found rest within the bosom of the Church, penned these beautiful lines:—

"Help Lord the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here."

Later in life, when his wanderings in quest of truth were over, he wrote that exquisite poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," in which he causes the angel to say to the souls it tenderly consigns to the golden prison:—

"Farewell but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow:
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

The immortal Shakespeare in Hamlet brings out clearly the doctrine of purgatory. The ghost addresses Hamlet in these words:—

"I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night;
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away."

I will close these quotations with one from our own dear American Prince, Cardinal James Gibbons. He concludes his beautiful chapter on purgatory in these words:—

"We see the practice of praying for the dead enforced in the ancient Hebrew Church, and in the Jewish synagogue of to-day. We see it proclaimed age after age by all the Fathers of Christendom. We see it incorporated in every one of the ancient Liturgies of the East and of the West. We see it zealously taught by the Russian Church of to-day, and by that immense family of schismatic Christians scattered over the East. We behold it, in fine, a cherished devotion of two hundred millions of Catholics, as well as of a respectable portion of the Episcopal Church.

Would it not, my friend, be the height of rashness and presumption in you to prefer your private opinion to this immense weight of learning, sanctity, and authority? Would it not be impiety in you to stand aside with sealed lips, while the Christian world is sending up an unceasing De profundis for departed brethren? Would it not be cold and heartless in you not to pray for your deceased friends, on account of prejudices which have no grounds in Scripture, tradition, or reason itself?

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Oh! far from us a religion which would decree an eternal divorce between the living and the dead. How consoling is it to the Catholic, to think that, in praying thus for his departed friend, his prayers are not in violation of, but in accordance with, the voice of the Church; and that as, like St. Augustine, he watches at the pillow of his dying mother, so, like Augustine, he can continue the same office of piety for her soul after she is dead, by praying for her. How cheering the reflection that the golden link of prayer unites you still to those who "fall asleep in the Lord," and that you can still speak to them and pray for them!

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Oh! it is this thought that robs death of its sting and makes the separation of friends endurable. And if your departed friend needs not your prayers, they are not lost, but, like the rain absorbed by the sun, and descending again in fruitful showers on our fields, they will be gathered by the Sun of Justice, and will fall in refreshing showers of grace upon your head. 'Cast thy bread upon the running waters; for, after a long time, thou shalt find it again.'"

As time rolls on we find this doctrine which was generally regarded by the non-Catholic world as an absurdity and a superstition of by-gone ages—pronounced to be not only a personal consolation, but a beautiful realization of our sense of justice, and to a certain extent a harmonizing of the whole moral ideal. Mr. W. H. Mallock looking at the doctrine with an unbiased mind from the point of view of modern thought says: "As to this doctrine of purgatory itself—which has so long been a stumbling block to the whole Protestant world, time goes on and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notions of what is just or reasonable; so far from its being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality, and a belief in it to be not an intellectual assent, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal." Thus does modern thought, when it has shaken off cant and prejudice, veer back to the great truth discerned by Plato and formally taught by the Church.

IV.

Daily does the Angel of Death enter our houses, and summon from us those that are rooted in our affections, and for whom our heart-throbs beat in love and esteem. Daily must we bow our heads in reverent silence and submission to the decree that snatches from

us some loved one. Brother Azarias in his "Mary, Queen of May," brings the consoling doctrine of purgatory home to each and every one of us. He says:

"Perhaps it is a wife who mourns the loss of her husband. She finds comfort and companionship in praying for the repose of his soul; in the words of Tertullian, 'she prays for his soul, and begs for him in the interim refreshment, and in the first resurrection companionship, and maketh offerings on the anniversary day of his falling asleep.' Perhaps it is a husband whose loving wife has gone to sleep in death. Then will he hold her memory sacred, and offer thereto the incense of unceasing prayer, so that it may be said of him as St. Jerome wrote to Pammachius: 'Thou hast rendered what was due to each part: giving tears to the body and alms to the soul. There were thy tears where thou knewest was death; there were thy works where thou knewest was life. Already is she honored with thy merits; already is she fed with thy bread, and abounds with thy riches."

"Perhaps it is a dear friend around whom our heart-strings were entwined, and whose love for us was more than we were worthy of: whose counsels were our guide; whose soul was an open book in which we daily read the lesson of high resolve and sincere purpose; whose virtuous life was a continuous inspiration, urging us on to noble thought and noble deed; and yet our friendship may have bound his soul in ties too earthly, and retarded his progress in perfection; in consequence he may still dread the light of God's countenance, and may be lingering in this state of purgation. It behooves us in all earnestness, and because of friendship's sacred claim, to pray unceasingly for that friend, beseeching God to let the dews of Divine mercy fall upon his parching soul, assuage his pain, and take him to Himself. It behooves us to interest the compassionate heart of Mary in his behalf, and in behalf of all the faithful departed.

So the sacred duty of prayer for the dead runs through all the relations of life. From all comes the cry begging for our prayers. We cannot in justice ignore it; we cannot be true to ourselves and unmindful of our suffering brethren. Every reminder that we receive is a voice coming from the grave. Now it is the mention of a name that once brought gladness to our hearts; or we come across a letter written by a hand whose grasp used to thrill our souls—that hand now stiffened and cold in death; or it is the sight of some relic that vividly recalls the dear one passed away; or it is a dream—and to whom has not such a dream occurred?—in which we live over again the pleasant past with the bosom friend of our soul, and he is back once more, in the flesh, re-enacting the scenes of former days, breathing and talking as naturally as though there were no break in his life or ours and we had never parted. When we awaken from our dream, and the pang of reality, like a keen blade, penetrates our hearts, let us not rest content with a vain sigh of regret, or with useless tears of grief: let us pray God to give the dear departed soul eternal rest, and admit it to the perpetual light of His Presence; let us beg of Mary to hasten its deliverance by her powerful intercession. And in like manner should we regard all other reminders as so many appeals to the charity of our prayers. In this way will the keeping of the memory of those gone before us be to them a blessing and to us a consolation."

Study this doctrine of the Catholic Church, dear Protestant friends. It is founded on reason, Scripture and tradition, and is the sweetest and most consoling of all the dogmas of faith, for we believe that every prayer we say, every sacrifice we make, every alms we give for the repose of our dear dead, will return upon ourselves in hundred-fold blessings. The souls in purgatory are God's chosen friends, dear to His Sacred Heart, living in His grace and in constant communion with Him; and though they may not lessen their own sufferings, yet their prayers in our behalf always avail. We firmly believe that they can aid us most efficaciously. God will not turn a deaf ear to their intercession. Being holy souls they are grateful souls. The friends that aid them, they in turn will also aid. We may pray to them in all faith and

confidence. They will obtain for us the special favors we desire. They will watch over us lovingly and tenderly; they will shield us in moments of temptation and danger; they will lead souls groping in the darkness of error to the light of truth; and when our day of purgatorial suffering shall come, they will be eager and anxious to use their influence in our behalf in order to lessen our sufferings and shorten the period of our separation from God. We will close this essay with the following prayer that comes down to us over the centuries. It is taken from the Syriac liturgy of the third century and should remove all doubt from the minds of separated brethren as to the antiquity of the doctrine of purgatory.

"O Lord, Maker of bodies and of souls, be mindful at Thy heavenly altar of those who have departed out of this troublesome world, and refresh them in Thy beautiful tabernacle. Bear them beyond the horrible abodes of torture, and place them in tabernacles filled with light. Deliver them from gloom and darkness, and snatch them from sorrow and grief; enter not into judgment with them, nor severely examine their past life; but whether in word or deed they have sinned, as men clothed with flesh, forgive and do away with their transgressions."

THE WAY TO LIVE.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but kind,
It may be that some of us sin but 'tis easy to find,
That more, far more, of us err just because we are blind.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but just,
For today or tomorrow we die, and our bodies are dust,
And the millionaire's head is as low as the man with a crust.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but good—
We may as well serve the Master the way that we should,
We may as well love Him and serve Him the way that He would.

To be honest and pure, to be faithful and brave and resigned,
Ah, this is the standard He sets for a heart and a mind,
And day after day, till the end, to be kind, to be kind!

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

(Continued from page 24.)

formed a series of terraces, which were, as occasion demanded, the battlements of warriors, the playgrounds of children, or points of observation from which the gentler portion of the household watched the sports and pastimes of the brown-skinned warriors on the plaza beneath. The entrance to the house was through a tiny trap door in the second story, rather inconvenient for many domestic purposes, but a much-needed precaution against the Bedouin marauders of the desert. Light was admitted through a window of translucent gypsum, and the inside and outside of the houses were plastered with an adobe cement, which in the dry climate of the Southwest has been proof against all the ravages of time. This was the Pueblo and his dwelling as found by the Spaniard, and three centuries and a half of civilization wrought little changes in his habits and surroundings. He is a Christian now, and the only Indian race of church members within the limits of the union, but he retains in his make-up a large leaven of his former pagan superstitions. "He is the one racial man," says Lummis, "who enjoys two religions irreconcilable, yet reconciled: two sets of tools as far asunder as the stone age and the locomotive; two currencies, millenumes apart in the world's ripening; two sets of laws, one coeval with Confucius, the other with the Supreme Court; two languages that preceded us; two names, one ratified by the Sacrament of Christian baptism, the other sealed upon his infant lips with the spittle of a swart godfather, at a pagan feast." He is the only Indian of North America who never made a pack beast of his wife, who gave her a woman's rights in the possession of the home, and everything it contained with the power to evict him in case he ill-treated her, who as a result of his Christian training established that home, the social corner stone of a beautiful system of equality and domestic affection for wife and children, which is today a source of wonder and admiration to everyone who is brought in close personal contact with the inner life of this strange people.

And lastly, and above all, he is a citizen of the Union, owning by United States patent, almost 900,000 acres of New Mexican soil, the same being merely a confirmation of the original Spanish grant, his citizen rights being guaranteed to him by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, a fact which the Interior Department sometimes forgets, as it still tears children by force from mothers' arms, and sends them East to make football players of them, or to furnish cheap help to canny Pennsylvania farmers, and forces missionaries upon them to teach a new creed to a people who already possess two theological systems of their own.

The Pueblo Indian has never retrograded. He has advanced slowly during all those years, because he was the principal beneficiary of the Spanish policy, which so far as the Indian was concerned, was the most humane, effective and comprehensive policy of its kind ever devised.

From 1700 to 1820, the history of New Mexico is one of steady growth

interspersed here and there with factional quarrels and Indian outbreaks. After 1724, there was little further trouble with the Pueblos. They settled down to the ways of peace, and lived on terms of friendship with the Spaniard. The Apache, Navajoe, and later the Comanche, kept the Northern and Western border on the alert, but they had learned respect for Spanish prowess and frequently found it expedient to sue for peace.

Many incidents occurred during this time, which go to show that the old exploring fever had not died out of the pioneer's blood. In 1720, Pedro de Villazur, with fifty soldiers and some Indian auxiliaries, journeyed to the distant hunting-grounds of the Pawnee nation. It was an unfortunate journey, for Villazur, and almost all his companions, left their bones to whiten on Nebraska soil, being led into an ambush and slaughtered, with the exception of five soldiers, who, after many weeks, made their way to Santa Fe. Father Mingues, the chaplain of the expedition, escaped at the time, on a horse, but he was never heard of again. He was probably the first clergyman to hold Divine service on the soil of Nebraska. Bandelier thinks that the slaughter of the Spaniards took place on the Platte River, near its junction with the Missouri. Others place it elsewhere, but Bandelier is an authority whom it is never safe to dispute.

In 1776 two Franciscan friars, Padre Escalente, and Atanasia Domminguez, proceeded north through the Moqui country as far as where Salt Lake City now stands. They were looking for an eastern route to California. The near approach of winter turned them from their purpose and they returned to Santa Fe. We find still earlier accounts of expeditions to the San Juan and Gunnison districts of Colorado in search of the precious metals which Indians reported to exist there. Discoveries in our own days have justified those Indian tales, but the immediate result of those early explorations was the wider knowledge obtained of the geographical character of the country and of the tribes who dwelt there.

In 1799 the Spanish population of New Mexico was almost 25,000. In 1820 it became independent of the Mother Country in a struggle in which it had no share, and continued in some way to keep aloof from all the border struggles in which Texas and Mexico were then engaged. In 1848, it became a territory of the United States without the effusion of blood under the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo. The first convention under the new order of things was held on October 10th of that year, in which, to their everlasting honor they petitioned Congress against the introduction of slavery.

Thirteen years later, Manuel Chauves, the Chevalier Bayard of New Mexican history, met Silbey and his Texan Guerellas, at Cañoncito, drove them back in confusion upon their southern strongholds and saved New Mexico, Colorada, Utah, Arizona, and California to the Union.

And here let me close this page of the pioneer history of New Mexico. Let us rejoice that it is a page for which no American need ever blush, but, that it is on the contrary one to which we can point with pride, a record of pioneering days as glorious and as lasting in beneficent results as many of the deeds of high renown which have helped to make history in this land of ours.

REV. JOHN T. MADDEN.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Occasions like the golden jubilee of a parish, emphasizing as they do the marvelous growth and vitality of the Church, bring to the Catholic feelings of joy and gratification. As a souvenir of the golden jubilee of the church of St. Louis, Webster, Rev. John F. Conlin, Springfield, has written a retrospect of the fifty years, and deeply interesting history he unfolds —of the locality itself, the appearance of Catholics on the scene, their efforts to establish a parish and their success. Life sketches and pictures of the priests who labored in Webster before the establishment of a parish, of the pastors and assistant priests, and of the young men of the parish who have entered the priesthood enhance the value of the book. The

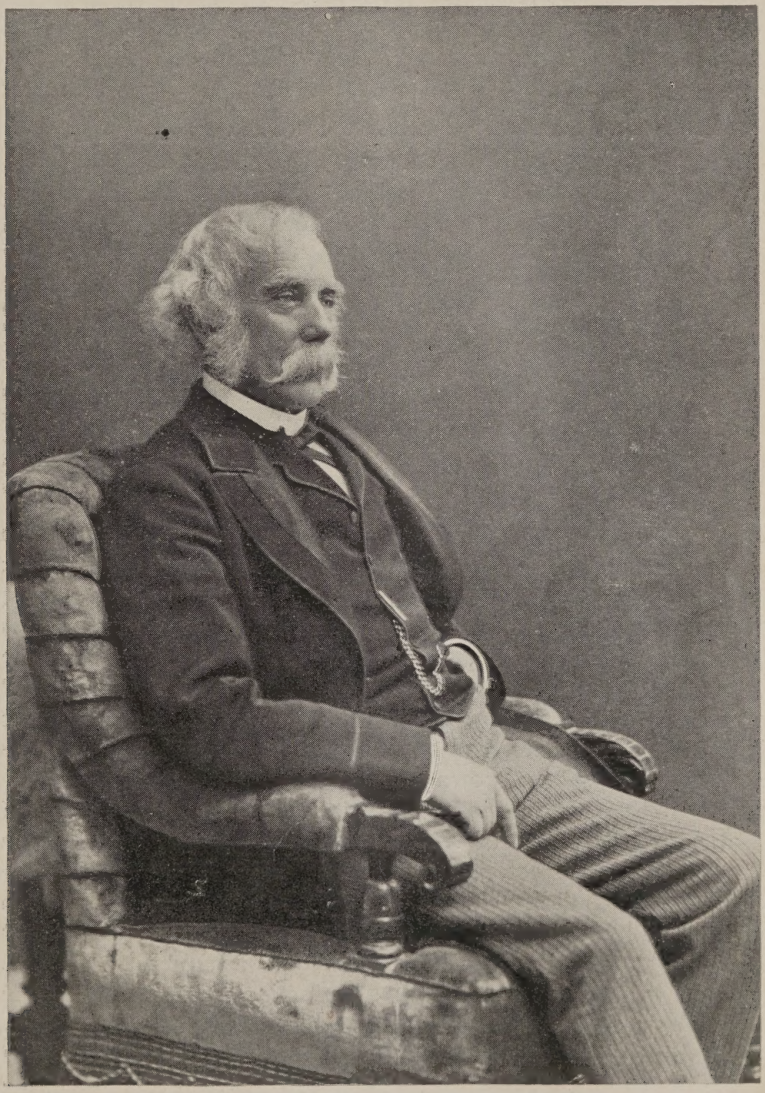
REV. DENIS O. CROWLEY.

author has dedicated it to Rev. John T. Madden, P.R., of St. Louis' Church, and in chapter V pays a well-merited tribute to the work of this devoted priest.

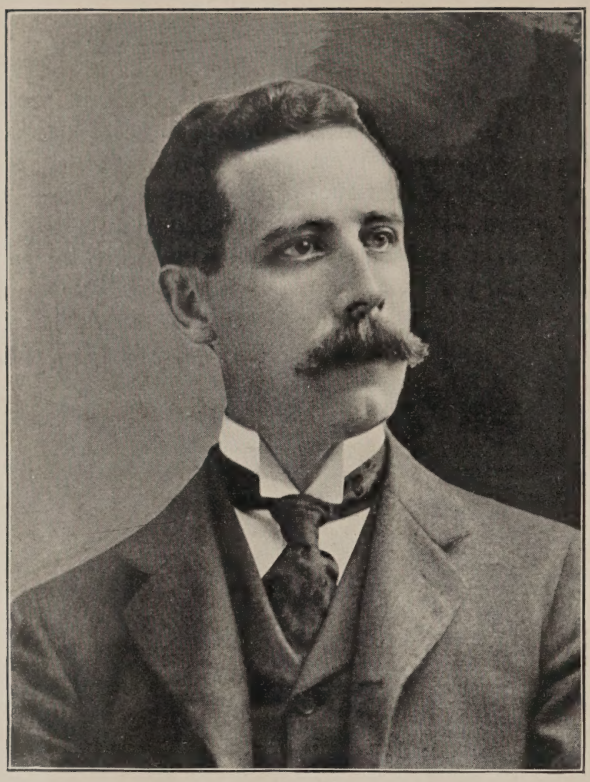
Father Madden was born at Leicester, Mass., in 1851. He attended the schools of Worcester, and was the first Catholic graduate of the Worcester High School to pass the Harvard entrance examination. Having determined to study for the priesthood, he left Harvard and entered Holy Cross, where he took his academic degree in 1872. In the fall of that year he entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, but interrupted his Seminary course to accept a professorship in Holy Cross College. In 1874 he went to Aix-en-Provence, France, and commenced a four years' course in theology. He was ordained priest in 1878, and returning to America, was appointed curate at Uxbridge. He was then transferred to Turners Falls, and was subsequently given charge of the parishes in Stockbridge and West Stockbridge. These parishes were heavily encumbered with debt and the energetic pastor set to work to free

the people from this burden. He had the satisfaction of seeing the debt paid in full. In 1892 Father Madden was made pastor of Warren and West Warren, and in the following year succeeded Father Quan as permanent rector of St. Louis. The beloved pastor's many friends will unite with Father Conlin in the wish that "it may be many years before the future historian can write 'finis' to the pastorate of Father Madden.

The most practical achievement in charitable work in California is the Youths' Directory, which, while organ-



HON. HENRI G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE.



HON. CHAS. A. DE COURCEY.

ized and managed under Catholic auspices, is not limited in its usefulness by conditions of race, creed, or color. It is dedicated to the practical salvation of the waifs of San Francisco, and for more than a quarter of a century has helped and strengthened the citizenship of the state. From humble beginnings it has grown to grand proportions. Founded, in 1874, in an office in the basement of Notre Dame Church on Bush street, it makes its home today in a building splendid in proportions and equipment.

There are thousands of men in California, most of them with firesides of their own, who were once, as boys, under the vigilant virtuous care of the Youths' Directory. They were rescued at perilous times in their lives from the dangers of the streets. They were too young then to know the heroic character of the charity which took them from the poverty and darkness of the slums into the plenty and the light of a true home. Here they were fed and clothed; and treated humanely. They were given happy starts in life and they went forward into the world confidently to seek social comfort and competence. Some were Jews, some Protestants, some Catholics, and some again were sensitive of no religious instincts. That beautiful high form of charity that makes no distinction gave equal help and hope to the waifs.

The extraordinary growth of the Youths' Directory is due in no small degree to the enthusiasm and energy

of Rev. Denis O. Crowley who has been identified with the interests of the home since 1887, when Archbishop Riordan appointed him spiritual director. Father Crowley, then lately from the East, was a young man of notable literary attainments, fine executive ability, and tireless in organizing and carrying to success plans for the welfare of the boys. He started a quarterly, St. Joseph's Union, that soon became a forceful means of reaching the public, and making known the needs of the Directory. In little more than ten years 7,000 boys were rescued from the streets or from other vicious environments. Over 5,000 were given positions in stores or on farms where they might work out their physical and moral salvation aided by honest labor. Some of the waifs, too young to commence their life battles, were given over to the motherly care of the Sisters of Charity, or to the brotherly charge of the Christian Brothers of the San Rafael Orphan Asylum.

What wonder that the work continued to grow in importance, or that its worth has been so generously recognized! It would seem that the erection of the new Directory might be the culminating of Father Crowley's plans, but it merely affords opportunity for applying his tireless activity to the development of another long-cherished project—the establishment of the first school of agriculture on the Pacific Coast.

In an appeal to the people of the State of California to contribute the necessary funds to promote and bring to a successful completion this worthy enterprise Father Crowleys says:—

"For several years the idea has been considered of establishing an agricultural school for boys, to be affiliated with the Youths' Directory and to complete or supplement the work done by that institution. This idea has been commended with peculiar earnestness by the press, both metropolitan and rural, and by many thoughtful and experienced men who have watched with dread the tendency of population towards cities, where environment is vicious, and who have joined in the cry "back to the land."

Many promises of pecuniary aid for such a school have been volunteered. Encouraged by such promises, by the general enthusiastic commendation of the project, and by a strong conviction that such a school for boys is needed, the managers of the Youths' Directory have bonded a fertile tract of 1,000 acres in a neighboring country, and they now appeal to the public for the money required for the purchase of this land.

There is a need in California for farmers who will be at once practical and scientific. The drift towards the cities must be counteracted. Boys are leaving the country and flocking towards the crowded cities and towns where life is artificial, and where, too often, they find bad environments, and become vicious and degraded.

'Back to the land,' must become the shibboleth of the coming decade. Agriculture is the foundation of the country's wealth."

Hon. Henri Gustav Joly de Lotbinière, K. C. M. G., Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, is a member of the ancient French nobility in Canada, and inherits the title of Marquis de Lotbinière from his grandfather, as well as the old Seigneury of Lotbinière on the St. Lawrence,

which has been in the family for two hundred years. He has been a prominent administrator in the Province of Quebec and a member of the Dominion Cabinet. He was also the first vice-president of the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada, in 1895. A sketch of his family appeared in the May number.

The first Catholic of Irish parentage ever appointed to a judgeship in Massachusetts by a Republican governor is Hon. Charles A. DeCourcey of Lawrence. Governor Crane has just made him a judge of the superior court.

Judge DeCourcey was born in Lawrence, Mass., on September 23, 1858. He was graduated from Georgetown College in 1878, and was commencement speaker. He received the degree A.M., from his alma mater in 1889. He graduated from the Boston University Law School in June, 1880, being class orator; studied one year with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of Boston, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, and in May, 1881, was admitted to practice in that court. In 1882 and 1883 Mr. De Courcey was in a law partnership with the late John K. Tarbox. In January, 1884, he was appointed assistant district attorney of Essex County. This office he held six years. In 1892 he served as city solicitor of Lawrence.

Judge DeCourcey has delivered numerous lectures. He was one of the organizers of the Lawrence Board of Trade, of which he was first secretary. He is a member of the American Irish Historical Society, the Catholic Lyceum, the Lawrence Canoe Club, the Lawrence Law Library, and many other religious, social and professional organizations.

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY O. S. BREVIER.

I make no pretensions to a mental storehouse of recollections or experiences different from others in my sphere; nevertheless, I feel it incumbent upon me to contribute my mite to the general fund of such fruit of retrospection, whatever may be the importance or unimportance attaching to the contribution when the chapter is closed. I have been a sort of free lance with the pen for years and the habit of writing has become chronic. The weakness is, however, of an amiable sort, and as such may plead for pardon if not for praise. A Bostonian by birth, it is not surprising that I should have a failing of that kind, for unless tradition is at fault, it is thoroughly in keeping with the environment. I had no choice in the matter of selecting a birthplace, although I have never manifested any dissatisfaction with the choice made by others in my behalf.

The Boston of a half century ago, when I became an addition to its native population was far from being the bustling metropolis that it is today. A half century accomplishes wonders of development in this coun-

try. As a matter of fact the very topography has been changed, the leveling of one of its three hills, making the old fanciful designation, "Trimountain," no longer applicable, while the Back Bay, the present abiding-place of the wealth and fashion of the city, was then exactly what its name signifies, and a by no means savory locality, especially when the tide was out and the flats exposed to the summer sun. Great, however, as has been the development in other respects, the multiplication of Catholic churches in the city is one of the most striking evidences of progress the record of fifty years can show. The old Cathedral on Franklin street was then the chief seat of Catholic influence, and the Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, Boston's third bishop, was in the full flush of his episcopate. In the North End there was old St. Mary's Church on Endicott street, which later gave way to the splendid edifice bearing the same venerated name, and St. John's Church on Moon Street. What is now St. Stephen's, Hanover Street, was then known as the New Old North Church and used by the Protestant Society from which the building was later purchased. St. Joseph's Church on Chambers Street had not come into Catholic possession, although the nucleus of the congregation that was later to have this edifice had been gathered together and occupied a chapel on Cambridge street, that had previously been an organ factory. In the South End, there was old St. Patrick's on Northampton Street. The Church of the Immaculate Conception and Boston College had not been thought of, while the possibility of a cathedral where the present stately edifice stands had not been considered. The German Church on Suffolk street, now Shawmut Avenue, the precursor of the present Holy Trinity, was the only church in the city for non-English speaking Catholics, and the foundations were just being laid for St. Vincent's Church on Purchase street, which twenty years later was to close its career in that locality, through the great Boston fire, the building being taken down and the material used for the construction of the present St. Vincent's in South Boston, while the first St. James' Church at the corner of Albany and Harvard streets, on property now owned by the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, was likewise in its infancy. In South Boston, where are now five flourishing parishes, there was only the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, and the little mortuary chapel of St. Augustine. In East Boston, where four prosperous parish churches are hardly sufficient for the Catholic population, there was only the little wooden church of St. Nicholas, that has been used for years as a school, and in Charlestown there was old St. Mary's on Rutherford avenue, while in Roxbury there was only St. Joseph's, or "Tommy's Rock Church," as it was called from its location.

As a small boy, I attended the Sunday school of old St. James' Church, of which the present venerable Archbishop Williams was pastor. Well do I remember him as he was in those days, and I remember, too, in addition to the love and reverence we little folk felt for him as our pastor, a certain awe created by his imposing presence when he passed up or down the aisle during the Sunday school session. Not the most tractable of young gamins

were to be found in the South Cove; but they had no heart for mischievous propensities when Father Williams' eye ranged about the school. I do not recall a single instance when he had to correct any young misdemeanant, although I know of one who always felt guilty of a sort of irrepressible playfulness for which the Sunday school was scarcely the place, and who would not have been surprised if he had been taken to task, however fortunate he esteemed himself in escaping it. It was during the exciting days of the Civil War that I attended Sunday school at old St. James', and even the children felt the tension of the times, causing in them a nervous restlessness.

I recall the visit of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), to Boston, prior to the breaking out of the war, and my being taken to witness the procession that escorted him. Of course the prince himself was the center of interest to the spectators along the route; but my knowledge of princes in general and of this one in particular was not very extensive in those days. On returning home after witnessing the passage of the procession, I let some expressions drop that rather led my people to believe that I had not made a very intelligent use of my opportunity, and when pressed for a description of the prince, it was proven that I had not given so much as a glance at the rather commonplace young man in civilian's attire who rode in the chief carriage; on the contrary, the drum major with the band with gaudy uniform, medal-bedecked breast, towering bearskin hat, and whirling baton was the individual who commanded my entire attention.

Child though I was at the time, I was so placed as to appreciate what the civil war meant on the home life of the people who had dear ones fighting the battles of the Union. I recall the departure of the Old Sixth for Washington, the first regiment to leave the state for the front, and the commingled enthusiasm and dread distinguishing the time. I also recall the pathos of that triple military funeral when the remains of the three soldiers of that regiment who were killed in Baltimore reached Boston, and were escorted across the city to the train that was to take them to their resting places in Essex county. The impression created throughout the city and state by their death was such as to intensify northern patriotism and give an idea of the problem the Federal government was called upon to solve. Later, my father was among those who responded to the call of his adopted country, joining the old "Fighting Ninth," as it became known. Thus, the meaning of war was made clear in my own household and the significance became all the more impressive by his death on the battlefield nearly three years later and within a short time of the expiration of the regiment's term of service. Among brother officers of my father who likewise gave up their lives, and whom I recall as visitors at my home, were Captain James McNamara and Captain William A. Phelan, both of whom were killed at the Battle of the Wilderness. They were splendid representatives of heroic Celtic manhood. McNamara was the eldest of three brothers, all Boston boys, and all holding commissions in the Ninth. The other two have since passed to the grand army bivouacked

on the heights of Eternity, the late Major Daniel G. McNamara being the last of the trio.

The most pathetic recollection I retain of the war period is that of the return to Boston of the Ninth after the completion of the regiment's term of service. In my own home, the return but intensified the sense of loss, for the one we had looked for for years was not with them, having found a grave in Virginia. We were not alone in this sense of bereavement, for in the few short weeks immediately preceding the return to Boston, the regiment had lost heavily, and many had found graves in the South who had looked with confidence to the joy of the home coming. The Wilderness campaign had not been thought of as a preliminary. A ball had been arranged as one of the features of welcome, but when the regiment, or what was left of it, reached the city, there were many whose ears were forever deaf to the sounds of festivity whose names had figured on the original invitations to that welcoming event. I saw the regiment file by amid the acclamations of the people, its shot-rent standards with scarcely sufficient to hold them to the staff; but elated as I felt at the return of my father's comrades, there was the deep minor chord in my paen of greeting, for he was not among them and never would be again.

When old enough to make the initial move toward seeking a channel of future livelihood, the newspaper office was the magnet of attraction. In the day of my entrance upon the "fourth estate," the chief road to the editorial sanctum lay through the composing room, a knowledge of the mechanical departments of a newspaper being held requisite before one could hope to aspire to even the repertorial dignity. There were no schools of journalism in those days where ready-made editors were turned loose upon an unoffending public. Neither were the professions of Law and Medicine so crowded as to cause the diversion of a stream of college graduates to the newspaper editorial rooms. I am not one who laments any change that Time in accordance with the law of necessary progression brings about. Conditions will continue to change and the new take the place of the old, when the latter shows a faltering step, in keeping up with the procession. I regret, it is true, the gradual extinguishment of the old-time printer with his encyclopædic mentality. The operator of a type-setting machine, however necessary he may be according to the present day demands, can never hope to attain the informative position of the typo who has been displaced. I am speaking of the old-time printer as I knew him after having summered and wintered with him, and I cannot but regret that, like Othello, he should find his occupation gone.

I shall pass lightly over my own introduction to the "art preservative." It was in no way different from thousands of others with its inevitable beginning as the imp of the office and a daily disguisement of my Caucasion antecedents through a close and familiar acquaintance with washing rollers and other cleanly tasks. Then there was the elevation when a composing stick was first placed in my hand, closely followed by the depths of depression when my first stick full of matter upon which I had expended nearly an entire day resolved itself into

"pi" through the luckless instrumentality of a badly justified line. Then there was the gradual dawning familiarity with the office work during the term of apprenticeship, then a transfer to the editorial room as a reporter. This was in Somerville, then, as today, one of the most attractive of Boston's suburban neighbors, and one incident of that early repertorial career gave me my first insight to a weakness among public officials who may not be blessed with oratorical powers of a high order, and are yet by no means averse to parading in borrowed plumage. It was a sort of farewell meeting of a retiring city government, and one of the eldest of the aldermen in point of service had been chosen to deliver the valedictory. He had confidence enough in himself to dispense with the formality of notes, and unfortunately I was not a stenographer and was commissioned to make as full a report of that speech as I could. Whatever rhetorical defects the gentleman possessed, impediment of utterance or timorousness was not among the number. The result was that with my inexperience and nervousness, for it was my first task of the kind, I found myself absolutely unable to follow him, being merely able to catch a thought here and there. The paper had to have that speech, the oratorical alderman had no manuscript copy of it and could not spare me the time necessary to set myself on secure ground. There was only one thing to do and that was, write a speech as near like what the occasion required as possible, and following his lines as nearly as my imperfect notes could give me a hint of what he had said. I wrote the speech, handed it in to the printer and then had some hours of suspense wondering what the upshot would be. If I did not follow his language, or had made departures of thought, I had the satisfaction of realizing later that the gentleman bore no ill will toward me for deficiencies. On the contrary he paid tribute to the performance by buying up a large part of the edition for distribution among his friends and political adherents. I learned from that experience there are many orators who owe much of their reputation to the reporters.

From the paper that was my first love, I transferred my affections to the town of Milford, Conn. I had reached that stage in my career when nothing short of absolute control of a newspaper, proprietor as well as editor, would fill the measure of aspiration. I was young then and only thought of the self-satisfaction that publishing affords. To be a salaried employee is sometimes more pleasant than to be charged with the responsibility of raising the money to meet the salaries of others. I needed such an experience as this to give me a keener appreciation and a more heightened respect for the figure the counting room cuts in a newspaper office. I learned many other things as well that rather subdued the self-complacency and self-assurance of youth. That particular town was a good one to make the immature newspaper man who pitched his tent there do a lot of serious thinking. Few places in New England held more closely to the old Puritanical ideas. I went there when having just turned my majority and with the handicap of looking several years younger. It is difficult for a staid, hard-headed people to take a young new arrival seriously, especially when he comes as

the editor of the only paper in town and the medium upon which they had depended for years for all the local pabulum. Again, I was a Catholic, and had landed in a town where the total Catholic population was not more than a hundred souls. I must pay tribute, however, to the generous disposition of the majority of the people. It was inevitable that I should find rough sailing there and I did; but there was sunshine as well as shadow, even though the latter predominated. The experience had even its humorous features, some of which, viewed in the perspective of the distance of years, have not lost their hold upon the mind. It was a country printing plant innocent of steam power, the muscular force and endurance of an industrious colored man being depended upon to give momentum to the old-fashioned cylinder press upon which the edition of each week was worked off. Again, the amount of work required was not so engrossing but that an occasional day could be taken for fishing or other diversion. The change, however, from the environment of one of Boston's finest suburban cities and from an office with a modern equipment equal to all demands, to that of this small town and its limited and decidedly obsolete printing plant, was startling in a measure and rather modified the complacency which the sense of freedom and proprietorship is supposed to afford.

The town's folk were curious in regard to the youthful editorial newcomer, and he was not devoid of curiosity himself as to the people with whom he had elected to cast his lot. An older mind, weighing well the business side of the situation, would have suggested the propriety of propitiating the people so far as he could conscientiously; but the young editor exulting in the freedom of an unfettered pen is not in a mood to be tethered to any such restraint upon the expression of his opinions. I was the editor and publisher of that particular paper, and I determined that there should be no mistaking the fact. The readers soon began to recognize my determination, and later I began to realize that it would have been better had I taken a less assertive stand, for I had a religious controversy on my hands before I was in the town three weeks. True, I was not led into it without provocation; but I might have parried the thrust in a way that would have been more effective from a business point of view and at the same time have accomplished quite as much if not more for the cause of my own faith that had so slight a representation in that community. There was a reference from the most prominent pulpit in the town in regard to my paper and the religion of its editor. No doubt the aggrieved parson considered it a supreme piece of effrontery for a young Catholic stranger to take upon himself the responsibility of recording and commenting upon the happenings in the town. As a result, he found the effrontery more monumental inasmuch as it did not stand at even taking himself to task for his strictures and his stock of historical misinformation. Thus war was declared between that particular pulpit and the paper, and it did not lack fireworks so far as the paper was concerned. So far as the paper was concerned, the controversy was the reverse of beneficial. It brought no new additions to the subscription list, while it was responsible for the dropping of

some names of those who had been numbered with its supporters. A gradual receding revenue with no corresponding decrease in the expense account brought increased care and responsibility and a long and severe illness closed the chapter of a number of months' experience in that town, the sheriff officiating at the paper's obsequies.

A burst of sunshine in the gloom of enfeebled health, when the return to Boston was made, was the acquaintanceship which was at that time formed with the late John Boyle O'Reilly. There never lived a man of broader or more generous sympathies or one who was more ready with kindly word or helpful advice to the young writer. Among the other inflictions upon the public for which I must plead as a sort of habitual offender have been occasional contributions of lyric verse. Through some of these sent to "The Pilot," the acquaintance with O'Reilly began and endured until the end of that useful and chivalrous life. There was that in his magnetic personality that made every meeting with him a treat, while to one laboring under discouragement from whatever cause, such a meeting meant a new lease of life and confidence. In appearance O'Reilly changed much between the days when I first met him and the last few years of his life. He was ever the same embodiment of manly energy and good fellowship; but as I first knew him his head was adorned with a riotous profusion of hair that seemed to bid defiance to a comb, although there was nothing unkempt in its arrangement. He had as well a heavy bushy beard in decided contrast to the modest mustache that latterly distinguished his strong and genial face. His literary work need not be dwelt upon here. That must ever remain a monument to the splendid humanity that distinguished him. O'Reilly's love for athletic sports of all kinds was such as might be expected of a man of his fine physique and who felt the need of exercise to offset the effect of sedentary work in office or study. He was an accomplished swordsman and took great pleasure in a bout with foils with an antagonist who was likewise skilled. The Crib Club in Boston was the arena where the most of such bouts were enjoyed, and a favorite adversary was Dr. William Appleton. An amusing feature of the bouts of these rival swordsmen was the fact that both gentlemen were securing additional points from the same tutor, the late Sergeant Ambler, who had an amusing and remunerative time of it playing one swordsman against the other. O'Reilly would be taught a sharp play of the foil by Ambler and would employ it successfully against Appleton at their next meeting. Then Appleton would receive the benefit of Ambler's expert knowledge and it would be O'Reilly's turn to be given a surprise. Thus the balance of superior skill shifted from one to the other making the contests doubly interesting, and at the same time helping out the exchequer of the venerable drill master, for in each instance he had a most appreciative and liberal paying pupil.

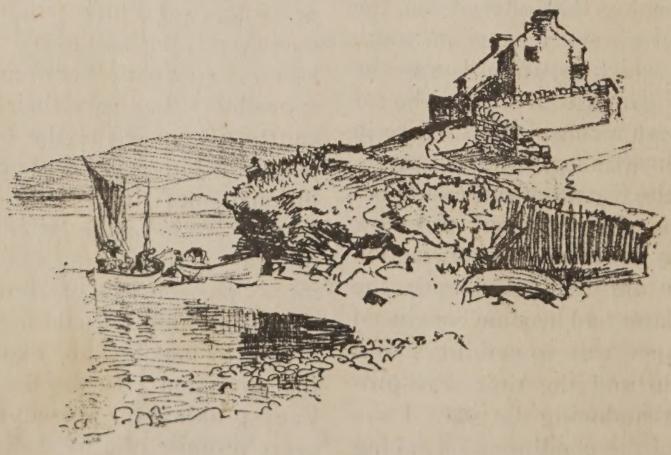
Sergeant Ambler deserves a word of remembrance in these reminiscences upon his own account, for he was a man with a history, and was well known in the newspaper offices and to the military and professional men of Boston and New England. He was a

dear, genial old soul who had rendered good service to the federal government during the civil war and was long denied the recognition that was his due by the Washington authorities. As a matter of fact, I am not sure that he ever received such recognition. A swordsman and drill master who had acquired his knowledge and experience in the British army, he placed himself at the service of the federal government at the outbreak of the civil war and did valiant work in training the undisciplined soldiery, receiving, if I remember rightly, a severe wound in the service. He must have been a magnificent specimen of physical manhood in his prime, being about six feet in height and splendidly proportioned. Even with the weight of years and the scars of service, his personality was strikingly attractive, for he was erect of carriage, scrupulously careful of dress, speech and habits, generous to a fault, and a grand old man in every way.

As soon as my strength was sufficiently renewed to resume newspaper work, after the convalescence from the result of my Connecticut experience, the only opening that offered was the editorship of a weekly paper in South Boston, in which position I was the successor of Frank B. Bennett, who for years has been a conspicuous figure in the Massachusetts legislature. I merely mention the matter of succession because, as the sequel proved, to follow Bennett was about all the satisfaction the position afforded. Evidently the future legislator had become convinced that the paper was something like a scuttled ship and the time was propitious for abandoning the craft. I was not aware of the conditions on taking up the work and proved a more easily placated employee for the proprietor when the salary failed to materialize at the promised time than my more aggressive predecessor. I was not long in harness there, however, before I could pay tribute to Bennett's good sense in abandoning that outfit by following his example. The Peninsular district was not unfamiliar ground to me and there was some pleasure in the fact that I had relatives there, a fact that somewhat lightened my expense account, a very important thing when one's salary consists in nothing better than promises never intended to be made good. My whilom employer of that time later became successful in business, but his memory has remained to this day faulty as regards that debt. It was at that time that I first recall meeting the Hon. P. A. Collins, Boston's present distinguished executive, who was a resident of the district, a representative in the legislature and who, in the pursuit of his profession, was frequently at the municipal court there, where my own repertorial duties called me six mornings in the week. The Collins of twenty-five or thirty years ago was a more youthful gentleman than is the case today. Years and honors carry with them burdens of responsibility that leave their impress. I can testify myself to the burdens imposed by Time even without these additional ones that official distinctions entail. None of the latter ever came my way, perhaps out of consideration for my possible lack of strength to bear them, although I would not have been averse to making an experiment in that direction. In the days of which I am speaking, the present mayor gave every promise of a most distinguished

career, consequently the fact that he has realized expectations in this regard appears but a matter of course. The face remains the same, making due allowance for the imprints of time, but the leonine head of blonde hair has given place to a more frosty capillary adornment. I never had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Collins, although brought in contact with him at intervals as a reporter, and at such times found him the personification of consideration and geniality.

There was one incident in connection with that South Boston experience that was to me a most pathetic reminder of the past. One day there appeared in the dock of the court an unfortunate who was arraigned for some minor offence. He was unable to pay the fine imposed and sought to obtain forbearance on the part of the judge, saying he was suffering from a wound received in the civil war in which he had served as a drummer boy in the Old Fighting Ninth. As my father was one of the officers of that regiment who gave up his life on the battlefield, my interest was naturally aroused in this part of his plea, and that interest was intensified by recalling the name and story of a valiant young regimental drummer who in one of the most fierce engagements in which the regiment participated heroically kept up the roll of his drum during the thickest of the fight. The unfortunate pleading for consideration in that dock proved to be this same drummer, and as soon as I assured myself of the fact I stepped forward and told the story to the judge, just as I had heard it from the lips of my father while he was home on a brief leave of absence two months before his death. As a result I had the satisfaction of taking the party on probation, for those were the days before a probation officer figured in the courts. I know not what has become of that drummer boy of the Ninth. If he is living, I trust his life exhibits the courage and manliness exemplified on the battlefield, and that criminal courts have had no further acquaintance with him.



CATHOLIC FREE LIBRARIES NECESSARY.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

The rapid growth of free public libraries in this country is a matter of concern to Catholic people. The object of these libraries in the educational system of the country; the means of establishing, supporting and governing them; the effect they may have upon the character of the people, demand the earnest consideration of Catholic parents and Catholic educators. The munificent gifts which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has bestowed upon so large a number of cities for the establishment of such libraries show the extent of the organized effort which has led to the demand for such institutions, and the results indicate that we are probably witnessing only the beginning of a movement which must exercise a great influence in moulding the character of our people in the future.

The present interest in free libraries is the result of the organization of the American Library Association some twenty-five years since. The object of the association was and is a worthy one, for the reading of good books will greatly assist the readers in the formation of a high and noble character. But to enable these libraries to carry out the ideas of their greatest advocates, they will need better control and firmer supervision than they are likely to have, to prevent the evils arising from indiscriminate reading.

Though free public libraries have become an established policy of the country, Catholics have not been consulted in regard to them, nor have Catholics been prominent in the work of establishing them. It may be said with truth that the movement for their establishment is non-Catholic. The tendency of such institutions is to minimize religious knowledge, and to induce the patrons of the libraries to be satisfied with secular reading. It must be remembered that English literature is non-Catholic, if not un-Christian, and that much of it is distinctively hostile to the Catholic Church and Catholic teaching, and not a few of the supposed facts contained in it are positively false, especially where it treats of religious events, or attempts to state what are Catholic doctrine and practice.

Because of these facts Catholics cannot look upon the movement for the establishment of free libraries, under the control of those who govern our cities and towns, with entire equanimity. One of the ideas behind the movement is that such libraries should supplement the knowledge our children have gained in the public schools. As these schools have been made non-Christian to a greater or less degree, it must be expected that our free libraries will be conducted upon the same or similar lines, and that in many libraries, if not in the far greater number, "sectarianism" will be excluded, as it is excluded from the schools. If a student wishes to learn something of God and religion he will hardly be able to satisfy his desire in many of the free public libraries of the country.

A knowledge of God and religion is most important to the welfare of mankind. The tendency of education in both the home and school should be toward the extension of this knowledge

and to assist in the preparation of people for a life of happiness in heaven. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" What can be more important than the destiny of the soul? That education which leaves out of consideration God and the soul of man cannot be approved of by any one who sincerely believes in the Christian religion.

Catholics who wish to preserve a knowledge of the true faith in the world will be very careful in the selection of the books read in their families. But there is always greater or less temptation to read hurtful books, especially when they may be had so easily from a library. Curiosity often leads to the reading of a hurtful book. In many books considered innocent may be found statements and sentiments which may cause some Catholic readers to make shipwreck of their faith. The Catholic who uses public libraries without great care in the selection of books may find difficulty in preserving his faith, for the tendency of nearly all modern literature is toward the idea that Christian faith is not necessary to mankind.

As public libraries are for all the people, the danger to faith arising from their use may be lessened by Catholics demanding that Catholic books be added to those already on their shelves. In many places they would probably be successful in such efforts. But there are so many who fear, or pretend to fear, that public money may be used for "sectarian" purposes, that the addition of distinctively Catholic books to such libraries would be accomplished only by the most determined and persistent effort, as the managers would always fear criticism; and even unjust criticism, having religious prejudice for a basis, might do much injury to those in charge of free libraries, at least for the time being. But Catholics should not be discouraged by difficulties. Having justice on their side, they may be successful, even where the prejudice of some of their fellow-citizens is much greater than it is in our larger cities.

Those Catholics who desire a recognition of their claims to have Catholic books added to free public libraries can be greatly aided in the attainment of their object by using catalogues of Catholic books. Rev. John F. O'Donovan, S. J., has prepared a list of books written by Catholics and found in the Enoch Pratt Free Library, of Baltimore, and this would be very useful in getting Catholic books admitted into other free libraries throughout the country.

But the admission of Catholic books to the free libraries will not remove, though it may lessen, the danger of such institutions to the faith of Catholics. The books which are hurtful to that faith, causing it to decay in the hearts of Catholic readers, and preventing their Protestant readers from considering the claims of the Catholic Church upon the people of the world, will be there to exert their evil influence, whether the Catholic books are read or not.

Free Catholic libraries will soon have become necessary to Catholic communities. They should be established and conducted upon much the same lines as public libraries are. Catholics may not be successful in establishing such libraries except in the larger cities and towns, but organiza-

tions should be effected for that purpose wherever possible.

Rev. Joseph McMahon, in an address delivered at a meeting of the Cathedral Library Reading Circle, gave the following interesting account of the organization and development of the Cathedral Library, New York.

"The Cathedral Library, which was started fourteen years ago, has now become a work of public importance, not bounded by New York State or even the United States, but stretching out to Australia. When the Bishops of Australia recently started a library under Catholic auspices to counteract the effects of bad reading, they made a study of our methods, and decided to follow our system. Last summer I attended the congress of librarians from the whole country, which was held in Minnesota, and there they all admitted that our system had been of great aid. The librarian of Cleveland, O., a man of acknowledged position, said that he perceived an immediate increase in circulation and in the character of the material chosen after adopting our lines.

When we began our work we were all equally ignorant, and we found it particularly important for those engaged in the work to develop a knowledge of literature in accordance with the principles of Catholicity. We exercised a strict supervision over the books purchased. We noticed that nearly everybody who came to the desk used to ask for "Handy Andy." I told the librarian to say we had not that book and would not get it, because it was a caricature on the Irish. Thereupon some of our readers would go away and not return, but a larger number asked if a book could be chosen for them. We also gave juvenile books to children, thus violating a cardinal rule of that body of potentates, the American Library Association. We found that children only read the books once, and we thought it necessary to let them read these books and get it over. Speaking of the American Library Association, I was stopped by Mr. Dana, librarian of Springfield, Mass., on board a vessel one day. He introduced himself to me and said he had followed our work with interest and approved of our fight last May to set our platform before the public in the proposed Carnegie library scheme. As you know, the American Library Association is in the hands of a circle of narrow-minded people who think they are divinely inspired on a mission. Mr. Dana fought them and showed them they could not squelch all opposition. He got himself made president. But unless we make ourselves heard, those actively or passively adverse to us will dominate us.

Two years ago we widened our sphere and instituted lectures, political, historical, religious, such as our lectures on church music and liturgy. There must be some means by which our Catholic people can be informed on public questions as to the position taken by the Catholic Church. We all knew that the recent calumnies in the public press against our missionaries in China were not true, but there were no books published dealing fairly with us. I found that in the library people read largely on these subjects, so we got these books and underscored the objectionable passages giving short accounts of the work done by our missionaries in China, and the friars in the Philippines. Again, when the papers teemed with inuendos against our position on the divorce question, our people began to wonder and to be on the *qui vive* for information. Now this year we propose to have lectures on a very delicate subject, the present position of the Catholic Church with regard to the Bible. The statement that the Pope has appointed a commission of Cardinals to take up the question shows that at last we are on the road to solve the most difficult question in the Catholic Church. To be honest, we ourselves have been more or less affected by the higher criticism, and it came with a shock to most of us to find notions which we have accepted all our lives controverted by eminent scholars not only without the pale, but within the Catholic Church."

SOME DAY.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Some day will come a time when human sorrow
  Fadeth away before the morning sun;
Some day, for each, will dawn a glad tomorrow,
  When will be paid the crown for vic'tries won.

Some day will find misunderstandings righted;
  Some day will solve the mystery of pain;
Some day our eyes, by heav'nly vision lighted,
  Will view what seemed as secret clear and plain.

Some day the heart that lost itself in groping
  Will know the groove wherein it should have dwelt;
Some day the life that spent itself in hoping
  Will reach the goal of all it dreamed or felt.

Some day the lips that yielded no explaining
  Will ope themselves, and all the truth confess;
Then will be read the measure of their gaining,—
  Speech has its strength, but silence has not less!

Some day, some day, I wait for thee with gladness,
  Thou wilt to me my loved and lost restore;
Some day, some day, for all the years of sadness
  Thou wilt repay with rest for evermore!

THE ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

BY ESTELLE STORY.

"Will you let me paint your picture, little girl?"

A pleasant voice broke the stillness of the drowsy August afternoon, interrupting Alice Warde's frolic with a tiny maltese kitten. Startled, she looked up into a thin, handsome face with kindly blue eyes bent smilingly upon her, as she sat, Turkish fashion, beneath a gnarled old cherry-tree in the cottage yard.

"Don't move," continued the stranger, holding out a detaining hand as she started to rise, "I want to take you just as you are, if I may, with the red and yellow dahlias drooping over the wall there as a back-ground. Will you sit for me a little while?"

"But my hair, sir? Won't you let me fix it first? It is all mussed." Her cheeks reddened with shyness in the presence of the gentleman, whom she recognized as a summer guest in the village, and with pleasure at the thought of having her picture painted. She raised her hand to adjust the pink ribbon which was slipping from her disheveled brown curls.

"No, no," he cried, merrily, "you are perfect as you are. Another touch would spoil you. Now pick up your ball, and we'll get kitty"—she had scampered away at his approach—"and have a very nice picture of you."

Alice laughed to see the tall figure in brown corduroy darting after the sportive kitten, and when at last he placed the little animal triumphantly in its mistress' lap, and after a few gallant remarks and artistic touches to his subject, sat down behind his easel, the girl felt perfectly at home with him.

So the picture was begun—the picture of a child in a white gown, playing with a gray kitten, a discarded story-book lying open on the grass beside her, and the dahlias lifting their luxuriant blossoms against the old stone wall behind.

As the sunset shades grew long he went away. Tired, but flushed with pleasure, Alice ran into the house to tell her mother the little incident of the afternoon.

"And he is coming again tomorrow, mamma," she added eagerly, "and for several days, perhaps, until it is finished. He is so nice!"

"You are very much honored, my child," answered her mother, smiling indulgently. "Mr. Clayton is one of the great artists of the day. He is a very talented man."

"And my picture will be seen and admired by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people! Oh mamma, isn't it lovely!"

Alice clapped her hands in joyous enthusiasm as they sat down to their simple evening meal. She was sixteen, the only child, the companion and pupil of her fair young mother who supported them both with her pen. She could faintly remember a big house, an old nurse, and a tall, handsome man who used to play with his "baby girl" in the nursery until she was lifted one day to press a last kiss on his cold, silent face, and say "good-by" to papa; but her mother's tears had sealed the memory in her heart.

It took many days to paint the picture—days born in the flush of hope, dying in its sweet fulfilment. At the last sitting there came a sudden shower and the big drops poured down upon them. Laughing like two happy children they gathered up the artist's materials and ran into the house. The rain-clouds passed, and a golden sunset brightened the west; still the artist lingered and willingly accepted Mrs. Warde's invitation to share her frugal supper, renewing meanwhile a friendship formed in years long past.

He continued his visits, and the pretty vine-clad cottage grew into richer beauty upon his canvas. When it was finished, autumn was tinting the earth, and he returned to his distant city home.

A new life had dawned for Alice. Alone, in her little room, she dreamed of him by day and night. The poets, Tennyson, Byron, Mrs. Browning, which she had hitherto flung aside, with childish petulance calling them "stupid," she now devoured eagerly, making their words her own, and repeating them through the long winter hours to the image in her heart.

April came.

"Mamma," said Alice one day, "I have grown taller; I must have new dresses this summer."

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, laying aside her pen. "I will purchase the material at once and make them for you. You may go out with me and choose what you like."

"And, mamma," she continued, rubbing her fingers absently over the polished wood of her mother's desk, "Will you make them long like yours? I shall be seventeen next month, you know."

Mrs. Warde sighed, but a fond smile was on her lips. She did not know the secret that was in her daughter's heart.

"Yes, my little one," she replied, "I will make them long."

One glorious day in June Alice stood beneath the roses that climbed around their cottage door. She wore her first long dress, a pink striped organdie. Her brown curls crowned her head like a coronet. A large, white straw hat hung idly from her hand, as she gazed over the meadows to the distant hills, thinking of him.

The gate clicked, a step sounded on the gravel walk, a well-known voice disturbed her dreams.

"How do you—"

He stopped, slowly dropping his extended hand, and looked at her in amazement. The swift blood crimsoned her cheeks.

"Can this be Alice!" he exclaimed, after a minute's pause.

"Yes, Mr. Clayton," she answered, shaping her trembling lips into a smile of welcome. "I am Alice Warde."

"But what have you been doing to yourself?" he asked with a smile, his artist's eye looking critically at the pretty figure. "I left you, last September, a child; I return in June to find a woman."

"I couldn't remain always a child. Mr. Clayton," she murmured.

"No, no, very true—but the transformation, in so short a time, is marvelous. You must let me paint your picture again, standing beneath the roses. It will be a splendid mate to the one of last year."

Every day he was with them, sharing their simple meals and gay conversation, retouching his beautiful pictures beneath the cherry-trees, or

teaching the girl's eager hand the secret of his loved art.

One afternoon early in autumn Alice was sitting in the hammock when he strolled up, and stood leaning against a tree. There was joy in his eyes as he looked at her. She thought he could hear the throbbing of her heart.

"Alice," he said at last, "I have been talking with your mother."

She listened with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"She has made me very happy, dear. Are you willing to complete the joy by calling me father?"

"Call you 'father'!" cried Alice passionately, springing from the hammock, "Never! Never! Never!"

Mrs. Warde and Mr. Clayton were married in October. Misunderstanding the cause of Alice's grief, they called her a stubborn child, jealous, unreasonable. Her sad face marred their happiness and they sent her away to school.

In an art gallery in New York hang two pictures which brought fame and fortune to their master. One is the portrait of a child robed in white and playing with a kitten, against a background of red and yellow dahlias; the other a girl standing in a cottage door beneath an arbor of June roses, her dreamy eyes shadowing forth the love-tragedy of her life.

Sometimes I see a slender, black-robed woman musing sadly before them, her hair streaked with early gray, the lines of toil upon her face. One day I asked a resident artist her name, and he answered,

"Miss Alice Warde, one of our drawing teachers."

THE NEST.

BY REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

When the evening shadows fell
Forth I wandered thro' a dell;
To behold the wondrous sights
God creates on moonlit nights.

Hidden in a leafy bow'r,
Screened from scorching ray and show'r,
Waved a little downy nest,
In that hour of peace and rest.

In the nest two doves I spied,
Sleeping sweetly side by side;
Roses fondly shook the dew
O'er their wings of vestal hue.

Symbol of a family
Dwelling e'er in unity;
Peace and charity abide
In the homestead, side by side.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Explanation and Application of Bible History. Edited by Rev. John J. Nash, D.D.

We trust that many Directors of Sunday schools will make use of this manual. Something must be done to diffuse among the faithful a wider knowledge of the inspired writings and of their practical bearing upon the conduct of life. Can this pre-knowledge be communicated better by *question* and *answer* than by the old-time method of connected narrative? With Fr. Nash we think that the catechetical form is, by all odds, the best for the training of the youthful mind. By this manner of instruction, not only are facts communicated, but the reasoning powers are imperceptibly developed and strengthened. Fr. Nash merely styles himself the editor, surrendering to Siegel, the author of *Katechetischer Leitfaden*, the praise deserved by the plan. His work, however, merits more recognition than would be gleaned from the simple title of editor. The practical applications are appropriate and timely, bearing directly upon the many phases of modern life. The book, consequently, will also be of service to the preacher, who, while dwelling upon the various events recorded in the Sacred Writings, will find in Fr. Nash's book a series of practical lessons which unfold the ethical bearing upon all forms and fashions of society of the incidents chosen by the Almighty for our spiritual instruction. Would it not be wise, in a second edition, to mark the pronunciation of the proper names?

New York: Benziger Bros. Price, $1.50.

Catechism of Christian Doctrine. By Rev. Joseph Deharbe, S.J. New Edition.

This is a new edition of an old favorite, especially prepared for use in the Parish schools of the United States by a Jesuit Father. The value of this catechism is attested by the universal approval it has received from Bishops and Priests. It is clear, logical and simple. We should like, however, to see added a full explanation, with examples suited to a child's grasp of the supernatural life. Mey's *Vollstandige Katechesen* is excellent in this respect. So little is practically known about man's supernatural destiny, that we all feel the need of bringing this fundamental truth home to our people as early in life as possible. Why not, by means of apt illustrations, begin with the children?

New York: Pustet & Co. Price, 25 cents.

The Dangers of Spiritualism. By a Member of the Society for Psychical Research.

The world of spirits has a strange fascination for the human mind. From earliest times men have been prone to an excessive craving for communication with the invisible world, and there have never been wanting those who pandered to this unreasonable curiosity. In modern times the number of fortune tellers, clairvoyants, dream-interpreters, astrologers and spiritists has increased to such an extent as to make it necessary for all clear-headed people to speak with no uncertain phrase about the foolishness and danger, not to say impiety, of these practices. With regard to *spiritism*, in particular, while there is much jugglery and chicanery among its professed advocates, nevertheless, it is impossible to deny many of the marvels attributed to some of their famous mediums, without rejecting altogether the reliability of human testimony. The dangers, both physical and moral, incurred in searching after this unlawful knowledge, are many and serious. The value of a book which portrays these dangers is consequently apparent, especially when it has received, as the present volume, the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis. The author gives well-attested examples of the sad results which attend the experimental investigation of occult phenomena, and the perusal of this work will bring knowledge to many, profit to all. Should not the title be: "The Dangers of Spiritism?" There is a wide difference between Spiritualism and Spiritism.

B. Herder, St. Louis. 75 cents.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco. A. M. Robertson. 1902.

It is pleasant to travel in spirit with Mr. Stoddard. He has the rare gift of vivid description combined with historical knowledge, so that the places and buildings mentioned stand out in clear outline, while the setting of the past produces upon the mind an ineffaceable impression. This was the charm of his excellent sketch of Molokai, and we trace the same deftness in this latest book, "In the Footprints of the Padres." We are thus enabled to travel reverently over the ground hallowed by the brave Franciscans who planted the

cross and brought to civilization the Indian tribes of the Pacific slope. The illustrations enhance still further the attractive text and make the volume a delightful companion for moments of quiet joy and of restful reflection. ,

San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1902. Price, $1.50.

Find the Church. By the Rev. William Poland, S.J.

This pamphlet is a synoptic statement of the points of doctrine involved in the questions: "Where does the name 'Church of Christ' belong? and 'How shall we get the doctrines taught by Christ?'" Though brief, the treatment is thorough, and hence the brochure contains, in a nutshell, the necessary information on these fundamental discussions. It will be found useful for distribution among earnest inquirers after truth.

B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, 5 cents; 100 copies, $4.00.

The Convents of Great Britain. By Francesca M. Steele.

This is a most useful and instructive book. Wonderful beyond expression has been the development of the religious life during recent years in England, and there has long been felt the want of a work giving the number and the leading characteristics of the varied religious congregations. How often the priest or the layman has to meet questions concerning the origin and numbers of certain communities, and how often does he not find himself utterly unable to give satisfactory replies! Miss Steele has provided us with a veritable mine of information upon these topics, so that no questioner need in future be sent away unsatisfied. The book will also serve another purpose. It frequently happens that persons who feel themselves called to the religious life, are unable to decide which particular congregation they should enter. In doubts of this nature, Miss Steele's book will be eminently serviceable, describing, as it does, with fullness and authority, the aim and character of each institution. More than ninety varieties of female orders are described in this interesting book. The diversity of costume is very striking.

Thus, for example, the habit of a choir nun of the Canonesses Regular of the Lateran is of white cloth, over which a white linen rochet is always worn, and in choir or high feasts in summer a surplice of white lawn is worn over the rochet. In winter, a black mantle lined with white is added to the rochet.

The habit of the Sisters of the Assumption is violet; a white cross is worked on the breast of the habit; the veil is white; the girdle is violet with violet tassels; for great ceremonies a white cloak with a purple cross on the shoulder is added to the habit.

The habit of the Bernardines is of white woolen material; the scapular, cincture and veil are black; the guimpe is of white linen; a long white cowl is worn in choir.

It is decidedly interesting to study the many phases of religious activity and the strange workings of the Spirit of God, as revealed to us in these brief sketches.

B. Herder, St. Louis. $2.00.

Mary, our Mother. By L. B. Palladino, S.J.

The aim of this excellent pamphlet from the pen of the veteran missionary, Father Palladino, is to establish the proposition that our blessed Lord intended by the worlds: "Woman, behold thy son," and "Son, behold thy mother," to place the same relation between our Lady and every human creature which he thereby placed between the Blessed Virgin and St. John. In this, the author follows the teachings of the Fathers, especially of St. Augustine and of St. Bernard, who insist, in their writings, with great force upon the spiritual motherhood of Our Lady. The theme is one of interest and of spiritual profit to all the faithful, and we can truthfully say that Fr. Palladino has given us the best treatment of this subject which we have in the English language. Several May addresses could be built upon the material gathered so sedulously by the author. The brochure is a welcome addition to our department of ascetic literature.

B. Herder, St. Louis. 15 cents.

"It was the Indian summer of the year 1760. The Moon of Beavers, from a slender crescent, shining above the roseate sunset clouds, and the amber-tinted waters of Lake Erie, had, like the fabled bow of the Heaven-born Huron hunter, waxed strongly, sending its silver arrows deep into the heart of the forest, and bidding the wilderness give up dark secrets as unto the light of day." With these happily chosen words, promising welcome change of environment, Miss Crowley diverts thought from the present, and carries it

back, a willing captive, to Old Detroit, and to the scenes attending the surrender of the fort to the English, the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the siege of Detroit by the Indians under his command. "The Heroine of the Strait" is a story of love, adventure and war, based on the events recorded in the historic documents found in the attic of the old St. Aubin house, in Detroit, nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

"Larron, who is the most beautiful demoiselle of Le Detroit?" asked the young Scotchman, Sterling, as the English took possession of the fort. And Larron replied, "Ah, monsieur, it is without a doubt Mademoiselle Angélique Cuillerier, the niece of Monsieur de Bellestre."

And thus the romance begins, threading its way daintily through a maze of adventures skilfully handled, to the "Conquest in Surrender," when the masterful Scot is rewarded for his rather strenuous wooing of the charming French maiden.

The author of "A Daughter of New France" shows much skill in character sketching, and in this second story of Old Detroit, she introduces a goodly company, fair women, dusky warriors, brave soldiers and adventurers, and a noble son of the Church, the Jesuit, Father Pierre Potier, who ruled the Huron mission, and to whom the hearts of the French and Indians were as a printed page.

Much might be said of the thrilling events, the social happenings, the incidents grave and gay that enter into the composition of this story, but to do so would be to lessen the pleasure of anticipation. It is kinder, having enjoyed the treat ourselves, to merely call attention to this latest work of one of our Catholic writers, and then leave the reader to the genuine enjoyment of a romance that is good in every sense of the word.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston. $1.50.

In kindly spirit Mr. Joe Lincoln has studied former acquaintances at Cape Cod, and now gives the results to the public in "Cape Cod Ballads." There are few of these simple ballads that will not waken a response in the hearts of readers, for many of his subjects are common to many parts of America. Thus "The Old Daguerreotypes," "The Old Carryall," "The Sunday School Picnic," "The Story-Book Boy," and "The School Committee Man" are not by any means characteristic of the Cape alone. Of homely reflections and wholesome philosophy there is a generous store laid up in this little book, and they are almost as restful as the glimpses of meadow roads, blue sky, and rippling sea that it affords.

The study in sepia that forms a part of the cover design, with its background of soft buff, is in itself tempting to the tired eyes of the dweller in cities.

Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. $1.25.

A bright story for young readers is "Corinne's Vow," by Mary T. Waggaman. Corinne, a sweet young girl, just graduated from a convent school, has a frivolous stepmother and a madcap little sister, and is suddenly forced into the responsible position of acting for both of them. Mrs. Meridith, though an invalid, insists upon attending a ball given by the officers of a visiting battleship. Accompanied by Corinne and Margie, she enters with zest into the festivities, but is taken violently ill and carried home in a dying condition. Corinne's grief and anxiety are intensified by the news that her father has been lost at sea, but she resolutely puts aside all thoughts of self and seeks to comfort the dying mother. Selfish to the last, Mrs. Meridith compels Corinne to vow that no other love shall ever interfere with her devotion to Margery until she commits the child to a guardianship closer and dearer than her own. The mother dies, and Corinne, mindful of her vow, sends away her gallant sailor lover, and with her charge seeks a home with friends in Laroche, a mountain town. Here Margery has many novel adventures, ending in a dangerous escapade that places her and a boy friend in the hands of a band of smugglers. How they escape and how Corinne is freed from her vow make exciting reading. Of course everything comes out all right in the end, as every pleasing story should.

Benziger Bros., New York. $1.25.

"The First Irish in Illinois," an address delivered by P. T. Barry, at the third annual convention of the Illinois State Historical Society, has been published in pamphlet form. The author had managed to condense in sixteen pages much valuable information relative to the important part taken by the Irish element in the exploring, settling and development of the great West.

Only a lukewarm Catholic can read with indifference "A Chapter of Errors in Appleton's Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas," a reprint of the article entitled "Poisoning The Wells," published in "The Sacred Heart Messenger." The reverend editor of the Messenger is making a determined effort to secure the revision of the Cyclopædia and to suppress the sale of the present edition, on the grounds that "throughout this work the religion and accomplishments of Catholics are ignored, depreciated, misrepresented; and that Protestantism is invariably recognized, magnified and represented to its best advantage even at the expense of truth. Moreover, for this partiality, some of the leading editors are clearly responsible." The Messenger cites numerous instances to prove the truth of its charges and says that others might be added in abundance to show that an anti-Catholic animus pervades the Cyclopædia. The majority of Catholics are sufficiently enlightened to readily detect both the errors and the animus; the object of the Messenger is to protect "the Protestants, and the vast number of our fellow citizens who profess no religion, who are utterly ignorant of the belief and practice of Catholics, who have no means of discovering either, and who in but too many cases are deceived by such teachers as we have just heard speak."

One quotation will suffice to show the character of much of the information imparted in this work. We are told that "The worship of the Virgin Mary has gradually increased from early days until it forms the distinctive feature of the modern Roman Catholic church." And again. "Idolatry" is illustrated by the statement that "the object of veneration is commonly some barbarously adorned rural image, or one absolutely hideous, e. g., the jet black Virgin of Altotting."

It is plainly the duty of every intelligent Catholic to co-operate with Father Wynne, and, as a first step, he should possess himself of a copy of the "Chapter of Errors." To facilitate the distribution of this pamphlet, Father Wynne offers to send free copies to the chief newspapers and publishers, for the public and private libraries, for prominent educators, and for the officials, councils and chapters of prominent Catholic societies of men and women, reading circles, sodalities, etc. Once in possession of the proofs the Messenger sets forth, there is no fear that the Catholic reader will refuse to speak the word of protest that will help to force the withdrawal of the Cyclopædia from sale until properly revised.

In 1901, Dartmouth College celebrated in an elaborate manner the centennial of the graduation of Daniel Webster. A feature of the occasion was the "Webster Centennial Oration," by Mr. Samuel W. McCall. This address has been given permanent form in a neatly bound volume from the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass. 80 cents.

"The Origin and Causes of the Chinese Crisis," by Rev. J. Freri, D. C. L., puts before the public many enlightening facts gleaned from the revelations of diplomats, the correspondence from China, and the letters of Catholic missionaries.

The author has this reassuring word to say relative to present conditions: "We are informed that the Christian missions are fast recovering from their losses. The blood of martyrs and the sublime attitude of Catholics face to face with death or spoliation are already producing fruit, and every day some new members are entered in the roll of catechumens, while Christians and pagans are living in perfect harmony."

At the end of May, 1898, the United States and Great Britain agreed to appoint an Anglo-American Joint High Commission to consider and arrange upon a basis, more favorable to both sides, such important problems as the regulations of the North Atlantic fisheries, commercial reciprocity, and the Behring sea fishery question. Soon after a statement was presented for the first time by the British government developing the fact that a difference of views existed concerning the meaning of the Alaska frontier. For the information of those interested in the discussion of this question, Mr. Thomas Willing Balch has prepared a compilation of facts which he gives to the public in a book of forty-five pages, "The Alaska-Canadian Frontier."

Allan, Lane and Scott, Philadelphia, Pa.

Clarence J. Selby, a young man, deaf, dumb and blind, has created for himself an ideal world, glimpses into which he gives his readers in his book, "Echoes from the Rainbow City." The author uses his own pin point type. Mr. Selby

was educated at the Le Coutleux Institute, Buffalo, where he studied for ten years, and his ambition is to support himself by his pen. It is to be hoped that the little volume of verse will meet the appreciation it deserves, not only for the elevating thoughts it expresses, but also as an encouragement to the author, of whom Bishop Muldoon says: "His immense energy, perseverance and patience are lessons to all who are careless with the gifts of which he is deprived."

Traveler's Bureau, Chicago, Ill.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has just published in pamphlet form the masterly study on "The Prospects of Catholicism" contributed by Rev. William Barry, D.D., to a leading English Review. Dr. Barry has partly rewritten the article for the Truth Society and adapted it for the American reader. It is a brilliant review of the religious forces of Christendom.

5 cents per copy.

A little handbook that will be found very useful in visiting historic spots in New England is "Lexington," by Fred S. Piper. It contains an account of the battle of Lexington, Paul Revere's narrative of his famous ride, a sketch of the town and the places of historic interest, inscriptions on all historic tablets, directory, map, and numerous illustrations, well executed. The little book is equally fitted to serve as a guide or as a pleasing souvenir of a trip to this historic town.

Lexington Publishing Co. 25 cents.

Vespers, No. 3, in D, for solo, quartette, and chorus, with organ accompaniment by Paolo Giorza, has been brought out by the Theodore Presses, Phila., and will no doubt be much appreciated by choir directors and music teachers. $1.00.

Among the notable books of the season is a handsome edition of "The Man Without a Country," brought out by the Outlook Company by special arrangement with Little, Brown & Co., the publishers of Dr. Hale's collected works. This new edition is limited to 2,080 copies, and is published in honor of the author's eightieth birthday. It is in every respect a worthy tribute to the patriotic American, whose purpose in writing this book, thirty-seven years ago, was to teach young Americans "what it is to have a Country, what is the duty which they owe to that Country, and how central that duty is among all the duties of their lives." The popularity of "The Man Without a Country" was immediately established. "I was glad to find," says the author, in the preface to this Birthday edition, "when the story was published, that this moral was appreciated. I have many letters, which I prize highly, from persons who were before strangers to me, who read it in dreary watches at sea, or by the light of camp fires on shore, when they were risking their lives for the country which had the right to claim their service, and which did not assert that right in vain."

This appreciation continues to the present day. During the Spanish war the sales of this book were larger than those of the year after its publication. This story of Philip Nolan, narrating his terrible mistake and life-long expiation will interest and instruct as long as men's hearts are stirred by love of country.

The Outlook Company, New York. $1.00.

A brief biography of St. Rita of Cascia, the Saint of Impossible Things, has been prepared by the Rev. Charles Ferina, D.D. The pamphlet also contains the litany of St. Rita and a prayer invoking her aid.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Is it complimentary to a Catholic priest to have his sermon reported as "broad and unsectarian"? I saw such statement recently made of a sermon preached on an important occasion.

A. The reporter may have intended his words to be complimentary. But when non-Catholics speak or write of Catholics as broad or unsectarian, the Catholics who hear or read, as well as the Catholics spoken or written about, can but smile and pity. A Catholic priest in his sermons seeks only to speak the truth. And as he has at his command the treasures of inexhaustible truth, as he speaks in the name, and by the authority of that Church which is "the pillar and the groundwork of truth," he will, while following the teachings of his Church, speak the words of truth which come from Christ and lead to Christ, who is the Truth. Now, the whole deposit of revealed truth is entrusted to the Catholic Church. Those outside the Church have portions of truth: some more, same less. If these hear a Catholic sermon, naturally they will hear some things in which they believe. If the sermon deals with a subject on which all right-minded people in the world are of one idea, as the existence and unity of God, they will find that while the manner of presentation may be new to them, the fundamental thought is one familiar to them all their lives. Some inconsiderate listeners then call the preacher "broad and unsectarian." He said what they were ready to agree to. They themselves are broad and unsectarian, you know, though they may be as narrow and bigoted as the A. P. A.'s. Right is whatever fits in with their notions. If the preacher had announced that "outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation," all the explanations in the world would not satisfy prejudiced hearers that the preacher was not narrow and sectarian. And yet he would be preaching the broad doctrine of truth. To the Unitarian, the preaching of the Trinity is narrow and sectarian, as is the preaching of an everlasting hell to the Universalist. The more prejudiced you are, the more narrow is your opponent. "Broad and unsectarian" are meaningless words. They are words of insult. A Catholic priest preaches the truth, God's truth, as God has revealed it to men for their salvation. He is not flattered or complimented by the views of ignorant scribes. He is no broader or narrower than his doctrine. And that is the doctrine of Christ's Church, of Christ's Apostles, of the Christ Himself, the Saviour and Judge of all men.

Q. If a penitent had not received a penance, was he justified in going to Holy Communion?

A. Certainly. Even if he had serious sins before his confession, these have been forgiven by absolution joined to his own sorrow. There is no obstacle to a good communion. That the confessor and the penitent failed to notice about the penance should be treated the same as a sin forgotten during confession. Mention about the omission of the penance at the next confession.

Q. If after confession a sin is remembered, must one go back at once?

A. Generally speaking, it will do to tell the sin at the next confession.

Q. What were the ceremonies of marriage before it was made a sacrament?

A. As marriage was made a sacrament by Christ, and, as through all the Christian ages, beginning with the days of the Apostles, baptised persons in marrying always received the sacrament, this question would apply to ceremonies before the establishment of Christ's Church. It would be too much beyond our space to write in detail about such ceremonies. Suffice it to say that different peoples acted differently. The Jews had elaborate marriage preparations and ceremonials. The Romans, too, had some definite custom, especially in the days after Rome became securely established. But the wild and barbarian peoples gave little heed to ceremony, when capture or purchase gave them a title to a wife. Yet, it may be said that among them too, there were customs observed, when possible, in the giving away, and in the taking of the bride. In our own ceremonial there is likely to be something more or less local or according to the genius of the people. Here in the United States, the ceremonies followed have been indicated by the bishops of the country assembled in council. The expression of the mutual acceptance of the man and woman is the essential point. But for the sake of uniform discipline certain formulas and words are used by the priest.

Q. What is meant by the Christian Era?

A. An abbot of Scythia, Dionysius, writing at Rome early in the sixth century, computed that Jesus Christ was born in the year of Rome 754, and proposed that events should be dated from the Incarnation. This era soon came into use at Rome. Other countries took to it by degrees. In his Ecclesiastical History, Venerable (now Saint) Bede used it, and so gave a special help to its general diffusion. Today, it is considered to be a little inaccurate. According to Josephus, Herod the Great died in the year of Rome, 750, and our Saviour was born some time before this. So to remedy the inaccuracy, the death of our Lord is dated A.D. 29, instead of A.D. 33. The Christian era was not adopted in all parts of Spain until the 14th and in Portugal until the 15th century. The modern Jews compute from the creation of the world, which they date at 3761 years before our computation of the Christian era. The revolutionists of France at the close of the 18th century tried to impress upon the imagination of men the beginning of their republic, by slaughtering eleven hundred prisoners in the jails of Paris, and by calling the time the year one of the new period of universal fraternity. The Christian era is certainly most convenient, dating all things either before or after the birth of Christ.

I would like to have some information about the Bible among Catholics. I sometimes find it necessary to talk with my Protestant friends on this subject.

Q. Did the Reformation introduce the Bible among the people, or was it known and read by the people before the Reformation?

A. Martin Luther's revolt against the Catholic Church did not begin until the year 1517. Before that time, there were published, and with Rome's approval, more than half a hundred editions of the Bible in different languages. In 1290, a complete English translation of the Scriptures was made; in 1478, a French version was published at Paris and Lyons, and had 16 editions. In 1466 a German translation was printed at Leipsic, and about 20 other translations into German antedated the revolt of Luther; in 1471, a translation of the Bible into Italian was published by the wish of the Holy See. This ran through eight editions before the Reformation. Many other versions had preceded this one in Italy. In 1487 the people of Spain had the bible in their own language, and this version had the express approbation of the Inquisition. Certainly, these translations and their publication prove the reading of the Bible by the people. The Bible is less read today and less known by Catholics than it was in the days before the Reformation. An eminent Scripture scholar, Father Maas, S. J., says: "without pretence to mathematical accuracy, one might maintain that before the introduction of printing one half of all reading was devoted to Holy Writ. If the proportion between the time given to Holy Scripture and the time spent in other literature had remained unchanged after the introduction of printing, the editions of the Bible would have to be multiplied at the rate of our daily papers, our magazines and our popular novels."

Q. What restriction has the Church put upon the reading of the Bible?

A. The restrictions of the Church do not pertain at all to the original texts or to the Latin Vulgate version, but even as regards the vernacular, there was no general restriction until the year 1574. Some words of the Pontiffs granted as restrictions prior to that date refer either to the liturgy or to the danger for ignorant persons to misunderstand the Holy Book. Some diocesan synods, as that of Toulouse, in 1229, of Tarragona, in 1233, and of Oxford, in 1408, enacted restrictive decrees, owing to local circumstances. But these held only for the people of their respective jurisdictions, were only of local value. March 24, 1574, is the date for the first universal restriction. The Reformation is responsible, having destroyed all reverence and common sense in the use of the Sacred Scriptures. The Church was obliged to save the people from the mutilated and irresponsible editions and translations put forth. Catholics are at present amenable, according to the rules of the Index of January 26, 1897, to these two conditions: they can read in the vernacular only Bibles having the approbation of the Holy See, or those approved by the Ordinary and containing explanatory notes taken from reputable Catholic writers.

THE APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO ST. BERNARD.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

A SUMMER DAY.

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVIII. AUGUST, 1902. No. 2

THREE SUMMER SONGS.

BY F. M. CAPES.

I. (Of Nature.)

ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT.

Low the swallow flies!
Is he weather-wise?
What! this sunny afternoon—
Will it all be gone so soon:—
Gold of meadow, blue of hill,
Sparkling flash on dancing rill;
Gleam of light on stately trees,
Sighing zephyr's mellow breeze?
May this cloudless curtain o'er me
Change to mantle dark and stormy?
Dullness drear for color bright,
Moaning gale for breezes light,
Hills washed out by gath'ring rain,
Streamlet flooding all the plain;
Grey for gold, and black for blue:—
Can the swallow tell me true?
Threat'ning grow the skies:—
O Swallow, weather-wise!

II. (Of the Heart.)

IN AN ORCHARD.

"Bird in the apple-tree,
Singing a song to me!
What say you to me, O summer bird?"
"A message I from your Love have heard."

"My Love is sailing over the sea,
Bird in the apple-tree!"

"What said he to you when he fared away,
Maid of a summer day?"

"He said:—'Good-bye, my Love—be true!
I shall come back to you':—
But he never comes—'tis a weary while!"
"Maid, look over the stile!"

She turned—he sprang—"What said he to me,
Bird in the apple-tree?"

"How can I tell, when I flew away,
Maid of a summer day?"

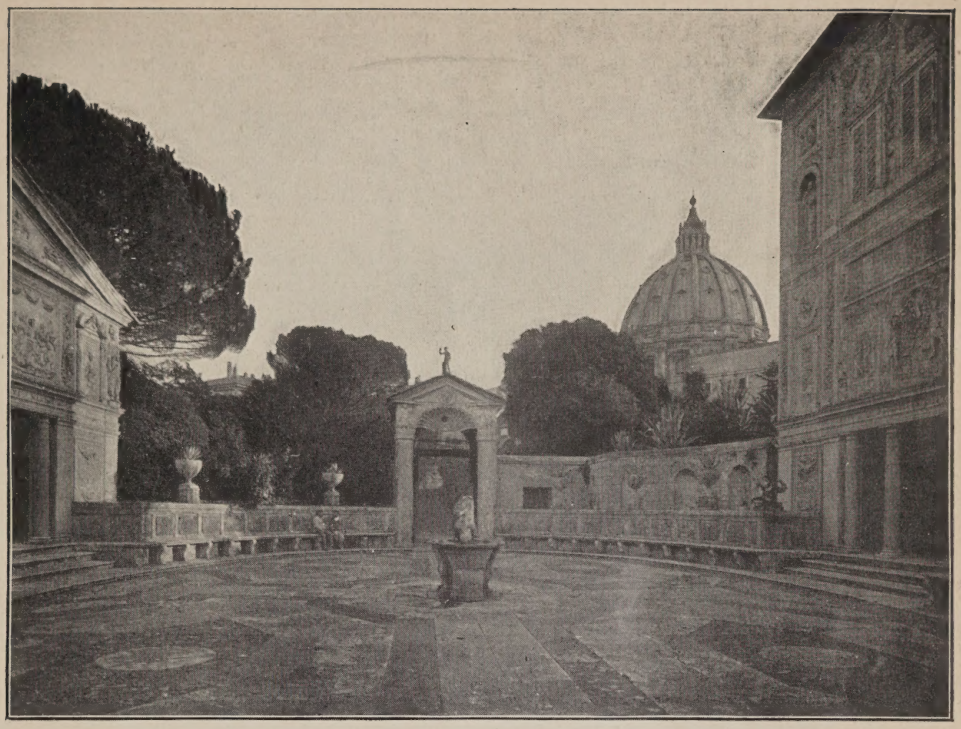
III. (Of the Soul.)

THREE MOMENTS.

I walked thro' the meadow: I saw the rich color
That flooded the fields at decline of the day;
I let my heart bathe in the glow of the sunset—
And trouble and turmoil were lightened away.

I opened my window—I looked o'er the valley:
I saw the moon-shadows as blackly they lay;
I heard the brook flowing—the water-fall rushing—
And trouble and turmoil were softened away.

I knelt at God's altar and opened my burden,
At dawn, as He dwelt there and led me to pray;
I told Him my sorrow, my sin, and my weakness—
And trouble and turmoil were hallowed away.



THE TERRACE AND RENAISSANCE VILLA OF POPE PIUS IV.

THE PLEASURE GROUND OF A CLOISTERED PONTIFF.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

In the shadow of the Dome which broods in eternal symmetry over the city of the ages there lies a stately pleasure ground;—a garden-kingdom of woods and groves where Nature has vanquished Art's perfection, and scattered the laurels of victory around her rival's feet.

The highest praise that can be given to this old-world pleasaunce is to say that it is worthy of its surroundings. Few of the world's gardens, beautiful and famous though they might be, could encompass the precincts of St. Peter's and the Vatican without suffering the contrast, the mighty weight of art and associations. But in this papal pleasure-ground no discordant note breaks the harmony. Turning from the æsthetic delight of masterpieces such as the "Apollo Belvedere" and the "Antinous," or even from the perfection of architectural form raised on high by one of the mightiest intellects of earth, the eye rests gladly, willingly, and with the realization of the completion of a picture, on the fair panorama of wooded gardens so full of classic beauty. The "Vatican Gardens" (most mistaken appellation for a veritable summer domain) are usually a "terra incognita" to strangers in

CARRIAGE DRIVE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS SHOWING THE RENAISSANCE VILLA, GARDENS AND ST. PETER'S DOME.

Rome, for few seem to care to visit them, under the impression perhaps that mere gardens are beneath the dignity of a serious student of Roman antiquities. How often one hears people saying that they cannot afford to waste time over gardens in Rome, and yet if more time were wasted in this way the beauty of the real Rome would be better known and valued. Moreover the time must be well-chosen; a long leisurely morning, when the air is full of the unspeakable fragrance of Italian spring-time, is none too long to give in its entirety to this most picturesque of pleasure-grounds.

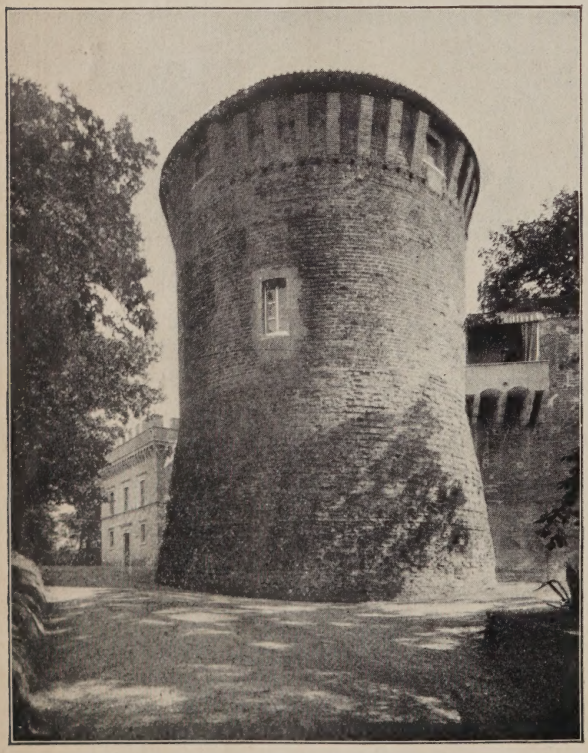
It is closed from the outer world by the high wall of the Vatican and the great iron gateways leading to the sculpture gallery. Looking through these iron portals one sees but a glimpse of the domain within (but that glimpse is enough to make the outsider long to penetrate the portals), a long, broad sweep of carriage drive stretching away to a vista of wooded slope, a terrace-parapet enclosing a carpet-garden, a grove of dark-leaved orange trees whose fruit droops heavily in golden profusion, bees humming, birds singing, a scent of flowers in the air, and a glory of sunshine pervading it all. No human footsteps sound on the graveled pathways, where only a few sleek cats (counterparts of the small mummy cats in the Egyptian museum above) stretch themselves lazily to worship the "Sun-God." Who can explain that subtle fascination of gazing into a closed and deserted garden within

whose fastnesses beauties and mysteries untold seem to lie in wait beckoning alluringly as the wind stirs gently through the trees? Still more then on this threshold of the garden of a cloistered pontiff does the sense of the unknown and mysterious grow upon the imagination. When one thinks of the great personality which dominates this peaceful kingdom, spending here so many hours of a life whose influence is felt all over the world, interest doubly quickens.

As the massive gates swing slowly backward to admit us as privileged visitors we feel that we are indeed favored. For this is the gateway through which His Holiness usually

LEO XIII IN THE VATICAN GARDENS. [HIS HOLINESS' LATEST PORTRAIT.]

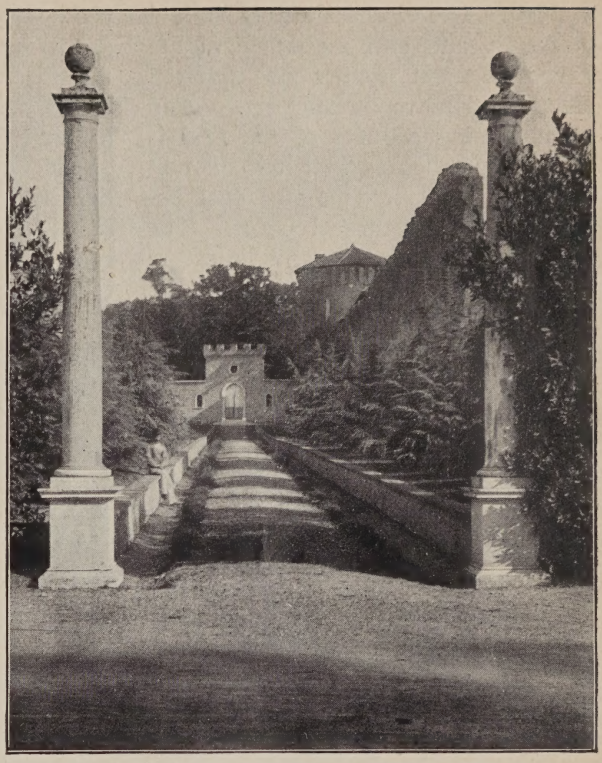
passes. From his private apartments in the Vatican the Pope is carried in his sedan-chair to this gateway, where his carriage is in waiting to drive him to the Villa on the heights of the "bosco" (wood). Not realizing their extent and picturing them always as a circumscribed space it is invariably one of the mysteries to strangers in Rome that the Pope can drive in the Vatican gardens. A morning spent in wandering through them convinces us that for an aged, or even an elderly, person a carriage is an absolute necessity to traverse this smallest of exterritorial dominions. In former days strangers were easily admitted to the Vatican gardens, but, as so often happens in the case of generously-granted favors, the privilege was abused. It seems that on a certain occasion, many years ago, a couple of enterprising French pilgrims, whose pious curiosity overstepped the limits of discretion and good taste, conceived the idea of gaining a surreptitious view of Leo XIII. With infinite precaution they managed to hide until the Holy Father appeared in the gardens, then suddenly emerged and knelt before the Pope for his blessing. Needless to say the shock to the nerves of the venerable Pontiff was excessive, and for some time visitors were denied access to the Vatican gardens. At present (except on the occasions of privileged pilgrimages) one must apply for special permission to visit them from the papal master of the household.



TOWER OF LEO IV. THE TWO-STORY VILLA BUILT AGAINST IT IS THE SUMMER HOME OF LEO XIII.

Once inside the charmed precincts, and free to wander unmolested among their beauties, one instinctively lingers at the very entrance, struck by the first view—a view so comprehensively beautiful that it seems to embrace a wide-spreading landscape in itself. Yet this is only a small part of the Vatican gardens, less used than any other at the present day, but perhaps possessing more of artistic value and less of woodland charm than all the rest. It is the portion of the gardens owing its origin to the Renaissance, and the exquisite perfection marking that period stands out in every detail

of its design. Standing, as it does, a considerable depth below the present level of the Vatican grounds, and enclosed except on one side by terrace-walls, we can look down on this Renaissance garden as on a stately picture of olden times. Amid carefully laid out perspectives of carpet-gardens in the old Italian style (where the Coat-of-Arms of Leo XIII is emblazoned in flower-beds), and reached by winding paths along which trees, shrubs and flowers bloom in soft luxuriance, stands a beautiful villa, a little gem of Renaissance architecture. On one side, as the ground rises in abrupt ascent, stretch the wooded slopes of the Vatican hill — a forest of tender green—on the other the grey stone mass of the Vatican palace. A dark-hued pine tree in the middle distance accentuates the background against which this garden-picture is ingeniously arranged to stand out—the faultless circle of St. Peter's Dome.



TOWER AND WALL OF POPE LEO IV. AND VIEW OF ONE OF THE SUMMER HOUSES.

The exquisite little summer residence, built in the pontificate of Pope Pius IV., in 1560, and called after him the "Villa Pia," has no pretensions to ape the simplicity of a rustic abode. It is no woodland chalet where happily state could be forgotten for a time, but always a regal residence, small in dimensions, but a finished study of architecture upon whose lines a palace might be built. The art of the Renaissance never stooped to simplicity. Even its summer villas were little palaces upon which the greatest artists and architects poured a wealth of decoration, and this pontifical villa is considered to be the finest work of the architect, Pirro Ligorio. It is like entering an enchanted kingdom of silence when one descends the winding paths to find oneself before the villa on a stone terrace like an amphitheatre. Bas-relief decorations of wreaths, garlands, and sea-shells decorate the walls, great stone vases are placed on the parapets, and a classic fountain plays gently, the whole scene like an old Greek idyl of grace and indefinable charm.

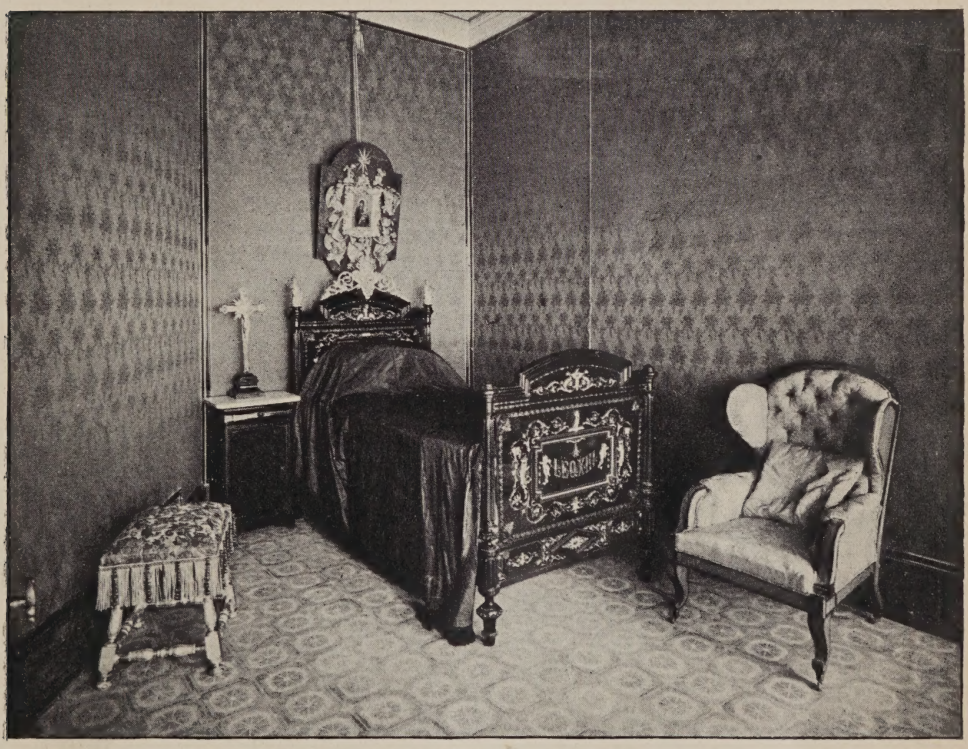
But the silence of the spot is op-

pressive. The closed shutters, bolted doorways, and entire absence of life and movement render its deserted beauty still more melancholy. The overwhelming sadness of the past is upon it, so much so that it is difficult to realize that the villa was ever occupied by the pontifical court. The best that religion, art and literature could offer was assembled here; the sovereign Pontiff gave audiences here; and cardinals, prelates and courtiers paced these green alleys or lingered on the terraces, while grave discussions alternated with classical, poetical, and literary meetings to which genius brought its highest tributes. Now those who peopled it have passed into history, and their survival, this classical palace, seems altogether remote and unsuited to our utilitarian age. Picturesqueness is less thought of nowadays than suitability, and the low-lying situation of the "Villa Pia" would alone suffice to render it in our eyes altogether undesirable as a place of residence, especially in summer heat, when the pure air of a higher site is a desideratum.

ROUND RECEPTION HALL IN TOWER OF LEO IV. CEILING FRESCOED WITH CONSTELLATIONS.

The kingdom of art is very near to the kingdom of nature in the Vatican gardens. One short step across the carriage-drive, through an opening in the ilex-hedge, leads straight from the villa gardens into a wilderness of woods, where it seems as if a transformation scene had been enacted. No trace remains of the Renaissance villa.

Even the opening through which we entered seems lost in this mass of green luxuriance. The blinding heat of a summer sun can never penetrate the thick canopy of oaks, ilex, and pines, and the sunlight flickering through the leaves casts gold traceries on the mossy pathways and the undergrowth of ferns and brackens. Violets, cyclamen, and orchids bloom in untops goes on unchecked. These songsters are privileged in a land where singing birds are universally and wantonly massacred, the nightingales of the Vatican gardens being famous for the sweetness of their note. Could the heart of man desire a fairer kingdom than these gardens covering the slopes of the Vatican hill? Little wonder that Leo XIII even in ex-



BEDROOM OF POPE LEO XIII. IN HIS SUMMER VILLA.

touched profusion, their perfume heavy on the air, and in the atmosphere of woodland peace one might be miles away from the city. Strange, however, that in Nature's stillness there is nothing of melancholy or desolation as in the deserted villa. Life, color and fragrance charm alike and the concert of birds in the tree-

treme old age is a poet still of the pure and beautiful!

As we emerge from the deep shade of the woods, out on the summit of the open hillside, another of the lightning-like changes of this marvelous garden of transformations awaits us, a great "Round Tower," set in massive walls, looming up sentinel-like on the

threshold of the pontifical precincts. The Vatican hill is a hill of epochs, and within the limits of these gardens the ancient, the mediæval, the Renaissance, and the modern meet and mingle, prevented from clashing by nature's sylvan harmonies. Everyone has heard of the "Leonine city," that tiny principality stretching from the castle of Sant' Angelo to St. Peter's and the Vatican, around which Pope St. Leo IV raised a boundary wall which stands today. Now quite as truly could the pastoral pleasure-ground of the Vatican be called the "Leonine gardens" for among all the Pontiffs the "Leos" have been its greatest patrons. Here on the heights of the bosco, Pope Leo IV, in the ninth century, built this ponderous watch tower to guard the safety of the Vatican. Stern, like the ages that produced it, it stands frowning down in grim disapproval upon the little Renaissance domain, where another Leo in another age (Pope Leo X in the XVIth century) held court with Medicean splendor, spreading around him the classic atmosphere in which the times rejoiced. Nearly half a century later was built the beautiful little villa we saw at the entrance. After this, though many Pontiffs enjoyed their leisure in these grateful shades, there came a lapse in the annals of these historic gardens till the Leo of the present day, the first cloistered Pontiff, came with his gracious and gentle presence. Many think it can be no hardship to an aged student, a

A DELIGHTFUL CORNER IN THE POPE'S GARDEN.

long dweller in cities, and one of the most constantly occupied men on earth, to live the cloistered life of a Roman Pontiff of the present day. But Leo XIII is a keen lover of nature. His birthplace and early home was among the mountains, and those who have loved the "Universal Mother" early cling to her with an allegiance which only death can sever.

Through the exigencies of modern history the papal "villegiatura" at "Castle Gandolfo," on the shores of the Alban Lake, is no longer available to the Pope as a summer abode, so when the fierce heat rendered change of air a necessity His Holiness made his summer home in the Vatican gardens, building for himself, to replace the low-lying Renaissance palace, a tiny unpretentious villa upon which the smallest of modern money magnates would look askance. It is engrafted upon the solid masonry of the Tower of Leo IV, the tower itself, with its walls of cyclopean thickness, being pressed into service as one of the rooms of the modern villa.

The summer abode of a Sovereign Pontiff! It seems to convey an idea of pomp and state and almost regal magnificence of surroundings. Yet nothing could be further from the reality of this small white stone residence with its battlemented walls, a cottage in dimensions, of conventual simplicity and unadorned almost to bareness. In fact only the inscription "Leo XIII, P.M.," and the year of its erection carved over the doorway, together with the Pope's coat-of-arms on a raised stone shield, convince the disappointed stranger in search of a palace that this is indeed the papal villa. Its position, however, is singularly beautiful, on the highest point of the Vatican hill, thoroughly open and unsurrounded by trees which (no matter how picturesque and shady) would prevent the free access of air. A plantation of vineyards (the Holy Father's especial delight and care) clothe the hillside slopes, and beyond them lies St. Peter's, a panoramic glimpse of the domes and spires of the city, and the grand sweep of the Janiculum hill outlined against the wide horizon.

As one lingers for a while on the rustic bench on the terrace, gazing with interest at the villa lying in the sunshine, it seems the wisest choice possible to have placed it here, where the wind blows in fresh from the open tracts of country and the sea-coast. To a younger person, perhaps, a position so exposed might have its drawbacks, but the aged love the sun. It acts on them as a tonic and a stimulant. As Leo XIII states, he has always been his own physician, and the sunshine of his terrace-garden after the vast and splendid apartments of the Vatican has probably done more towards the phenomenal longevity of the Pontiff than would any of the doctors' prescriptions His Holiness has promptly thrown away. Finished in 1891 by Count Francesco Vespignani, the papal architect, and according to the Pope's own ideas, the "Leonine villa" is by no means a triumph of architectural beauty. Nevertheless, if not strictly speaking beautiful, the small abode is thoroughly utilitarian, and built with a view to the comfort of an aged resident, and the suitability of a purely summer residence. It is only two stories in height, the upper reached by perhaps the most miniature elevator in the world, and contains the smallest number of apartments compatible with

pontifical state, including small reception rooms, the Pope's bedroom, study and oratory, and the quarters for his immediate attendants. The apartments reserved for the use of the Pope are built immediately into the "Torre Leonina," and even the rays of an August sun are powerless to penetrate the thickness of its wall.

Inside, as out, the furnishing and fittings of the villa are of a rigid simplicity. The Pope's bedroom is almost a cell, and the study makes few more concessions to modern Sybaritism—a writing table, a few chairs and very little decoration on the walls forming its sole furniture. Leo XIII has never disguised his contempt for every form of luxury and effeminacy. His apartments in the Vatican palace itself are of the simplest, and in this tiny villa, whose erection has been one of the pleasurable relaxations of his old age, His Holiness has freely exercised his own strong individuality and simplicity of taste. The luxury of the literary culture of the Renaissance never appealed to one of the most classical-minded of the Roman Pontiffs. The widespread view from these windows, and the Fathers, poets, and philosophers, in whose society he has dwelt so gladly in his rare hours of leisure, have kept him better company than an art and literature whose every tendency is to over-indulgence. Some of his best inspirations come to Pope Leo in these congenial surroundings, where much of his purely classic verse has been written. But the head of the Universal Church, even during his summer "villegiatura," can never for a moment cast aside the work of the pontificate. The daily business of the Church must be as regularly attended to in these sylvan solitudes as in the Vatican, and only a few short hours of the busy day are given to rest and leisure. Here in his study, the Pope's daily important interview with Cardinal Rampolla, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, took place, as also the audiences with cardinals, ambassadors and other personages. Here, too, though on a lesser scale, all the state of a pontifical court is observed, and brilliantly striking were the figures who thronged the little modern villa, making it historic and picturesque in spite of itself.

I shall never forget the one perfect view I had of the Pope in the Vatican gardens. As a picture of supreme interest, life and color it could not be surpassed. When I shut my eyes I seem to see it still, a photograph in colors, which will always be a lasting souvenir of one of the most memorable of Pontiffs. It was on a sunny October morning, about three years ago. I formed one of a party of four who made the ascent of St. Peter's Dome. When we reached the outside gallery around the lantern, the papal pleasure ground lay spread out beneath us. We had swept our field glasses over every portion of the mighty landscape, of city, campagna, sea, and mountains, for in the clear October atmosphere Rome and its surroundings formed an Eternal City of beauty which no view on earth could rival. But again and again the eye returned to the gardens below us, drawn there as if by some magnetic attraction. We did not know that the Pope was in "villegiatura" on that day. The little villa seemed deserted and it came with all the delight of an unexpected surprise when the door suddenly opened, and the "Palafrenieri" (chair-bearers), gorgeously clad in crimson

brocade, appeared, carrying the sedan-chair. Then came a quick flash of arms in the sunlight as two officers of the Noble Guard emerged and took their places on either side of the entrance, at attention. An instant later soldiers and chair-bearers bent the knee as the small doorway was glorified by a presence which needs no architectural background to render it impressive, a slender bowed figure, with the kindly smile of the aged on that face which has magnetized the most indifferent. I have heard people say sometimes in St. Peter's (those who are impressed in spite of themselves and would fain resist the inclination) that much of the impressiveness of a Pontiff comes from his surroundings. Then let them see Leo XIII, without the gorgeous environments and vestments, in his simple daily life, and they must confess they were mistaken. It is the personality and not the environment.

His Holiness was clad in his white soutane and sash, but the scarlet cloak, usually flung lightly over his shoulders, indoors, fell in heavy folds almost to his feet. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed scarlet hat. He paused a moment on the threshold looking long and appreciatively around the fair autumn landscape. Then gently motioning the chair-bearers away, Leo XIII, attended by two Noble Guards, walked with a characteristic rapidity of motion across the terrace and down the central avenue by the vine-groves. He seemed to be conversing pleasantly with his "entourage," now turning to one or the other, now pausing to rest on his stick or closely examine some of the vines. At the end of one of the long avenues is a rustic seat, and here His Holiness with the assistance of his chamberlain (Monsignor Merry del Val) seated himself to rest, and to enjoy the sweet scents and sounds of his garden home. The Guard withdrew a little distance, and the Pope became deeply absorbed in conversation. Not for long, however, could he enjoy his leisure. Soon there came a stir about the villa entrance. The Swiss Guards saluted, and the imposing figure of a white-haired Cardinal in rich red robes passed through the archway, attended by a gentleman-in-waiting, and proceeded down the avenue to the rustic bench which for a moment formed the pontifical throne. The entrance of the Cardinal added the last touch of color needed to complete this idylic garden scene. We could have lingered there as if fascinated, but other visitors were thronging up the dome, and one is not permitted to stay long, on account of the narrow stairway. After one more look from the giddy height, when we saw some nuns being conducted through the archway to an audience, we reluctantly turned to go, more than repaid for the tiring ascent by that glimpse of the Pope's villegiatura life so unexpectedly vouchsafed us. Few strangers secure the privilege of seeing His Holiness in the gardens, so we were proportionately glad of the opportunity. Some little time after this one of the "Monsignori" in attendance on the Pope told His Holiness that a party of Americans had been singularly delighted by seeing him from the dome. "Bene, Benissimo!" said the Sovereign Pontiff, "We are glad they saw Us; for then they saw for themselves that the Pope is well!" For just at that time when the Pope was "in villegiatura" the usual ridiculous

canards concerning the prostration and weakness of His Holiness were flying persistently about Rome. In fact those rumors flourish most when Leo XIII is feeling especially strong and active.

On another occasion on one of his strolls in the gardens His Holiness happening to look towards the dome perceived a number of visitors looking down from the great height. Turning, with one of his swift characteristic movements, to the chamberlain in attendance, the Pope observed gravely, yet with a twinkle in his eye, "Monsignore, how will they be able to put in the evening papers tonight that the Pope is dying, with all this evidence to the contrary?" Of late, however, the continued good-health of the Holy Father has daunted even the most stout-hearted of sensational reporters and newsmongers, and they are fain to confess that in this, his pontifical jubilee year, Leo XIII,—in spite of his ninety-three years and almost daily audience - giving, — is phenomenally well.

But our pilgrimage through the papal pleasure ground is not yet finished. The view of the Pope from the dome of St. Peter's is only a digression. After leaving the immediate precincts of the villa one follows the long carriage avenue running parallel with the wall of Pope Leo IV. Soft borders of well-kept turf surround it on either side, and trees, shrubs, and bushes are planted in great variety. Gardeners are constantly at work on the gardens and vineyards, and in his leisure moments Leo XIII is an interested observer of his vines and flowers, with a keen eye to detect any needed improvements in their culture. He has a dislike to seeing his choicest flowers picked, preferring to enjoy their scent and beauty as they grow. No one is quicker than he to notice when this wish is transgressed, so the gardeners are not encouraged to give away rare blooms as souvenirs. Half way down the carriage avenue a cage of gorgeous parrots from Brazil, gifts to His Holiness on his episcopal jubilee, were formerly kept, but at present they appear to have died off, and only one solitary blue-and-gold Brazilian exile remains. An aged, toothless gardener seems to have constituted himself its personal attendant, and when visitors pass invites the parrot to "salutare le Signore" (salute the ladies and gentlemen). The archaic bird replies by looking at one comprehensively, then moves his head slowly up and down in a perfunctory and uninterested manner which makes one suspect that the bent of his mind towards the eternal stranger is not only pitying but slightly cynical.

At the turn of the avenue a fresh vista of vineyards (arranged according to the most modern methods of viniculture) meets the eye, while a short distance further on a little summer house is placed on an outlying corner of the hill. Several of these summer houses are placed at intervals throughout the Vatican gardens, and are used by the Holy Father as resting places when he feels fatigued after his short stroll, or desires an hour's retirement in which to read or write. One of these, just behind the Leonine villa, is especially interesting. Like all the appointments of the Vatican villegiatura it is studiedly simple, but the beauty of the tiny building lies in the graceful suitability of its decorations. The roof is frescoed to depict the blue sky, and the wall frescoes rep-

resent the trellis-work of a vine-covered arbor. Peacocks, birds-of-paradise, and all birds of gorgeous plumage, poise on the painted branches or fly in and out of the trellis-work, while almost life-like butterflies hover here and there over this daintily-fantastic conceit of the artist's mind. To crown it all, through the open doorway, comes a glimpse of the vineyards and the green luxuriance of the summer kingdom beyond. His Holiness has an especial predilection for this summer house, frequently writing and composing in it, and sometimes even ordering his frugal mid-day repast to be brought to him here.

One of the most interesting landmarks in the gardens, the "Specola Vaticana," or "Vatican Observatory," is situated at the end of the vineyards. This little scientific realm, where Padre Sais, the learned Oratorian astronomer and successor of the famous Padre Secchi, holds peaceful sway, is a circular building like the Tower of Leo IV, only with a raised roof, white and glazed. Inside it is supplied with every latest scientific improvement. All the instruments are of the most modern, beginning with the large telescope, which is a particularly valuable instrument. It has always been the aim and desire of Leo XIII to keep well abreast with the times in every branch of learning and science. Indeed one of his great interests, and a cause of great satisfaction to him, has been the high standard of excellence attained and kept by the Vatican Observatory. Another modern feature of the gardens, inaugurated under the reign of the present Pontiff, are the electric light offices. The grand old Eagle fountain with its splendid flow of water feeds the electric plant supplying St. Peter's and the Vatican with light. Nothing is allowed to remain grim or stern in this pastoral kingdom. The base of the Observatory tower is boldly invaded by a glory of banksia roses and jasmine, and on the other side of the roadway the old Leonine boundary wall, with its slits for archers, is clothed with ivy and creepers.

An archway adjoining the Observatory leads to a new phase of the papal pleasure ground, the purely pastoral and domestic, for here a varied collection of animals have their home; all of them presents to His Holiness on his different jubilees. Most beautiful and graceful of these dumb friends and dependents are the herd of small deer, mild-eyed and gentle, that come racing down the slopes to gaze doubtfully at the stranger. Only the boldest of the herd venture near enough to thrust their soft noses through the wire netting of the enclosure to beg daintily in the plainest possible animal language for "just a handful of freshly-gathered grass and clover." The slightest movement startles these timid creatures, and in an instant they are gone, fleetly as the wind, back to the farthest fastnesses of their domain, from which no grassy wiles can lure them. There is nothing left but to proceed to the next enclosure, where a long-legged ostrich family share spacious quarters with a magnificent pelican. This venerable bird with much self-consequence struts to the front and assumes the honors of host to all visitors, without the least regard for his imposing companions, who standing coyly and almost apologetically in the background crane their thin necks for possible pieces of bread. The attendant, if there are ladies in the party,

usually offers an ostrich-feather as a souvenir of the gardens. Now if one is of an arithmetical turn of mind and begins to calculate how many feathers are given away in a year to visitors the result gives a surprising deficit of feathers, the wonder being that the ostriches still possess so much of their soft downy coats of grey.

Some curious gifts have been offered to the Holy Father at various times, the most startling being a couple of lion-cubs, which naturally could not be accepted, unsuited as they were to the peace and quiet of this retired domain. The collection of poultry in the Vatican gardens is almost equal to a small exhibition in itself, the feathered aristocrats occupying a quiet elliptical enclosure shut off by a grove of trees inside whose fairy circle quaint old world pigeon houses stand around like grandfather's clocks. The fowls are frankly and interestedly friendly, the first crumb thrown them producing scrambling, pushing crowds of rare prize birds, their manners contrasting strongly, with their splendid plumage and dignified appearance. Carrier-pigeons, snowy turtle doves, and soft-hued ring doves flit about in the trees above or nestle in the doorways of their houses. Their gentle cooing and the plashing of a tiny fountain near render the spot very peaceful. But restfulness is the predominating note of these gardens. The Holy Father is wonderfully proud of his poultry farm and in former days paid frequent visits to it. All the eggs used at the pontifical table were supplied exclusively from it.

Just after passing this spot two roads diverge, the higher leading up again to the Leonine villa, the other skirting the back of the woods and passing close by the boundary wall of the Vatican. From the low broad parapet there is a splendid view, across the strangely named "Valle dell 'Inferno" which divides the Vatican hill from picturesque "Monte Maria" to the far stretches of the Northern Campagna and the winding silver ribbon of the Tiber. As the road turns in again towards the Vatican it is lost in the shady depths of an ilex grove. The contrast with the sunlit splendor outside is startling and solemn. It is as if one had chanced upon some forest temple, where the outer world dare not venture, reserved for meditation and prayer. In one of the green avenues a tiny shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes appears, embowered in a niche of green. Leo XIII always had an especial predilection for this little woodland oratory and when he was able to take more exercise in his summer domain often paid visits to it, to spend a few moments in prayer. Of late, however, as an appropriate memorial of the Holy Father's special devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, the simple shrine of the Vatican gardens has been replaced by a life-like representation of the grotto, presented to Leo XIII by Catholics all over the world. The new shrine is erected in an exquisite spot in close proximity to the Leonine villa, so that the Pope can conveniently visit it. In the perfection of its architecture this latest addition to the Vatican gardens is certainly one of the most striking features, a perfect fac-simile of the miraculous Pyrenean grotto, even to the "Piscina," fed by a stream of water trickling musically over the rocks. The solemn opening of the shrine took place on June 1st of this year, when Leo XIII accompanied by his court,

paid a special visit to the gardens in order to bless the newly-erected grotto. It was a memorable scene at which only a few visitors were privileged to assist that sunny June morning. The Pope, stoled and vested, descended from the pontifical throne erected opposite the grotto, and proceeded with his own hands to bless the shrine. The venerable figure of the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by the splendid robes of bishops, prelates, soldiers and chamberlains, contrasted picturesquely with the soft background of summer green. No sight could have furnished better inspiration for an artist,—the deep cloudlessly-blue sky above, the trees waving softly in the breeze, and the group of that brilliant court silently watching with absorbed interest every motion of the aged Pope.

But to return to our morning stroll through the papal pleasure ground. After leaving the shades of the ilex grove it is a surprise to find oneself near the entrance of the gardens once more, and to see, framed in an opening of the hedge, that splendid view which first claimed the eye on entering the Vatican domain. Reluctantly one turns from it all, at last, when the mid-day cannon booms out from "St. Angelo," as if in warning that all poor mortals must leave the realms of Arcady to resume the fret and fever of the outer world. It has been a glimpse into a domain of peace which kings might envy, where Mother Nature stretches wide the sceptre of her charm, and these hours spent among its wooded cloisters cast a new light of personal interest on the daily life of the Pope.

Only the increasing feebleness of age has kept the aged Pontiff from indulging still more frequently in the rural pleasures which formed his only relaxation. He no longer makes long sojourns in the modest yet well-beloved "villegiatura" lying so close to his palace gates. A drive, a short stroll among the vines, and a few hours' recreation in the little white villa, have been the extent of recent papal visits to this summer home. By his presence Leo XIII seems to have made the papal pleasure ground singularly his own. Outside the Vatican it is all that remains to him of the pontifical domains and, like everything that interests him, it bears the impress of his strong personality. Every visitor who has wandered through the beauties of these gardens and felt their charm must surely hope and pray that the day may be still far distant when the mantle of the pontificate shall have fallen upon other shoulders and the "Leonine gardens" be tenanted by another Pontiff.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF LITTLE PATRICK.

A MIDSUMMER DAY SPELL.

BY THE LATE ETHNA CARBERY.

Mairgread Magennis lifted her foot from the rocker of the cradle and the purring noise that had filled the kitchen sank softly into silence. Outside the village children were at play, and sounds of gay laughter and merry badinage reached her ears, where she sat brooding alone with her grief.

The merriment jarred upon her painfully, now that her cruel sorrow cried out for sympathy.

How long a time ago it seemed since her own little Patrick, her one baby, had leaped and crowed in her arms; Now he, or something that wore his face and form, lay there on the pillow, white and rigid, and her heart was tortured with the agony of a pain past the skill of human healing, the pain a mother knows when the child she has borne in suffering is gathered from her bosom for the Garden of God.

Was it only yesterday that the kind neighbors had decked the table in the window with wild rose blossoms from the lane and lighted the blessed candles on each side of the crucifix? Only yesterday that gentle hands had dressed her little boy in the narrow linen robe, which clung to the tiny, cold limbs, and laid him in his wicker cradle—only yesterday, and it seemed an age to her bewildered brain. She remembered how she had interrupted passionately their words of comforting, and snatching the dead baby to her breast cried out that he slept and must not be awakened; that he would open his blue eyes presently to his mother's kiss, as he had done each morning of his one brief year. Then, still holding him, she had swept the roses from their vases and crushed them into the fire, pressing the green stems and tinted petals deeper and deeper in a gush of uncontrollable anger.

They had watched her as she blew out the candles and tore the white drapery from the cradle, had knelt beside her, praying in their soft Gaelic that resignation might come like a holy balm to her afflicted soul; but she gave no heed to their prayers or counselings.

At intervals throughout the day and night following, they had returned to offer her food and homely needful services, and she had frowned impatiently, begging them to leave her in peace. Even when Garry had pressed her head against his shoulder in the tender way she used to love, showering kisses on the pale cheeks upon which his own tears fell, she had withdrawn abruptly from his embrace, clasping the baby still closer, until its bright curls were hidden under the dark folds of her shawl.

For hours she had sat thus silent beside the fire. When Garry spoke she started and gazed at him with stony eyes that did not understand. Then he grew afraid, and taking the child from her arms, in spite of her protests, laid it back upon its pillow.

"You can rock him better in his own little bed, Mairgread, love," he

whispered; "see how nice and smooth the cradle moves. 'Tis a sweet, soft place to sleep in, isn't it, a gradh?"

A fleeting smile crossed her pale lips as she placed her foot upon the rocker and began, very softly, to hum a slumber song. The sunlight was flooding the kitchen now, and a ray slanted across until it touched the golden head of little Patrick. Garry bent over his wife.

"See, a-chuisle, 'tis like the crown he is wearing in Heaven this minute. Think of that—our little lamb an angel of glory up above—and take comfort to yourself; won't you now, my girleen?"

"Hush, Hush! you'll waken him," Mairgread whispered, warily. "He has slept badly these last nights, and is tired with the dreadful convulsions. The poor little man, but he's cold. Weren't they cruel to tell me he is dead, Garry?" lifting her face with its pitiful questioning smile. "You'd never have believed it of Marie, and Rose, and Bridheen, now would you?"

"Ah, but a-chuisle, I'm afraid 'tis only too true, God help us."

"Hush, now," said Mairgread. "Your voice is too loud; let the child sleep."

Sleep soft, my treasure, in the night
Your mother's arms shall hold you tight;
Your mother's breast shall be a nest
For my own dear baby.
Sho-heen sho-lo, Lul-la-lo.

Then Garry stole out quietly with the measurements for the tiny coffin, leaving his wife still sitting by the cradle and crooning her low sweet song.

Through her monotonous rocking the sound of laughter and hurrying feet on the roadway had penetrated, first awakening indignation at the callousness of the world, then a desire to shut out all the thoughtless stir. She rose to close the open window, when a strange muttering voice sounding nearer at hand arrested her attention.

At first its peculiar tones, with an intense vibration as of suffering or tragedy running through them, puzzled her; then, in a flash, her dazed brain remembered. It was the little fairy woman passing outside in the sunset, on her way to Knocksheega. What evil inspiration prompted Mairgread to start up and call this pariah of the village into her cabin, she did not know, but here she was, standing in the doorway with beckoning finger.

The little woman came slowly over the threshold. She was bent and wrinkled with many years and hardships. If the Good People had really shed their golden store upon her, as was solemnly believed around the countryside, the signs of their generosity were few and far between. Her tattered red cloak had been darned and patched until the ragged rents could not be longer held together; the winsey petticoat was no whit better, and the bare, thorn-torn feet gave evidence of many a weary tramp through briar-grown lanes and muddy ditches. Her old grey head was uncovered, and wet with the last sudden summer shower, but underneath the shaggy brows her deep-set pale blue eyes gleamed coldly and clearly as the waters of a well.

She scented business and profit in this unexpected call, and so her mood was gracious as she addressed Mairgread.

"What is it, ma'am? What can I do for ye the day? Is it a love drink ye want or a cure?"

"Neither," said Mairgread gently, 'neither, good woman. But I need your services, maybe, all the same."

"'Tis my little baby they say is dead—my only little boy," she continued, turning its bright head on the pillow so that the other might see its face. "And I don't believe them, I can't believe them; God never could be so cruel."

"Lay the child down on your lap till I look at it."

Mairgread obeyed, gazing at her visitor with strained eyes, into which a faint hope sprung.

The wise woman stooped above little Patrick, gently touching the chill brow over which the soft curls hung clustering, and taking into her yellow palm the dainty small hand like a waxen rose-leaf. She peered into his face under the heavy white lids that only half-veiled the eyes of forget-me-not blue. Then at length she turned to the mother, watching intently for her fiat of joy or sorrow.

"I can't make it out at all," she cried suddenly and angrily. "I can't know who has got him, whether the Good People or those others—angels you call them, ha! ha! But he's somewhere on Heaven or earth. With Heaven I've nothing to do, but if your child's in Knocksheega, I can tell ye how to find it out. An' I'm tellin' ye because you're the first that has spoken to me friendly for years in this place—an' you're not too friendly, either; only wantin' me to do ye a good turn, an' so you're civil. Well, I'll not hold it agen' ye, poor woman, because I see you're heart-broke for your loss, an' if ye do what I'm goin' to bid ye ye'll maybe discover something to set your mind at ease. But, mark me, ye'll be runnin' a risk, for 'tis dangerous to meddle with the Little People, or look on them at their sports."

"Danger!" Mairgread burst out wildly. "Danger! Sure I'd dare any danger to have my leanbh mo chroidhe back again; ay, any danger in the world!"

"Then listen to me carefully," said the other. "This is Midsummer Day, an' at night they'll all be out for their sports at the Fairy Knowe. All—the Shee King and Queen, an' the lovely little ladies an' gentlemen. An' they'll have the mortal children that they've stolen there as well, spell-bound in the ring, so that no human eye can see them. But the eye I have touched can see both fairies an' children. Lean towards me an' close your eyes."

Mairgread bent her head forward and the wise woman, drawing a small bottle from somewhere about her ragged garments, shook a few drops of thick liquid into the hollow of her left hand. Then, dipping her right forefinger into it she touched Mairgread gently on the eyelids. A pungent odor filled the kitchen, and Mairgread felt a stinging pain under her lashes.

"Open them now, an' look at me," commanded the old woman, "you've got the vision. An' you may beg your saints to be with you this night on your errand.

"Come to the Knowe at full-moon—on the stroke of twelve, an' crouch quietly in the shadow of the thorn trees, and you'll see them distinct at their frolic, an' you'll see the human children, too, playin, inside the ring. If your own is there call him three

times in your Maker's Name an' he'll come to you an' they'll fade away like mist. But if you don't see your child there then he's somewhere else, beyond my power to reach."

"Oh thank you for that hope," cried Mairgread, "thank you a thousand times. I'd go through fire and water to find him again."

"Then follow what I've told you strictly, for if you don't speak the Name first of all, the Shee will capture you an' hold you fast; an' if the boy isn't there don't breathe a word, but wait till the revels are over an' then steal away quietly. Now, I'm goin' an' good luck to you."

When Garry Magennis returned he found Mairgread moving about the kitchen preparing their evening meal, and the dead child lying peacefully in the cradle. It gladdened him inexpressibly in spite of his sorrow to see that the stony glare had left his wife's eyes as she stepped eagerly across the floor to meet him. He had feared for her reason during the unnatural mood of the past day and night.

"That's my good girl," he said fondly, putting his arm round her; "my own good girl that won't grudge our lamb to Heaven."

She laid her head down on his shoulder with a cry of infinite pathos.

"I'm not content nor happy, Garry, just because everybody says 'tis God's will. How could it be God's will to take the one little helpless child we had and put it under the clay? Oh! He remembers how He was once a Baby Himself, and that His Mother would have fretted sorely had He been taken from her arms. No, 'tis the fairies that have harmed us—the fairies of Knocksheega. They've got a crowd of children there, and our own little Patrick among them."

"Och, darlin' dear, what put this notion in your head at all, at all? Mercy save us, but 'tis the wicked fancy to take."

"The fairy woman was going by, talking to herself, as she does, and I called her in, Garry. I don't know what made me do it, but something I never felt before came over me and I was drawn to speak to her and tell her my trouble. She says if I go this night to the Fairy Knowe, and watch them at their sports, I'll know the truth."

"Oh, God forbid, wife dear, that you do such a thing. 'Tis unlucky, so it is, to meddle with the Good People or spy on them, and the saints and everybody holy will turn against you if you go. Kneel a stor, kneel and say your prayers with me, and we'll beg for strength to bear this sorrow. And we will be heard, Mairgread, my heart, we'll be heard and comforted."

She tore herself out of his arms roughly, with querulous complaint:

"That's always the way of it—you never see things as I see them, Garry Magennis. And I'm going tonight whether you come or no. If the salvation of your child is of no account to you, it is to me. I'm his mother, and if it means my death, I'll go and try to save him."

"Well, God help us both, if harm happens, for I'll never let you go alone on such an errand."

"No, no," his wife expostulated; "I'll not draw you into danger, I'll face whatever's before me by myself."

"A-chuisle mo chroidhe! is that all the good you think of me after all these years? Sure I loved you well enough to keep you from danger when we were weeny tots together long ago, and when we grew up and became man and wife did you ever

know my love to fail? Surely not, my poor girleen, and it'll not fail you now, when your heart's broke, and your mind disturbed, and evil things are at work about you."

Mairgread walked over to the cradle, and stood looking steadily on the dead child. Garry knelt on the other side and kissed the little face. His hot tears fell fast on it.

"What are you crying for, Garry? Crying over something that's not ours, nor Heaven's, only a changeling of theirs, that left it here? But, oh! 'tis so like, so like! Little Patrick, my heart's treasure, is it you that's lyin' here, you that I nursed and danced in my arms many's, oh, many's a time? Is it you? Tell me, tell me, somebody, or I'll go mad!"

Her voice rose into a shriek; then, as suddenly, she grew calm again.

"'Tis the fool I am," she said, smiling wanly; "the fool to be forgetting what I'm bound to do. But how can I leave that weeny little cold child lying there all by himself? 'Twould be better to take him to the Knowe, Garry, wouldn't it, so that his own might get him safely back? Just because he's so like. Oh, Mary Mother, keep me this night—he's so like my own little boy that I'd never have left alone in the dark. Fairy or not, I'll carry him there, in the name of God."

She had lifted the baby again, shuddering as she did so from the chill contact. Garry wrapped the heavy cloak round her in silence.

"I'll try and believe that 'tis little Patrick I'm taking on a journey somewhere, Garry, and he sleeping snug and warm under my cloak. We'll start now—'tis late enough. Isn't that ten striking?"

Her husband looked at her sadly. "'Tis an unlucky errand as I told you, Mairgread, and our child above in Heaven will be sorry this night for his mother and father. Think of him, dear, the little white soul sorrowing among the holy angels, and the hot tears of him, maybe, dropping for you and me. 'Tis not right to run into danger of this sort—you've heard before now what happened to those who meddled."

Mairgread vouchsafed no reply, but, opening the door unsteadily, passed out into the shadows. Garry saw her stumble on the uneven stones of the village street, and in a second had his strong arm about her. They walked on without speaking, down the country lanes, bordered by thick thorn hedges, through which the wild rose and bramble clambered in a trail of delicate blossoms. The scent of new-mown hay came heavily on the night air, and the moonbeams flittered down in delicate silver shafts through the branches of the tall beech trees. Garry's sad, dark eyes were bent on the face of his wife with a mixture of passionate love and reproach in their depths.

"How sweet she is," he thought, "how fair and how young—not fit to do such a deed as this that she had set for herself." How happy his home had been since she had come to it in her shy, blushing girlhood but two short years before. And then God had sent them little Patrick—their own little bright-haired boy. He drew in his breath quickly at the thought of Mairgread—this silent, frozen Mairgread, who moved along mechanically by his side—as he had seen her in those blessed days ere death had robbed them of their treasure. In all the village homes

what laugh rang out so gaily as hers, what step so graceful and so bouyant as his wife's when she came to meet him outside the door each evening, with her little son uplifted in her arms for his father's kiss! Oh God, was it only a dream, or did this pain in his heart—half-suffocating at times—give token of an agonizing reality? His brain grew dizzy at the recollection of the many weird tales he had listened to, in his boyhood, of the Shee and their doings on the Fairy Knowe of a midsummer's night, and he trembled. Often and often he had been warned against breaking a single spray from the thorn-tree that bloomed in May-time like a gigantic bouquet in the centre of his father's three-cornered field, because the fairies had planted it there. And wasn't black Shamus O'Rorke a sight to be seen as he limped down the high road with his head twisted round on his body—just as it had remained ever since he had cut down a fairy thorn in his own meadow? But, worst of all, there was Hughie Freel—the daring boaster who went to dig on the Knowe one day, and was found lying palsied in the dusk hours afterwards, trying to mumble out what had befallen him. What good had his bravery done—only left him, that was scarce past thirty, a broken decrepit man by his brother's fireside, a hindrance and an eye-sore to the active family bustling around his chair.

And Mairgread—Garry's pulse leapt faster with fear to realize that his own sweet wife was bent upon a more dangerous enterprise than either of these afflicted examples had undertaken through their foolish bravado. How would she return? God only knew, and God pity them both if the deed brought disaster. He groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit, Mairgread turned her white face to him. Her eyes burned with a feverish flame and her voice was hoarse as she whispered.

"Step softly, softly, Garry, we daren't let them hear us. It is nigh time for them to come, and I must be where I can see them clearly."

She withdrew into the shadow of a group of trees, from whence the open space whereon the fairies held their revels could be distinctly seen.

Her husband stood beside her, nervously expectant. All was peacefulness around them, save for the far-off restlessness of a corncrake. The moon sailed in solemn state through the unclouded dark-blue sky, and its beams turned the leaves they fell upon into glistening silver beauty.

Suddenly Mairgread leaned forward from her hiding-place, and began to murmur in a quick uneven fashion. The cloak hung loosely from her shoulders now, and a ray of light, cutting like a sword through an open space in the dense branches, touched, as if with glory, the dead face of little Patrick.

Garry clasped his wife more tightly, bending his head to listen to her whispered words.

"There they are, such a crowd of them—riding into the ring. Oh, the cute little ladies, so small and so dainty. Well, now, they're no bigger than my finger, some of them. And the little gentlemen with their green coats and red cocked hats. Who could be afraid of them? There, they're going to dance, and choosing partners. Ha! ha! I just thought those two would lead out, they must be King and Queen, for they're the grandest of all. There they go—heel

and toe. Up and down—as light as blow-balls! Oh, but what's that beyond? Mother in Heaven! 'tis the little stolen children. And they're dancing, too—but different. The poor lost darlings. Is that a gold head over there— I can't see right—it is, it is, but no, it isn't mine, thank God! 'Tis redder, and more like Molshie O'Lynn's baby that was taken last year. Oh, look at the little dark one with the big black eyes—that's Catty O'Hara's little Oiney, I do believe. Look, Garry, look," clutching her husband's sleeve wildly, "don't you see them all? Look well! My eyes must be blinded, I think, and I can't get a sight of my own treasure; they move so quickly."

"Darling dear, I can't see anything," whispered Garry.

She did not seem to hear him, but went on:

"Now they're taking hands for a ring of their own. There's not a smile on one of their little faces. Why is that? Such sad little faces! And the music so gay. I could almost dance myself this minute to that beautiful air. Maybe they're missing their mothers, the poor pets, and fretting for them. There, see, the fairies are linked in a wider ring around them, and the children are hopping to the tune more nimbly, but sadder than ever. Ah," her low tones rose in a piercing wail, "I know now what makes them sad. My God, they're expecting their mothers to come and save them."

She fell back against Garry in a quick shock of horror, and but for his sustaining arm would have sunk upon the sward. At that moment the first triumphant cock-crow, tempered by distance, floated on the still night-air from the nearest farm-yard. Mairgread, who, throughout the long watch had never once relaxed her passionate hold of the dead child, straightened herself up again.

"Where have they gone to?" she cried breathlessly. "There's not one left on the Knowe. Well, that's strange, surely. They've melted away like mist. Oh, Garry, Garry, love, what does it mean?"

"It means, my own cailin, that you've been near unholy things this night, and that the Saviour has been merciful and saved you from them."

At the hushed awe in his voice she raised her eyes to his, then, in silence, she looked down at the child. When she lifted her eyes again they were full of tears.

"Oh, have I dreamt it," she cried, "fairywoman and all! I think I must have been mad. Heaven forgive me. My little Patrick is really with God. O my sweet dead lamb," stooping to kiss its cold brow, "pray for your poor mother whose faith has proved itself so weak. But the Virgin knows what a mother's heart must feel. She will say a kind word up above for you and me, my own little boy."

Her tears dropped hotly on the tiny face—the tears that were her salvation. She turned to the big, brave fellow, whose love had been her shield and support in the trial she had passed through.

"It is all over, Garry; let us go back. I shall never vex your kind heart again like this."

Dawn was breaking in piled gold ridges across the grey of the eastern sky, and an early blackbird whistled with aggressive sweetness from a thicket of brambles as they walked down the dewy lanes. When they reached the house, the fading moon-

beams glancing through the four-paned window lay in faint wide squares upon the kitchen floor. Mairgread crossed them on tiptoe and reverently stretched the baby on his couch. Then she lighted, still weeping softly, the blessed candles that stood on the table and drew once more the snowy muslin drapery around the cradle, folding it carefully down the sides so that the little corpse was fully visible. When she had finished her preparations she approached her husband.

"Will you waken the neighbors, Garry, dear, and beg them to keep this watch with me? They will understand. Little Patrick must set out on his last journey before long."

Garry turned on the threshold to look back at her, and his heart swelled within him with thankfulness at the sight. Mairgread's blue eyes, from which the feverish fire had completely vanished, were gazing upwards, and her uplifted hands were clasped in the intensity of her prayer.

"O, Mary Mother, I give you my little child ungrudgingly! Take care of him, I pray. He is very small and young, and the journey is far. He is half of my heart, storin, and you will not forget what it is to lose a Son."

The faint moonlight fell across her now like a benediction, and outside the village roused itself in the glory of a new-born day.

NATURE'S CATHEDRAL.

BY MARY H. CLEVELAND.

"The flowers are silent worshippers; and in the early morning and at night when their fragrance grows so intense 'tis surely the hour of prayer"—

Often in the silver twilight
I have loved to steal away,
Where the flowers hold their "vespers"
In the fading light of day,
Yes, there is a grand Cathedral
Deep within my garden bowers—
And the worshippers there gathered
Form a "Sisterhood of Flowers."
At the entrance stands a Calla
Filled with dew so pure and bright
Surely in this snowy lava
Angels drop glad tears at night.
Lilies ring their bells of silver
In sweet chimes for evening prayer
Whilst the golden lamps of Jessamine
Light up all the perfumed air.

Who is priest? that thoughtful Pansy
In rich purple robes, I know:
And as choristers the Snow-drops
Now are standing in a row.
Here are Lilies of the Valley
Ah, behold the lovely sight,
See their heads devoutly bowing
In the caps so small and white.
Modest children of the Vale,
A little band of nuns they are,
Counting beads of sparkling Dew-drops
Safe from all the world's rude jar.
So in nature's own Cathedral,
In the sombre twilight hours,
I will gladly join thy "vespers,"
Gentle "Sisterhood of Flowers":
Where the Violets are censers
Holding incense rich and rare,
Which an unseen hand is swinging
Ever through the silent air.
Hark, methinks I hear the tinkle
Of that Hyacinth's fragrant bell,
As it stands within the chancel
Near the priest I love so well.
So I bow my head in reverence,
All my thoughts to God are given,
And for one brief passing moment
Seem to taste the joys of Heaven.
I have stood in proud old Minsters,
Where the lamps are made of gold,
Waves of music from the organ
Through the lofty arches rolled,
As the light from painted windows
Kindled glory everywhere,
Richly crowning sad Madonnas,
I have knelt for evening prayer:
Yet have missed the inspiration
Sometimes felt in lonely bower,
When the "Master" softly whispered
"Come and watch with me one hour."
Then as dusky shadows gathered
Like a pall round shrub and tree,
My fair garden in the gloaming
Changed to dark "Gethsemane"—

IN THE PATIO.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS,—EDITOR, AUTHOR, EXPLORER.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

The great West has had a large share in the literary life of the last half century. It has supplied the inspiration of much that is best in the writings of that period. The upbuilding of the vast region beyond the Mississippi has produced a generation of fearless, virile and independent writers, whose works are characteristic of their surroundings. The greatest of them all, if not the greatest living American author, is Charles F. Lummis, the subject of my sketch—the pioneer in a department of historical literature of surpassing interest, a traveler and explorer whose researches have added materially to our knowledge of the Spanish conquerors and of the races they brought under subjection, an editor whose fearless views on all current questions, and particularly on matters pertaining to the settlement of the Indian question, have made his "Lion's Den" the terror of counterfeit philanthropists and sham humanitarians.

Mr. Lummis was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, March 1st, 1859. Educated by his father, a famous educator, who is still living and a professor at Appleton, Wisconsin, he entered Harvard, graduating in the class of '81. In 1882 he went to Ohio, where he edited a paper for a couple of years. In 1884 he made a wonderful journey on foot across the continent, from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, covering 3,507 miles in one hundred and forty-three days. His story of that famous tramp is exceptionally fascinating. In

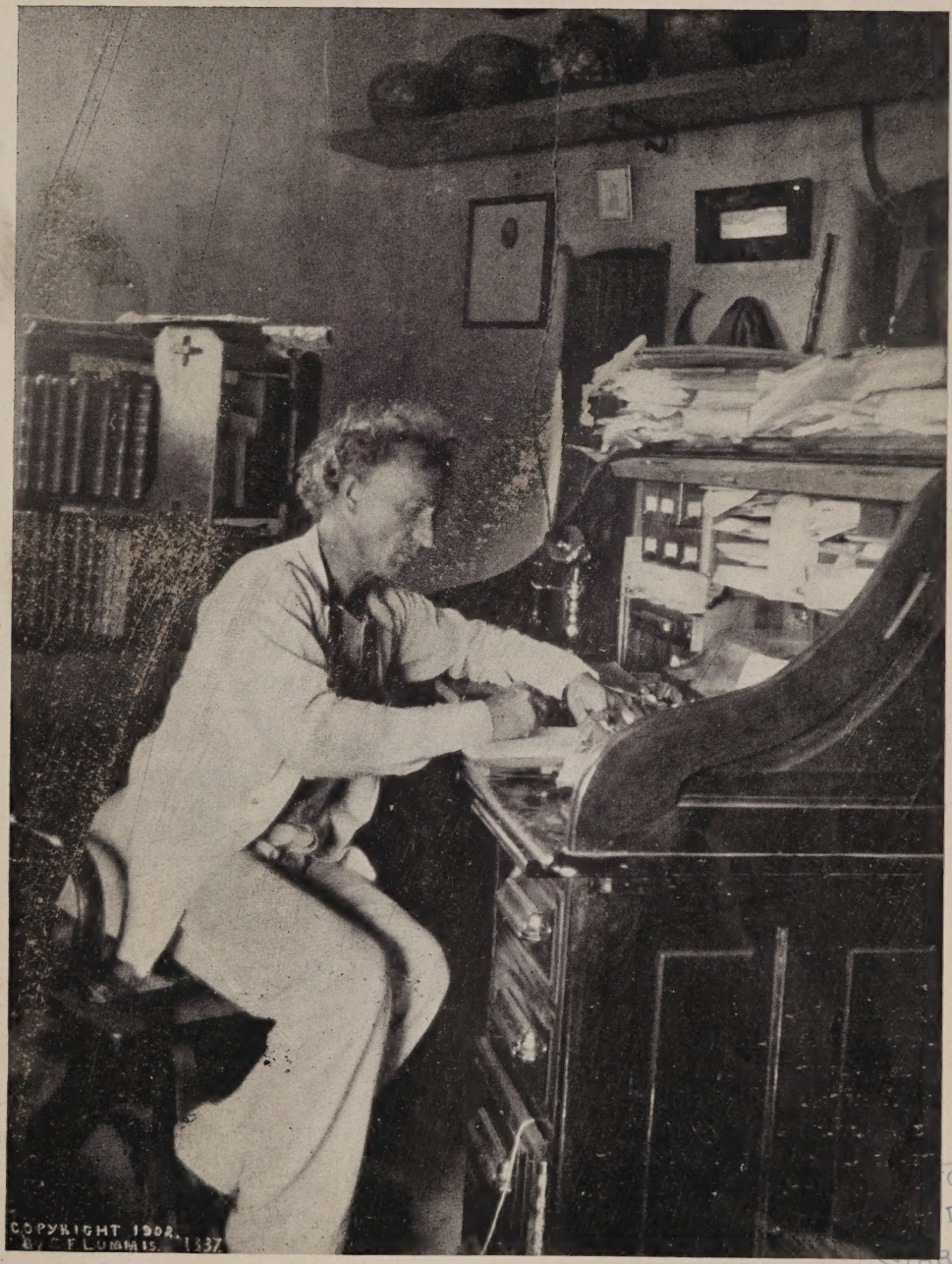
Los Angeles he resumed his newspaper work, becoming one of the owners, and for a while, city editor of the "Times." In 1888 he went to live among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. He dwelt in their pueblos for five years, partook of their hospitality, proved to them that he was their friend, and won their affections as few white men before or since have done. He was one of the only two white men that have ever been initiated into a Pueblo tribe, but, unlike Cushing, the other, he never betrayed, for mercenary purposes, the confidence which the Indians reposed in him.

He is the historian par excellence of this strange people, the strangest nation of aborigines on the American continent. The "Land of Poco Tiempo," "A Modern David," "The Spanish Pioneers," and other works of a similar character have made him a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to Pueblo ethnology.

I know of no books ever written by an American, that contain half the delights of Mr. Lummis' volumes bearing on those subjects. The Spanish Pioneers, "the greatest pioneers which the world ever produced," stand out in a new light, stripped of the obloquy cast upon them by Prescott and the romance historians. The brave Franciscan missionaries who "won this bare, brown land to Christ" at the price of incredible dangers, hardships and sufferings, have found an admirer, a eulogist and a historian, who does them ample justice after the lapse of many generations. And this is not by any means the greatest of Mr. Lummis' contributions to the cause of historic truth. He has aroused the West to the necessity of preserving the landmarks of a European civilization which was almost a century old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. In his own words, he is aiding in producing " a new history of the United States, a real history, and by historians who look beyond the thin fringe of the Atlantic seaboard for their data, who realize that in the Great South-west, the history of the country began."

His labors in behalf of the Indians of the West have been constant and unremitting. Shortly after entering the White House, Mr. Roosevelt summoned him to Washington to consult with him concerning the Indians of Warner's Ranch, the feeble remnant of the once numerous tribe who were ruthlessly driven from their mission homes, when the Mexican politician supplanted the Franciscan missionary.

The Landmarks' Club, organized chiefly to preserve and restore the old mission buildings of California, was founded by him. He taught the people of California, through his magazine, the necessity and duty of preserving those monuments of a brave and successful attempt to uplift the degraded aborigines of the coast. There is not in the world today a group of historic landmarks so picturesque or so full of pathetic interest as the remains of the old missions with their ruined cloisters and beautiful semi-Moorish churches, fast crumbling to decay. In their best days, these mission edifices would have been worthy of any age or any country. Even after a century of neglect and vandalism, they have not lost all traces of that artistic beauty for which the eye looks in vain in many of our modern ecclesiastical structures. Built by a race of savages, under the supervision of a



MR. LUMMIS IN THE DEN.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. LUMMIS' HOME, JAN. 8, 1900, SIXTEEN MONTHS' WORK.

mere handful of missionaries, they are striking evidences of the results attained by the Franciscans amongst the degraded tribes of the Pacific Coast. Their restoration is a task worthy of the support and assistance of every admirer of brave and heroic endeavor.

Besides this, he has founded the Sequoya League, whose purpose is to make better Indians, and better treated Indians. Nothing illustrates the man's character better than his going into the Federal Courts to force the superintendent of a government school and the superintendent of all the government schools, the Reverend Daniel Dorchester, to turn over to their parents Indian children abducted from their homes in order that they might be educated according to the Carlisle ideal.

He has nothing but words of condemnation for the prevailing system of Indian education. To him it is "the refinement of brutality, cruelty and ignorance," a system which snatches children from their homes and forces them to forego their names, their speech, their manners, that broken-down preachers and ancient missionary maidens may experiment upon the young savage at Uncle Sam's expense. "When a man comes to me," he says, "and tells me that a child had better be taught by a politician, who is rewarded by a government place in an Indian school, than by a Sister of Charity, he had better bring his fire escape with him—that's all."

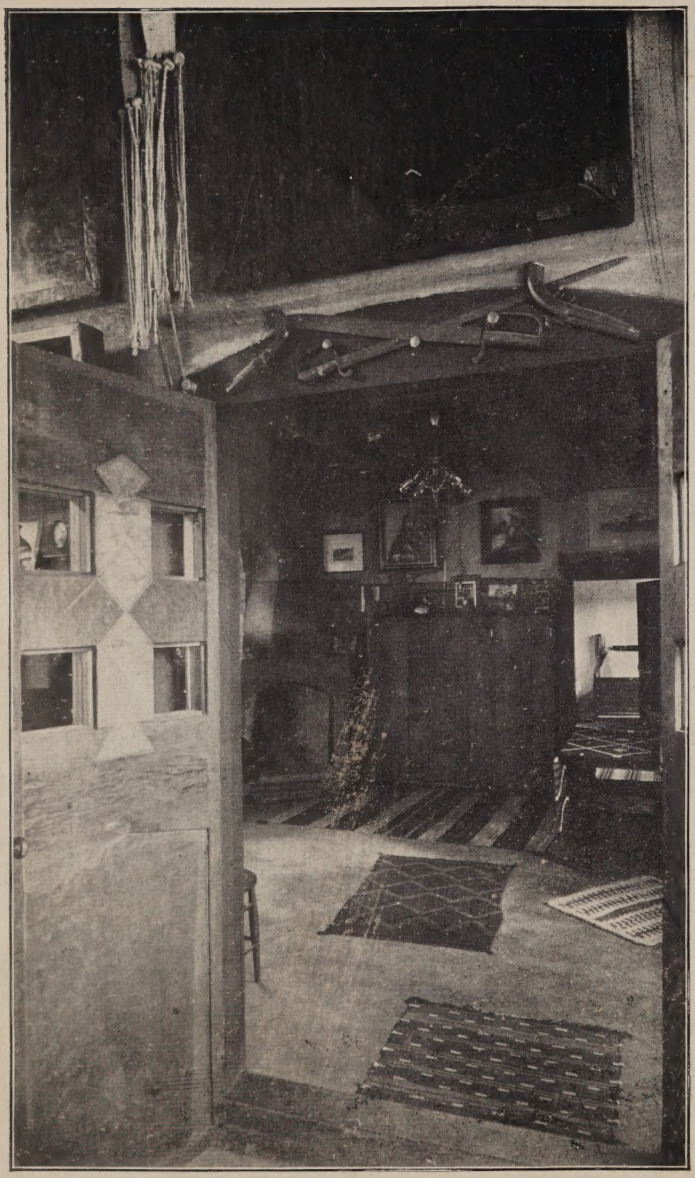
Mr. Lummis' magazine. "Out West," formerly "The Land of Sunshine," is doing a work of incalculable value for the student of American history. For years it has been publishing translations of Spanish documents bearing upon the early colonization of this country. The reports of many governors, officials and missionaries have for the first time been made accessible to many American readers. The editor and translator in every instance is Mr. Lummis himself. As a

result of his researches, many precious documents and manuscripts have been brought to light. At the present time, the diary of the venerable missionary, Padre Junipera Serra, is appearing in serial form. Last year the rare and precious reports of Benavides, printed at Madrid in 1630, appeared in English dress for the first time. When Mr. Lummis has completed his task, the history of North America will have to be rewritten. The blood-thirsty bush-whackers, Indian-killers, and dare-devil Conquistadores of Prescott and the New England school of "Armchair" historians will disappear and in their places we will have a race of soldier pioneers, who inaugurated "the most just, humane and equitable system of treatment of the Indians, ever devised," who appear no longer butchers bent upon the extermination of the native races, but civilizers who meted out to the natives a larger measure of justice than has ever been meted out to natives who fell within the sphere of Anglo-Saxon influence.

In doing this, he is but following in the footsteps of the great Bandelier, whose disciple and co-laborer he has been. Unlike Bandelier, the results of his researches have not been reserved for the learned world. They have been communicated to the world at large and the public has not been slow or sparing of its appreciation.

The strong personality of the man stands out in "The Lion's Den," the editorial pot-pourri in which everything from the heights above to the depths beneath is treated with utmost fearlessness and independence. Under it all, however, there is a love of truth and a reverence for sincerity of con-

FRONT DOOR AND DETAIL OF WALL.



THE ZAGUAN OR ENTRANCE HALL.

viction, a manliness and an acknowledgment of his limitations, which go far towards reconciling us to his occasional severities. Taken altogether, his magazine, at present, occupies a field which older magazines, in their zeal to provide the quick-lunch variety of popular literature, have overlooked and neglected. His success proves that he has understood the American public better than the wise publishers whose magazines, in their craze for the "most popular," have become a species of understudy for the daily newspaper.

"It is," he says, "no rabble-chaser, no tickler, no-all-things-to-all-men; but distinctly a class magazine. It has no illusions that every thoughtful person will approve of all its views; but it has already proved that there are enough of thoughtful people who like it for having a soul of its own."

Mr. Lummis' residence in Los Angeles is unique in the line of homes. Built on the old mission pattern, it bids fair to defy all the ravages of time. The most singular thing in connection with it, is that, in its present imperfectly completed

condition, it has been built entirely by the owner himself. From cellar to garret, everything is the work of his own hands. To him it is a labor of love, a delightful recreation, a form of much needed physical exercise. He is animated at the same time with the desire to build with his own hands an ideal home, one according to the old Mexican type, which he so much admires, which will be enduring and fit to endure, which will be, in a measure, a part of himself — a pleasure and comfort in life and a fitting monument in death. To this end he has gathered in his wanderings many precious specimens of the ancient builder's art, all of which have been made to contribute to its use and adornment. Antique hinges, knobs and locks from pagan temples and ruined Christian shrines, furniture carved by Indians and missionaries, souvenirs of his wanderings mid primitive peoples—all these make it a veritable museum of antiquities.

A BIT OF THE MUSEUM.

Here he labors all day at the work of material building, and here at night, shut off from the world in his "den," he produces that wealth of literary material which has won his well-earned fame in many departments of

literature. Those who know him best, admire him, not so much for the fame which has come to him with the full maturity of years, but for that honesty of purpose, breadth of spirit and love of truth which is characteristic of everything which he has done, whether as editor, artist, author or explorer, and which stands out preëminently in his personal dealings with his fellowmen. His, indeed, is an unique personality.

CAMPANILE, FRONT OF DINING-ROOM WING.

TO BOY BLUE.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Your little horn was heard by Tennyson,
And Lawrence sketched you as you lay asleep,
While in a manner dating from Bo-Peep
Your flocks were seen beyond the close to run.
Ah, nursery Danymede, how soon the sun
Across your haymow let the shadows creep;
How soon the hours, like wayward cows and sheep,
Stole from your side until your youth was done!

Did then some god-like frenzy snatch you high
To far emprise? Or some pure maiden's kiss
Lead you where duty points the paths to bliss?
Or from that hour did childhood's bloom decay
From out your heart?—the vision in your eye—
Save from some mother's memory,—pass away?

FROM THE ASHES OF HOPE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

I.

It was that portion of Kentucky where the long blue-grass fields are broken by rich, gently sloping hills before they join the barren knobs and dreary mountains; and the time was early June. Nature here decks earth right royally for summer's reign:—thick clover in the valleys, lush grass on the slopes and deep leafiness in the woods.

Through this world of green a turnpike threads its white, narrow way; in the opposite direction, flows a wide stream. Near where road and river meet, stands an old mill, its walls grey and weather-beaten, its roof moss-covered.

On this June morning a girl was sitting on the granary floor. At her feet was a pile of yellow corn. The sunlight, which fell from a high, small window, lay upon the grain, and, as she looked on it, through half-closed eyelids, it resembled not a little the gold of which she was thinking.

Down the road moved a black-covered wagon, drawn by a dun horse. Some tin pans and buckets, piled in the front of the vehicle, caught the plenteous sunshine and threw back a flood of harsh light.

On one of the hills was a flock of sheep. Along the summit, by an old rail fence, was a path, over which a row of young walnut trees threw their grateful shadows. Here stood a boy, playing a flute. His hat was on the back of his head, and the face thus left exposed, was beautiful in outline, coloring and expression. The eyes, a shade between black and brown, were set in white, blue in its clearness; but far beyond their physical beauty was the soul which looked out from them. Though people feared that Mark Andrews would never amount to much in the world,—for as far back as the oldest inhabitants of Glen Mary could re-

member the Andrews were an aimless race—yet they loved him, and in their hearts lived the hope that he would make something out of his opportunities. These were not a few. He had fortunately (so they termed it, while the young heart ached for the love it had missed) lost his father, before that parent had had time to mismanage away the remnant of the family estate. The mother had followed the husband within a year, and boy and farm were placed under the care of an unmarried maternal aunt, whose business ability was acknowledged. He would now be well-off when he reached manhood. His wealth he could increase by a wise marriage and industrious application of his talents. That those talents would draw him into politics they secretly wished. It was always the ambition of the people of the Glen to have themselves ably represented in public affairs. The boy's musical inclination disconcerted and displeased them. When his aunt, acting on their advice, would have deprived him of his flute, he quietly but firmly refused to part with it. Being a wise woman, she did not attempt to enforce her authority, for that first resistance gave her a deeper insight into his character. Though its woof might be pliant, she saw the warp was firm. He would do what he wished with his life, and the good woman prayed that he might choose what was right. When within sound of human ears, Mark played human notes; but off in the fields, with only birds and beasts for his audience, divine strains, which had first sung themselves in his soul, would float from the reed-like instrument. Such he played now while the peddler's wagon crept over the white road toward the mill where the girl sat, wishing a kind fairy godmother would turn the corn into gold. As the wagon moved across his line of vision, the music lost its meditative notes. The unrest that lives in all souls began to breathe itself upon the air, but in this expressed longing for another, wider sphere of existence, was something high, heroic. Presently he took the flute from between his lips, and, as his eyes followed the wagon, he said, half-aloud:

"Some day I will go away from here to do good in the world."

The girl, sitting on the granary floor, had little in common with the boy playing his flute on the hill. While not lacking beauty, there was no lofty, spiritualizing force within to refine her face; instead, was the unmistakable indications that a heart, restless, discontented, unhappy, dominated. Like him, she was an orphan and the descendant of a family long associated with this rural district; but there the resemblance ceased. The Lantons had never been the owners of plantations and slaves; they had never risen beyond the occupation of millers. The fortunes of the present Lanton of the Mill were steadily declining. Steam was supplanting the old-time water-power, and no more the long wagons, laden with wheat, lined the road on either side of the weather-worn house, while the great wheels turned and the ancient machinery creaked and groaned as it converted the golden grain into fine white flour. All that now came to the mill was the corn to be turned into meal or hominy, and the poor man's sack of wheat because Lanton's toll was not as heavy as that charged by the mill in the town. The

wife, who had been a beauty in her day and had married when Lanton of the Mill was considered a good match, was inclined to blame her husband for bringing her to poverty. Their children were six in number. Under such conditions, there was little for the orphan child of a spendthrift brother, and that little was grudgingly bestowed. Maid of all work, nurse to the children and assistant to her uncle in the mill, it would appear that Hester Lanton earned her simple food and poor clothes. At least, she thought so, and the expression of this belief was often the starting point of the too-frequent quarrels between her and her uncle's wife.

The fall of steps on the rock walk roused the girl from her vain musings; as she turned her head toward the doorway, a woman, past middle age, entered the granary. She wore a dark print dress and a sun-bonnet of yellow gingham.

"Good mawnin', Hester!" she said. Hester returned the salutation listlessly. The tin peddler woman had no business to transact with the mill and she had disturbed a wonderful day dream. The woman had pushed back her bonnet and as she regarded the girl pity softened the deeply-lined face. "Where's your uncle?" she then asked.

"Gone to town," replied the girl.

The woman advanced and stooping over the pile of grain, lifted a handful, letting it run between her fingers in a golden shower.

"Mista Burroughs co'n, ain't it? I met his nigger down the pike a piece." As she spoke she was looking at the girl. Hester felt her eyes and knew that they observed the trace of tears on her cheeks; but she evinced no concern and replied indifferently to the woman's remarks. Finally, after a silence of a few moments, the woman said:

"Mis' Lanton doesn't treat you none too well, does she, Hester?"

"I didn't say so!" retorted Hester, angrily.

"Everybody else does. Poor child! An' you doin' all the work for 'em at the house an' in the mill, too! It's a schandal, that's what it is! I was talkin' to Miss Sary 'bout it, a bit ago, an' she said she wished she could do something for you. She asked me ef I thought you'd come an' live with her. She needs a gal"—

Hester, with a sob, broke into a passion of tears. The last drop of misery is poured into the cup of a Southern white girl when it is suggested that she shall take a place at domestic service. The speaker paused for a moment, then continued:

"I tole Miss Sary that she'd bettah not mention it to you. None of the Lantons evah went out to service yet. But, Hester, child, what air you goin' to do? Your uncle an' aunt don't want you, now that Sammy's big enough to help in the mill an' Nettie's old enough to take keer of the baby. What's goin' to become of you?"

The thoughts expressed by the woman had never entered the mind of the girl; now, the uncertainty of her future broke upon her like a clap of thunder. It dried her eyes, paled her cheeks and made her spring to her feet.

"I don't know, Mrs. Summers!" she gasped. The woman did not speak. Her silence seemed to add to the intensity of the situation. The girl crouched back on the floor and buried her face in her hands.

"It's awful," then began Mrs. Sum-

mers, "to be fixed as you air: no father, no mother, an' 'em that you served huntin' you off when they don't need you. If I was you, Hester, I'd leave 'em!" Hester lifted her head and stared at the speaker. "I'd leave 'em an' go where nobody'd know me," continued Mrs. Summers. "Then, people wouldn't look down on you, as they do here; an' when you're grown, you'll marry a rich man. You'll be handsome when you're a young lady," she finished.

The light began to creep into Hester's eyes. Here was her dream sketched out by another!

"But where can I go, Mrs. Summers? and whom can I go to?" asked the girl, breathlessly.

"Haven't you got no kinfolks 'cept-in' these?" The girl shook her head in answer to the question. "Well, I feel sorry for you!" commented Mrs. Summers, with a sigh. Another silence fell and Hester's heart began to sink. Then, over the stillness enfolding the old mill, floated the sweet, far-off music of Mark Andrews' flute. Ah! how happy he was! And his aunt wanted her to live with them, as a servant! The blood surged into her pale face, at the thought.

"I reck'n," Mrs. Summers began, "that Miss Sary'll be down soon to see your aunt, an' when I git 'round next time I'll find you at Andrews'."

"I'll not go!" cried the girl, passionately.

"Your aunt'll make you," said Mrs. Summers, and remembering that in their encounter of will powers her aunt was always victor, Hester began to sob violently.

"Hester, child! don't carry on so!" exclaimed the woman, solicitously. "If you don't want to live out at Miss Sary's an' ain't got no other place to go to, why come with me. I'm gettin' too old to peddle, an' am goin' to sell out, an' settle down an' live like other folks. I've got enough money to keep us. If you'll come with me, we'll go where nobody knows us. We'll live in a pretty house, an' I'll send you to school an' make a lady out of you. Will you come with me, Hester?"

The old voice was trembling with emotion and the pink of excitement was on the withered cheeks. The girl stared at her in surprise. Go away with old Mrs. Summers, the peddler woman! It would be as disgraceful as living out with Miss Sarah. Still, in that new life nobody would know that she had been a peddler. They would be rich—

A few minutes later the black wagon was moving quickly down the road, but the girl no longer sat on the granary floor, before the pile of golden corn. She was crouched behind a pile of tinware in the wagon. As she was being thus carried away, she became conscious of the music that was floating down from the hillside, where Mark Andrews stood, playing his flute.

II.

It was October, ten years later. In the village of Latonia all was bustle and excitement, for the fall races were in progress, bringing the semi-annual influx of race horse people to the town, together with their stables and servants. At a large, square house, standing on a level lawn, a number of the better element of this peculiar class were stopping. This family hotel was one of the fixtures of the town, and each season saw the self-same guests

congregated about its hospitable board. Ten years previously the original owner of the place had disposed of it to a strange woman, who, with a little girl about twelve years old, her adopted daughter, as she informed the curious, had taken up her residence in the straggling village. She improved the house, employed more servants, and when the next season's opening brought back its guests, they found that they had been benefited by the hotel changing hands. The girl was bright and attractive, and, as she grew older and her charms increased, she would not have wanted for admirers among the young men of the community; but the glamour of the race-track was upon Hester, and as she sought her society among its followers, was left undisturbed with her choice. No one regretted this development of taste more than Mrs. Summers; but her remonstrances were unavailing, and twice, sorely against her will, she had left her home to the care of the negro servants, while she accompanied the obstinate girl to New Orleans and Chicago. Contemplating the possible future of her adopted daughter, she began to regret that loneliness and sympathy because of her early love for the girl's dead father had induced her to wile Hester from her uncle's home.

Before the house stood the little frame Methodist Church, which Mrs. Summers regularly attended. Formerly Hester had accompanied her; but one Sunday the minister, justly indignant over the conduct of some of its followers who were members of his congregation, condemned the entire profession of gambling on race horses; then, Hester quitted the church and was numbered no more among its worshipers. At the rear of her adopted mother's property stood the Catholic Church, and sometimes, on Sunday mornings, during a lull in the conversation going on about her, she caught the triumphant strains of the Gloria and recalled the music of Mark Andrews' flute.

During the first week of this October, the Methodist minister was taken ill, and another one, lately ordained, was sent to take charge of the Latonia congregation. On account of the illness at the parsonage, it was arranged that he should take his meals at Mrs. Summers' hotel. The Saturday of his arrival, Hester, on returning from the race track, entered the parlor and turned giddy at sight of the man advancing with outstretched hand.

"Hester!"

She saw the green, rolling country, the white road and grey mill; heard the water splashing, and the sweet, far-off music of the flute, as she laid a chilled hand in his, and said, in a faint voice,

"Mark—You?"

In the crimson light that filled the room, they looked at each other, and the girl felt the flush of shame mount to her brow before the sorrow of the man's eyes. He clasped her hand more closely, as he observed that flush, and said,

"I am glad to see you again, Hester! So glad! I often wondered where you were. I often grieved lest some evil had befallen you."

"I did not imagine that my absence would give any one in Glen Mary concern," she said. Her voice was lightly indifferent, and as she spoke, she withdrew her hand and began to unbutton her jacket.

"Your uncle and aunt were griev-

ously concerned," he said, but she interrupted him with a laugh, half mocking, wholly nervous. She could not be like herself under those solemn, beautiful eyes.

"I can believe that, for they were so kind and loving!" she threw in, sarcastically. He passed over the interruption.

"And my aunt was deeply anxious, greatly disappointed," he was beginning, when she, remembering why the gentle Miss Sarah should have experienced those sentiments, turned abruptly and left the room, with all the bitterness and humiliation of her childhood pouring themselves upon her proud nature. By the time the supper bell rang, however, she had regained her composure, and during that meal, she was her own bright, winsome self, notwithstanding Mark Andrews' surprised and sorrowful eyes. Afterwards, he tried to draw her into a conversation, but she eluded him and went for a walk with a man, who, of all Mrs. Summers' guests, was, to the minister the most undesirable as a companion for Hester. He looked for her at services the next day, and, when he failed to see her, sought an interview with her self-appointed guardian. Mrs. Summers' story only served to increase his anxiety for this straying lamb. The dangers surrounding the life she had elected to follow appealed to his priestly sentiments, while the inferior place it gave her in society touched all his manhood. The girl must be saved from herself. She was worth saving. This was God's purpose in sending him here, and he dared not fail to accomplish that mission. He prayed fervently and frequently, but when he attempted to point out her duty to her, Hester replied to his admonitions with the flippancy with which she treated declarations of love from other men. But always the pure, lofty face and solemn, beautiful eyes were before her. She saw them in her gayest hours, and in moments of loneliness and gloom, they were like living realities. Hester recognized the immeasurable distance between her life, lived for the gratification of the lower, and his life, which was a living expression of the spiritual part of their common being. She might become like him, if she so willed. She could do good, as he was doing it. She had only to abandon the fascinating life she lived, of which Chance and Fortune were the ruling and guardian deities, cut herself loose from her idle, worthless companions and give her days to the service of the poor and unhappy. They were here about her, many of those unfortunates; there were thousands of them in the great city nearby; and they were to be found in the home she had abandoned in the Glen. She could do this, for his sake. But when she thought of the woman, so entirely different from her, whom he would one day draw to his side, to receive his love through all time, the good intentions died and she turned, with fierce delight, to pleasure and excitement. So, at the close of his month's stay in Latonia, the Rev. Mark Andrews realized that God's work had failed in his hands; and he wept in the bitterness of his heart. No word of this anguish of spirit escaped him, however, in his farewell sermon, which she had stolen into the church to hear. Instead, it was an earnest appeal for each one to do God's work to the best of his ability, and not to know discouragement because the results appeared insignificant; for our weak

eyes cannot pierce the future, where, perhaps, our efforts will be productive of more good than we had hoped for them, even in our moments of first enthusiasm.

"I went over to the church to hear your last sermon, Brother Andrews," remarked Hester, at the dinner table.

He turned his eyes toward hers and regarded the beautiful face attentively. Was the soul indeed dead in that fair cage of flesh, and had his appeal for the development of the nobler, higher nature been lost upon it? Was this the portion of the field where the weeds and briars grew, choking out the good seed? Yet, she was little Hester Lanton, a part of his lost childhood, as closely linked with it as the grey mill with its rushing waters and ceaseless thrumming was associated with the memory of the green hills and still valleys. With the thought, a mist came into, and hid the translucent eyes; and it wrought an instant miracle in the woman's heart. In bidding good-bye, that evening, to the people of the hotel, he said, in low tones, to Hester, as he clasped her hand that trembled:

"I am leaving tonight for the West —for California. I may never see Kentucky again. Probably we are saying farewell for the first and last time, Hester. In my sermon, this morning, I said that we should not be disappointed if we fail to accomplish work which we know to be good. I need to apply my words to myself, for my heart is sore because I failed to help you. I know the fault was mine, all, all mine! I am not worthy to do this work of God's. Sometime, Hester," and he pressed her hand, for its trembling distracted his thoughts, "sometime God will send His chosen servant to you. He always does. He always does," repeated the minister, solemnly. "We never can 'drift beyond His love and care!' Now, when this one comes to you, and your soul recognizes his authority, promise me that you will listen to his voice?"

He paused for her answer, but the small teeth, set so sharply on the full nether lip that the blood was staining their whiteness, kept back her heart's wild, regretful words. An expression of pain crossed the minister's face, but he said, with the ghost of a smile,

"Well, I can still pray for you, Hester. When your soul comes to the throne of mercy, it will find mine pleading for it there. Good-bye, little girl. Oh! may God indeed be with you and bless you!"

III.

When Mark Andrews had announced his intention of studying for the ministry, though there was some disappointment experienced over his choice, the people of the Glen were glad, for they had not been wrong in their estimate of the last of the Andrews. They were confident that he would make a place for himself in the Church; perhaps, they might yet see him a Bishop. His departure, at his own request, for the then unsettled California, while it caused them sorrow, seemed to presage realization of their hopes, since the new country held greater opportunities of rapid promotion. Thus attended by the expectations of the friends of his childhood, the Rev. Mark Andrews started on his perilous mission in the El Dorado of the West.

Assuredly if he had sought hard, continuous work, which proved, at first, barren of results, he obtained

what he desired in the district assigned to him. To it, it seemed, that the lowest class of humanity had drifted. On the income of his Kentucky farm, he subsisted, and built the poor church and the house which served the purpose of parsonage, clubroom and school, whose few pupils he instructed. The men represented every variety of belief and non-belief, and though he abandoned his particular form of teaching as far as conscience would permit, in his effort to reach them and better them, his church was half the time empty. After two years of such discouraging efforts, it occurred to him that, perhaps in following the advice of St. Paul, making himself all things to all men, he might get nearer to these discarded members of the Church and society; so abandoning his school and purely clerical work, he became a miner. He did not deceive the men as to his purpose, but announced that as they would not come to the Church, he would take the Church to them. They jeered at him, among themselves, and speculated how long the white-handed preacher would hold out; but when the close of six months found him still in his place in the mine, their view of him began to undergo a change. The quality he evinced made its appeal to them and gradually he began to exert an influence over the godless men. After a while, many of them who had worked by his side all week in the mine, went to church on Sunday to hear him preach; and though all did not pray, at least, none scoffed. Even the most irreligious were forced to admit that there was something in the Gospel, when it numbered such a man as Mark Andrews among its teachers. So two other years passed.

Among the men whose disregard of law and order, whose unbridled passions and mad mode of living, had brought much trouble to the camp and caused the minister a world of anxiety, was one Houlihan. Vain was every effort of the men to restrain him and Mark's attempt to bring him to a sense of his obligations to God and his fellow-creatures, instead of producing good, so angered the miner that finally he threatened to kill his adviser. When this threat, which he swore to execute should the minister ever address him again, became known, it was decided that Houlihan would have to leave camp. When Mark heard of the resolution of his friends, he immediately opposed it. This black sheep was the object of his special solicitude, and he would not permit them to exile him from the only spot on earth he could call home. That their care of his personal safety should be thus unappreciated angered many of his rude friends, and one, rougher than his companions, cried out:

"The preacher's afraid of Houlihan, boys!"

The minister knew that they were ever weighing him in the balance, and that a dip of the wrong scale would forever destroy his influence over them, render useless his years of hard labor.

"Will you go to Houlihan's cabin, alone, and tell him of the determination of you and your associates?" inquired the minister.

"He didn't threaten my life," replied the man, evasively.

"Will you come with me?" pressed Mark.

"I've got no quarrel with Houlihan," replied the miner.

"I will go alone, then!" said the

minister, taking his hat from its peg. The saner members of the company warned him against forcing himself on Houlihan that night, for he was in one of his savage moods; but Mark disregarded their advice. What passed behind the closed door of the cabin Houlihan called home, was never known; but from that night Houlihan was a changed man toward the minister and gradually they became friends. While not entirely abandoning his wild life, he modified it somewhat, and even in his fiercest temper, Mark could exercise a quieting influence over him.

One day, as they were delving for the hidden treasure, a shelving bank near which a party was working became detached. Houlihan, seeing the danger, shouted to the men. One of the laborers, overcome by fear, was turning frantically toward the falling avalanche of soil and stone, when Houlihan bounded forward and flung him back. He tried to make good his own escape, but a boulder caught him, pinning him to the earth. When that weight of stone was removed, they saw that Houlihan's hours were numbered.

"A priest!" he cried. "Bring me a priest, for God's sake!"

In the next instant, the minister was on his knees by the side of the dying man.

"Houlihan, I am here!" he said.

"Then, you'll get me a priest!" exclaimed the poor wretch, hope in his dying eyes.

"I am a priest, my friend," said Mark.

"A Catholic priest! I want a Catholic priest!" wailed the man. "Will you not get me a priest?"

"There is no Catholic priest here, Houlihan," said one of the miners. "Mr. Andrews can do as much for you as a priest can."

"Can he hear my confession and give me absolution?" burst out Houlihan.

"God knows your sins, my poor friend. He can pardon them," said the minister.

"I cannot die with my sins unconfessed!" moaned the man.

"Then, confess them to me, if it will relieve your mind," said the minister, and the beads of cold sweat were standing on his sun-tanned brow. Something more than the dying man's cries were wrenching his soul.

"Can you give me absolution?" flung back Houlihan.

"No man can do that!" said the minister, sternly.

"Then Christ lied!" shrieked the tortured creature. "'Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them,' —that's in the Bible, and you know it! O my God! I can't die without a priest, and I'm dying a thousand deaths every minute! Won't somebody go for a priest?"

"Where is the nearest priest to be found?" cried Mark, springing to his feet, with a bloodless face.

"There's one at Maurice Station. That's ten miles off, and then he may not be at home," said one of the bystanders.

"We'll take our chance," replied the minister.

"And there's nothing to ride, except one of the mules," volunteered another.

"There's Madden's broncho," said the minister, picking up his hat.

"Nobody can ride him but Madden, and he's sick," informed another.

"I'll ride him!" said the minister.

"He's killed a boy!" "He threw

Johnston and broke his collar-bone!" "He kicked Madden and almost killed him!" Thus a chorus of voices called out. Mark Andrews gave no heed to the words, but said to Houlihan:

"I'm going to Maurice for the priest. If he's there, you'll have him within an hour and a half. If you live, I will bring you a priest, if I have to go to San Francisco for him!"

He ran from the spot to the stable where Madden's fierce pony was hitched. As he never had traveled since the day he first felt the bit in his mouth, the broncho sped over the rough path that led to Maurice Station. At the time he said, Mark Andrews brought the priest to Houlihan's side. With the others, he withdrew, while the dying man made his confession. From his place he watched the scene:—the prostrate form, the kneeling priest, the solemnly uplifted hand, the administration of the Viaticum, the anointing, the concluding supplication. Then, he saw the priest motioning to him.

"He wishes to see you, Reverend Andrews," said the priest.

As Mark bowed over the dying man, he marveled at the change that had been wrought; great peace was on the face, happiness in the eyes, and gratitude in the voice, as he said, between gasps:

"I'm thankful to you, Mr. Andrews, for this and all that you've done for me! You were the only friend old Houlihan had in camp. You proved it twice, sir. God will bless you for it! Never fear!"

Then Houlihan died.

"Never fear!" Houlihan's last words sounded like a mockery on the ears of Mark Andrews. Fear held his soul even as the icy hand of death held the prone figure at his feet, and if the premonition it was sounding should come true, he knew that his past life, with its heroic labors and immolation of self, was as a rope of sand. He was turning away, when his glance fell on the white-haired priest, and the instincts of the gentleman made themselves felt above the dread emotion that was surging over his being. As they walked toward the rude shanty which the minister called home, the priest said:

"I have heard, my brother, of your work in this region, but I had no idea how far-reaching it was until today. That poor man would very likely have died in some drunken brawl, a murderer, possibly, if it had not been for your noble exertions on his behalf."

Yesterday, those words of appreciation would have gladdened his heart; today, they were like dagger thrusts. He murmured his acknowledgment of the compliment in a strained voice; then, fearful that the priest might misinterpret his reception of it, he asked, abruptly, but courteously:

"If Houlihan could be helped by me in life, why could he not be helped by me in death?"

The priest never forgot the scene: the rude mining camp, in the midst of magnificent mountain country, basking under the radiance of a California sun; the men, filing past with the corpse; the ashen, beautiful face of the questioner. He looked from earth to sky. It was an embarrassing question to answer truthfully; and those eyes demanded the truth, as he held it.

"He was a Catholic," then said the priest, slowly.

"Well?" The voice was incisive.

"A Catholic believes that Jesus Christ instituted penance as one of the sacraments of His Church, and that He gave to His disciples and their successors the power to forgive sins: 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' Believing this, he is bound to confess his sins to one having the authority to absolve him."

For a long moment the minister gazed on the speaker's face; then, he led the way to his cabin. It was late the next day when the priest turned his face toward Maurice Station, and as his eyes fell on the new made grave, under a solitary cedar, he murmured,

"How wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord!"

That week a letter came to Mark Andrews from a clerical friend, telling him that the rumor of the erection of a Western Bishopric was being confirmed, and it was confidently expected that the Church would reward his good work in the West by calling him to fill that office. Other letters of similar import followed; then, came one from his faithful old aunt which blinded his eyes with tears. He had been to his desert and now was meeting his tempter. He was shown honor, position, men's reverence and the world's best gifts, if he would strangle conscience; if not, there was only the dreary future, aimless, profitless. He saw himself thrown upon the high, stony cliff of life's disrupted purposes, of no more benefit to the Church he had joined than to the one he had left. Why not let the project of promotion proceed quietly and trust to time to smooth out the spiritual difficulties which Houlihan's death had caused? If those difficulties strengthened, then, the prominence of his position would secure for him some place, in the new religious field, for the exertion of his activities. So from temple height to mountain top his soul was carried; and in the end, he repeated his Master's words: "Begone, Satan!" But no angels came to minister to him.

He sent in his resignation to his Bishop, with the reason for the act; then, after a stay with the priest in Maurice, previous to his reception into the Catholic Church, he started for Kentucky. The train, which dropped him at Glen Mary, left him three miles from home. As he followed the white road over the gently sloping hills and along the quiet valleys, the joy which the thought of home had awakened, began to fade, and the old dejection resumed its sway over his heart. He did not regret that he had been brought to the knowledge of his error; but spiritual peace cannot always still the human emotions of the heart. There burned the belief that his dreams of boyhood, realized in manhood's noble work, were done with forever. His house had been built upon the sand. There stung the thought of the disappointment and sorrow his action had brought to those who loved him and whom he loved. But bitter as was all this pain, the conviction that his usefulness was over, gave the deadly wound. His life was of no further help to men; there was not a human being to whom it was necessary.

He had now reached the brow of a hill. Below him, in the valley, were the clear, broad stream and the grey mill; beyond, the orchards, among which the old home was nestling; over all, was summer's rich verdure. There was no change. It was the

green world of that other June day, save that the boy no longer stood by the old rail fence, weaving out his high future in the flute's music; and the girl's place, on the granary floor, was vacant. He went forward with slackened step. As he passed the mill, he paused. The water fell over the dam, with its old, familiar dash, but the big wheels were motionless. Like his own, the mill's days of usefulness were over, He thought of his first ministerial work in Latonia, and of the girl he had tried to bring back to the fold. How his failure had grieved him! Now he questioned was it failure? He remembered others whom he had rescued and the holy joy his success had brought him. Now he asked was it success? His head went lower until his chin rested on his breast. Thus he stood, until the sound of footsteps on the road aroused him. He started forward and as he lifted his eyes, he saw a white-robed woman approaching. A broad hat, with pink roses lying on the brim, crowned her head, and she wore a pink ribbon about her waist and another at her throat. Doubtless this was one of the school children to whom he had said goodbye when starting for college, fourteen years ago. He would find some changes after all. As they drew nearer to each other, he noted that, although her step was light, it was firm instead of buoyant and he knew that one never gains that characteristic in traveling Youth's flowery path. We take it on during our journey along Time's hard highway. He was puzzled, for, to his recollection, none, except very young maidens, dressed so airily in the Glen. Yet he felt intuitively that this garb was not inappropriate for her; he felt that when he should meet her, a face kept, or made fair and eternally young by right living would gladden his eyes, and that a pure soul would pour its benediction upon him, in passing. When near enough to recognize each other's features, she uttered an exclamation, partly surprise, wholly joy.

"Mark!" she cried. "Mark!"

He caught her extended hand and gazed on her face, eagerly, earnestly.

"It is Hester!" he said. "Yet not Hester!"

The hot blood surged over cheeks and brow, but not disconcerted by it, she said, with a smile that made her face unfamiliar, the smile that the victorious may wear:

"Yes, it is Hester! I came back about four years ago. Welcome home again!"

Before he could reply she passed on. He found a reception, at the old home, different from what he had anticipated. It was a matter of indifference to his aunt whether her nephew were a Methodist minister or a Catholic layman; the one important thing, for her, was that he was home and was mentally and physically overwrought. She petted him and feasted him, as if he were a boy back from school; and the man, who had so long lived without womanly ministration and care, yielded himself to her motherly affections. She had much to tell him, and he was surprised that he should find it all so interesting. One name she avoided—Hester Lanton's. It was of her he was most anxious to hear, but something, he could not have said what, kept him silent. At length, after a week's waiting, he remarked that he had met Hester on his way home.

"Yes, she was here that morning," said his aunt, adding, "and she has not been here since."

"Does she come often?" he questioned.

"Every day," she replied.

"Aunt Sarah," he began, "when I was in Latonia I met Hester. She was then with Mrs. Summers"—

"I know all about it, Mark," she interrupted, "more, I'll warrant, than you do!"

"Tell me all that you know about Hester," said the man.

But Miss Sarah, who had her own ideas on subjects, merely said:

"Four years ago, last November, Hester came home. She found her uncle dead, her aunt an invalid, and the four oldest children living out with farmers. She had some money. With it, she bought one hundred acres of land adjoining the mill, improved the old place and brought the children home. She placed the boys in charge of the farm and sent the girls to school in Glen Mary. They are teachers now and hold good positions. She secured proper medical treatment for her aunt, who is now well enough to manage the household affairs. The boys are industrious young fellows and are doing well. When Hester had her uncle's family on its feet, she began to devote her time to helping their neighbors. She teaches the district school and her salary goes to buy books, clothing, and, when necessary, food for poor children. If there is any one sick, you will find Hester at the bedside; if any one is in trouble, Hester befriends him, and to the old and lonely—she is an angel!"

The aged eyes were dim and the thin voice was quivering as the last words were uttered. These signs of emotion were lost upon her listener. Over his face was "that light that never was on land or sea," while his heart sang peans of joy and thanksgiving. Presently, he left the house. He strolled across the fields, and when he came to the rail fence that ran across the brow of the hill, he paused in recollection of the day he had stood there, playing his flute, the day of Hester's mysterious disappearance. He thought of her childish nature, full of whims and impossible longings for wealth and pleasure, so at variance with his own, which the spiritual ever had ruled. A vision of her, as he had seen and known her in Latonia, when the desires of the child's heart were more than fulfilled, followed. There the stream that had separated them had widened into an impassable river. Now they were standing on his side together. Had she crossed those raging waters at his call, or another's? If at his, were his years of work vain years? Had she come for her soul's sake—or—because she loved him? Then, whether his was the voice she had obeyed, or another's, that past which had made it possible for him to help this soul to high and perfect living, was a worthy past, one to be held sacredly. But whether he, or that past, had influenced her, if she loved him as he now loved her, he realized that supreme happiness was waiting for him in that darkly veiled future.

When he called at the house he was told that Hester had gone to Glen Mary. He walked on to meet her. As he was passing the mill, he caught a glimpse of a white dress in the shadowy light of the old granary. Had she seen him and gone there to avoid him?

"Hester!" he called, softly.

But she would not stir from her place under the high, narrow window, nor loosen her locked hands from the

edge of the empty bin. He crossed to where she stood, and laying his hand lightly, but tenderly, on hers, asked:

"Hester, why have you not been over to see Aunt Sarah?" As she remained silent, he continued, "Is it because I am there?"

A subtle consciousness told him of an inward assent, and he said:

"Why do you avoid me, Hester?"

"I thought you mightn't care to see me," she replied faintly.

"Why?" he questioned, smiling on her in the gloom.

"I gave you so much trouble in Latonia, when you were trying to help me to be good."

She knew, as did all in the Glen, that he was no longer a minister; knew, furthermore, that even if he were, his was not the spiritual authority that she should obey; but he was yet, and would ever be to her, her one guide and teacher.

"And I wanted to do as you told me," she continued, quickly, tremulously, "but my wicked pride would not let me. When you were gone, I was sorry, oh! so sorry! I didn't go to New Orleans with the others. I was so unhappy. I would not go back to the Methodist Church, because of what the minister had said about us; so I began to go to the Catholic Church. I wanted to be as good as you are. Afterwards, I went to see the priest, and then—and then—I came to know that you were not right, and—it almost broke my heart! I began to pray to God to spare you that knowledge. I promised Him that I would go home and spend my life for others, if He would never let you know. And I kept my promise, although it was hard to give up that pleasant life, which I liked so well, hard to part from Mrs. Summers, who had been so good and kind to me. Maybe it was all wrong, that praying for you to never know; but I was afraid—afraid"—

Her voice sank until it was lost in a whisper.

"I understand," he said, slowly, and he thought of his hour of temptation. To have lost all here and possibly hereafter!

"And I knew," she began, "that even if you would be strong enough to overcome all things, you must suffer. Maybe it was wrong for me, and that is why my prayers and work are in vain!"

"Yes, Hester, I did suffer! But isn't it worth any suffering to gain Truth? And is your work vain when you brought those who had been unkind to you from poverty and humiliation to prosperity and happiness? Is it vain to spend your days instructing little children? Is it vain, when you spread brightness and joy over the lives of the miserable, the old and the lonely? Are they vain, prayers and work, when they brought you from a life of selfish pleasure to this one, full of benefit to yourself and others?"

A silence followed his questions. Then, he lifted the hands over which his had closed, and pressed them against his breast, as he said, tenderly:

"Though we followed false lights for a while, were our steps altogether vain, if they brought us, at length, to the path which leads to the world of Truth? Hester, in this new, beautiful world, shall we not also find love—a love which we otherwise should have missed?"

She spoke no word, but when her head dropped, until it rested where her hands lay, he received his answer.

WHERE GREEN BOUGHS SHADE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

It is good to leave the hurly-burly of the work-a-day world now and then, to lie upon the fresh green grass with heart uplifted, to stroll idly through the meadows, beside the brook or in the fastness of the woods. It brings to the mind and heart fresh vigor and added strength.

Let us turn from the highway up this winding lane, greenly grass grown and lined with trailing vines and wild flowers. A tiny stream, almost too tiny to dignify by the name of brook, frets itself over brown pebbles, singing the song of the spring that is its source in the wood beyond the field. A great, gauzy-winged dragon-fly zig-zags his way back and forth, hunting for midges and mosquitoes that rise from the rippling water. See by the way the mid-summer weeds that grow tall and rank in every fence corner. Useless, worse than useless, the farmer would tell us; but is not beauty its own excuse for being? Here grows the Joe-Pye weed, strong and stalky. How exquisite the contrast of the grayish-pink of its blossoms with the dull sage-green of the rough leaves. See the rich purple of the iron-weed, and the dusky white of the boneset, whose bitter tincture was so esteemed by our grandmothers and is so detested by us.

In both the iron-weed and the boneset the bees find rich stores of honey. Those greedy gluttons, the bumble bees, are here in great feather, drinking their fill at these wayside inns. One great golden fellow has been idly tippling all the sunny morning through at the bar of these purple asters; they always keep open house for such swashbucklers as this gilded dandy. He is drunk with very sweetness, and buzzes a drinking song in a mumbling, maudlin whisper, and when we touch him gently with a timothy head, he drops helplessly to the ground, too much overcome by his cups to resist.

Here, too, grows the white snake-root, a dainty little wild sister of the florist's ageratum. Its tiny, brushlike blossoms are snow-white, and its masses, growing often four feet high, are very attractive. Then here is the pearly everlasting, with its nutty fragrance, and its pretty tenant, the black velvet caterpillar, the humble forerunner of Hunter's butterfly.

Along the stake-and-rider fence richly mosaiced with gray-green lichens and delicate hairlike mosses, a chipmunk sits with his paws demurely crossed upon his heart, scolding in a subdued manner, "Chip, chip-ur-r-r-r-r!" He is such an interesting little chap that we watch him with delight until a sudden noise, and presto, he is gone.

Ah, listen! There comes to us now the exquisite trill of a goldfinch from a field near by. You know him, the little yellow bird gracefully tilting upon a mullein stalk. Bright of feather, his golden coat is tipped on wing and tail with black velvet to match the pretty cap upon his head. Wildly sweet pours his love song, as he dips and rises, "Hear me, dearie; hear me, dearie!" Never a note of discouragement or despair, though long and

patient is his wooing. Long after most bird-lovers are happy does she give her reluctant consent, and then what long, happy flittings with dried grass and bits of shredded bark, with moss and thistledown to build the pretty home in the friendly crotch of some tall tree. Nor is the little husband's work all accomplished with the building of the nest, for soon begins the singing of his charming cradle song, a slender cadence of silvery tone, a hymn of thankfulness, a psalm of praise. Midsummer is passed and gone before all his duties are ended, and he can don his sober autumn dress. Hear him now; see him drift and dart. There is harmony in that flight that blends well with the music of his song.

We wander across the meadows over crisp grasses. Winged things, great tawny butterflies, little brown "skippers" and delicate "blues" float within our vision; hosts of grasshoppers attend our way, springing before us with their cheery zip-zip-zipping, the maddest, merriest revelers of all midsummer's orchestra are they, these jolly fiddlers.

Brown bees fumble and mumble, clinging to rocking blossoms that tilt and sway under their weight. Each saddle-bag upon each hairy hind leg brims over with golden pollen-jewels rarer than burly, brown bees know—for under the microscope each yellow grain takes on an exquisite form, carved and etched like an ancient gem.

The goldenrod has unfurled her yellow flag, calling together her faithful subjects, for she is queen to a motley court; here the slender-waisted wasp, in armor of steely blue, drinks his fill; there the soldier-beetles, in uniform of black and yellow, gather so thickly that the sprays bend and sway beneath them,—the striped locust borer is a great lover of the goldenrod, and so is the blister beetle. Then see, secreted in the centre of this cluster, the ambush bug, a quaint little fellow in a green coat, with broad, squat body and strong forelegs. But no gentle honey drinker is this. He is in ambush that he may seize and kill some innocent tippler, often by his very daring overcoming insects much larger than himself.

Listen! Through the brooding silence of the woods filters the music of a bird voice singing sweetly to itself,—now a liquid gush of melody of the wood thrush, now the voluble speech of the little preacher, the red-eyed vireo, whose sermon is endless, but whose charm also is perennial. Hear too, the gentle lisp of the wood pewee. Like a fairy flute comes that plaintive, dreamy song.

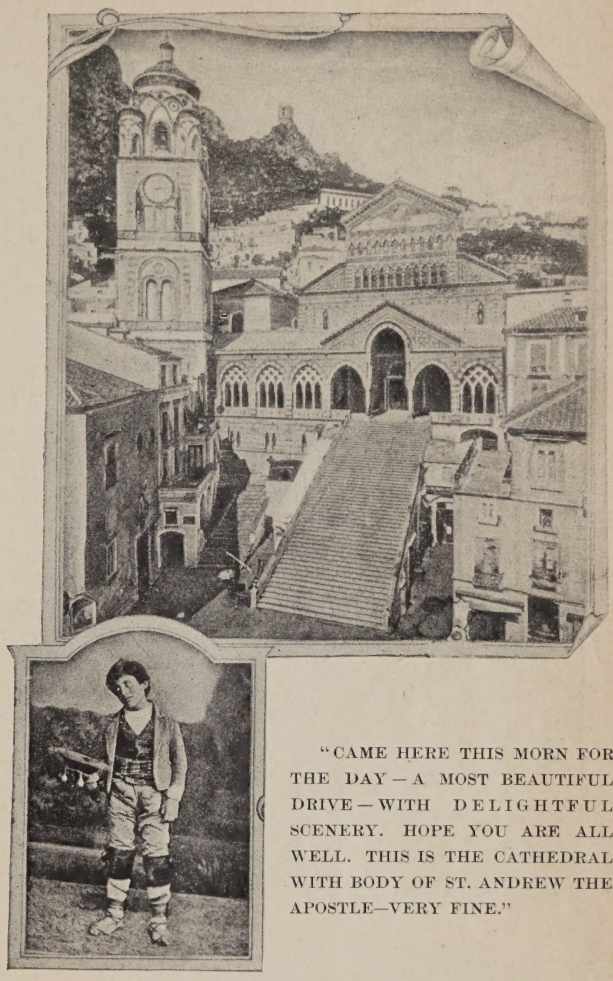
Here let us pause a while and dream, among the mighty trees, within this tender silence. Cool and sweet are the soft green mosses at our feet. The mellow drumming of the woodpecker, the saucy chatter of the red squirrels, the call of the little nuthatch drift to us dreamily like a lullaby. Gentle breezes bring delicious odors of the rich ground and growing things, while soft purple shadows wrap us round about and lull us to rest.

THE D.D.'S MOTHER

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

Her eyes were wet with happy tears, her lips parted in a smile of glad content.

"He never forgot his mother," she said proudly, "never once in all the six weary years. Learning, or honors, or absence couldn't win my boy from me. No matter where he was he had a thought and a word for me. One day I'd get a letter, perhaps eight or ten pages written fine, and the next might bring me a card with a strange foreign picture on it, and just a few words to let his mother know that he was thinking of her. And once he sent me that," pointing to a framed picture of the Holy Father. "It was blessed by the Pope. Andrew wrote me a beautiful letter telling of the audience, and how the Holy Father smiled on the students, talked to them of the life they had chosen, and blessed them. I read that letter till I nearly wore it out, and every time I read it I saw the holy old man so near heaven blessing *my* boy."



"CAME HERE THIS MORN FOR THE DAY—A MOST BEAUTIFUL DRIVE—WITH DELIGHTFUL SCENERY. HOPE YOU ARE ALL WELL. THIS IS THE CATHEDRAL WITH BODY OF ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE—VERY FINE."

She paused, the vision still before her, the aged Pontiff and the child of her heart the only actors in the scene—all others forgotten in the supreme joy of such a memory.

"All of Andrew's letters just talk to you," she said, presently. "No one else has just his way of making you see and feel. Perhaps you'd like to read some of them. I saved them every one."

Opening a drawer of an old-fashioned bureau she drew out a pasteboard box, its sides bulging with the pressure of the generous contents.

"Here's the first one he wrote home after entering the college in Rome. He doesn't say much. That's a way he has when feeling sore over anything, but I knew that if ever a boy was homesick, he was. 'It's all so strange, mother,' he says, and again—

"THIS IS THE MOST INTELLECTUAL PORTION OF THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT OF SORRENTO."

'I'll get used to it after a while.' And then he wants to know about everything at home. 'Tell me about every little thing, mother,' he begs, and I can see his eyes, shining and wistful. I cried my fill over that letter. For

"BUT THIS IS JUST AS EFFECTIVE AND PERHAPS MORE FAMILIAR. THIS IS REAL LIFE."

all he pretended to be so brave didn't I know he wanted his mother. By and by there was less make-believe at being cheerful in his letters—and I cried just as hard for fear he'd forget me. But Andrew isn't that kind. He always wanted me to share everything, and as I couldn't be in Italy with him he would send me a bit of it as he went along. Now, here's this blue grotto! I see it as plain as if I were with Andrew. Read what he says about it. Yes, he's a fine scholar, but his learning never shut out his mother. I guess every place he went he said to himself, 'I must remember this for mother.' We had a great laugh over the Sorrento cards, father and I, there was one apiece for us, and I could just see Andrew laughing as he picked them out. And there was the grand view of the mountain and bay, but what interested me most of all was the hotel where Andrew stopped. I spent a whole long afternoon studying up the picture, trying to pick out his room, and imagining him there with his friends. He was a great boy to make friends. You'd *have* to like Andrew. I worried some about the sheets in that hotel being damp. He wasn't what you'd call a strong boy. Can't you almost smell the orange groves? That's Andrew's way of telling about them."

"And the jackasses at Capri!" The foreign names came readily, though she had never been beyond the confines of her native land. "That's another bit of his fun. He wanted to tease his sisters, throwing at them how women work in other countries. He was always bubbling over with mischief and is yet for all that he's a D.D."

The title fell slowly from her lips, as if the sound were pleasant to her ears. "It seems so strange to think that he is that," she said, reverently, "a priest of God. Yes, it's a grand privilege to have raised a son for His service. I'd bear the separation and heart-ache all

"THESE JACKASSES WANT TO BE HIRED FOR A RIDE UP THE MOUNTAIN — A FAVORITE SPORT."

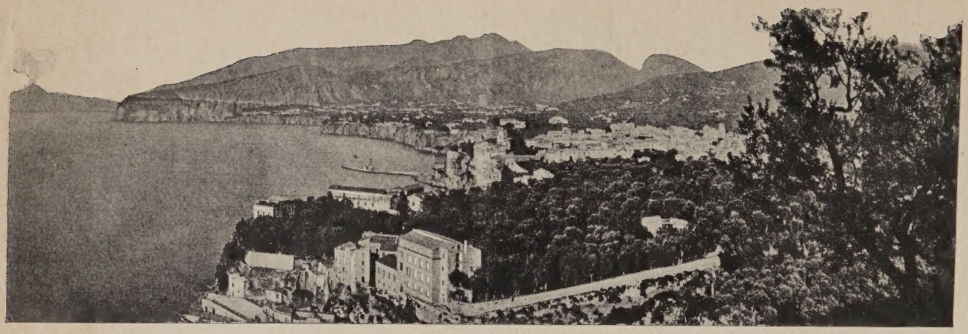
over again to have my boy what he is."

For a few minutes there was silence, and then the mother began again her tender reminiscences.

"When he was a little fellow he was fond of going down to the shore to see the boats come in. Perhaps that was why he sent us this view of Naples. He'd only a minute to spare that day and he spent it on his mother. He was thinking of home, and the fishers and the boats—and of me. But fond as he was of us all, there was a stronger love, and it wasn't long before I knew where his heart was. I never said a word against it, nor did his father. We knew we must give him up. He was the youngest of all the children and the hardest to let go. But we didn't stand in his way, not even when it took him so far from home that we had sore misgivings that we'd ever see him again. No, we never stood in his way."

"Well the letters, and cards, and tokens kept coming. Now he was here and now there. This time in Amalfi maybe and the next somewhere else, but all the time studying, studying, and through all the fun he put into his letters there was something higher that made even his mother feel that he was set apart. When he wrote about the great churches and cathedrals and the faith of the people and the miracles, it was better than a sermon. I thank God for giving me such a son. Well the

"THIS IS A BLUE GROTTO NEAR SORRENTO. IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD, AND IS SIMPLY ENCHANTING."



"THIS IS A GOOD GENERAL VIEW OF SORRENTO. YOU SEE HOW THE TOWN IS SITUATED IN THE MIDST OF THE ORANGE, LEMON AND OLIVE GROVES — YOU SEE VESUVIUS IN THE UPPER LEFT HAND CORNER — OUR HOTEL IS MARKED WITH AN X. THE CLIFFS WHERE WE ARE ARE ABOUT 200 OR 300 FEET HIGH."

months grew into years and still the boy in Rome kept in touch with his old mother way off in this quiet corner of the earth."

"Many's the day I've sat here with this box in front of me, as I'm sitting now. It was a great comfort to me. Not that I needed to read the letters. I have them by heart. The Corner isn't more real to me than the places Andrew's been. I've traveled a deal just by making believe hard enough. And other days when the longing was strong on me I'd go to his room and look over his little keepsakes, things that we'd given him, and his school books and prizes, and every one of them called up something to make me feel proud and glad. Sometimes I'd look up expecting to see him watching me, his eyes laughing at me, and then it would come to me sharp that he was in Rome and I just here and years of waiting before me. There never was such a boy to tag after his mother for all he was so manly in his ways and so brave and fine. The minute he'd come in you'd hear him ask, 'Where's mother?' if I wasn't in sight, and times I wouldn't answer just for love of having him hunt me up. Dear me, how hungry I've been all these years to hear him ask it again! But I put the craving from me, and thought ahead to his coming home. Thank God everything came out pretty much as I had hoped and planned for. But I'd one great disappointment to bear—I didn't see him ordained. That is I wasn't really there, but I made believe so hard that it was almost as good. I'll never forget the day John brought the letter from the Corner. It was such a happy letter about his college, and studies, and examinations, and then, towards the end, as if he felt too much to talk much to his mother even, the great news that he was to be ordained in February. I laid my head on the table and cried—pure joy, and yet I felt a bit hurt that strangers should be there to see my boy on the altar while his own mother was far away. I think An-

"A FISHING SCENE AT NAPLES."

drew felt it, too, for he said three times over, 'O! mother, if you could only be here!'

"He didn't forget me. Just as quick as it could travel he sent me this."

Her slender, delicate fingers unfolded the tissue and revealed an illuminated card. It told of the consummation of her hopes, the crowning of her sacrifice.

"A PRIEST FOREVER."

SOUVENIR OF MY
ORDINATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD IN THE
CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARIS,
FEBRUARY 18TH,
AND OF MY FIRST HOLY MASS
CELEBRATED IN THE
BORGHESE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY MAJOR'S
BASILICA, FEBRUARY 19TH.

ROME, A. D., 1900.

Neither do I count my life more precious than myself, so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.—ACTS XX, 24.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

IX.

SOME DOCTRINES THAT ARE NOT UNDERSTOOD BY NON-CATHOLICS.

Among the innumerable misrepresentations to which our faith is constantly subjected there are some to which a Catholic clergyman feels a peculiar dislike in explaining from the personal feelings which are aroused in their refutation. When the doctrines of the Holy Eucharist, or the Blessed Virgin, or the sacred relics of our saints, are attacked, and we rise in their defense, we experience within ourselves a pride in the justice of our cause; there is an enthusiasm infused into the soul by the very theme—we hold in our hands the standard of our Blessed Lord Himself and we lovingly fight His battles; we gather strength from the very altar which is blasphemed, and we are reminded of our dignity by the robes we wear. In a word we are refreshed by the consciousness that they whose cause we defend are our own brethren who look down with love and sympathy upon our poor efforts to remove prejudice and make truth shine forth in all its splendor.

But when the attack is made upon the individual, and not the cause—when the assault is changed from the principles of faith and practice, into the criminations of our sacred ministry and base insinuations against our character; when the Ministers of God stand before the world to answer charges of having turned religion into traffic and corrupted the doctrines to secure influence and wealth, they recoil from meeting, even as a calumny, that against which their very natures recoil. Their feelings, as members of society, are so wounded that they often experience great difficulty in exercising the office of meekness and sweet charity in undeceiving the beguiled and in maintaining the truth.

I.

INDULGENCE.

Indulgences ever since the days of Luther have been the fruitful themes of ridicule, sarcasm and declamation. They have been the pardon for sins, past, present and future. The sale of

forgiveness for the grossest crimes has been charged against the Church and her priesthood in the language of invective and unrelenting hostility.

That abuses have existed regarding the practice of Indulgence no one will deny, and that they were made the ground for the dreadful separation of the sixteenth century, must be deeply regretted, for no such abuses could ever justify the schism that ensued. The misrepresentation of this doctrine of the Church, chiefly proceeds from the misapprehension and from the misunderstanding of our real belief. As in my special doctrinal explanations I shall state the doctrine of indulgence in the simplest terms. What then is an indulgence? It is a remission by the Church, in virtue of the Keys of a portion, or the entire, of the temporal punishment due to sin. The infinite merits of Christ form the fund whence this remission is derived; but besides this, the Church holds that the merits of the saints, and the penitential works of the just, are applicable to the other members of Christ's mystical body. Thus, for instance, the sufferings of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the austerities and persecutions of St. John the Baptist, the tortures endured during twenty centuries by the numberless martyrs whose lives had been free from vice and sin, the prolonged penances of holy anchorites,—all these, made valid through their union with the merits of Christ's passion, were not lost, but formed a vast spiritual treasury, applicable to the sanctification of sinners.

Now if the temporal punishment reserved to sin was anciently believed to be remitted through the penitential acts of the sinner,—any other substitute for them—approved by the authority imposing them—must have been considered of equal value, and as acceptable to God. And so it must be today. If the Church had the right of exacting such satisfaction as she formerly exacted, she necessarily possesses today the same power of substitution with the same efficacy and consequently the same effects. Such a substitution is what we Catholics call an indulgence.

This power is included in the commission given by Christ to His apostles to forgive or to retain sins. Admit this divine tribunal, and no one will deny that the power committed to the Apostles was enforced in the primitive Church; no one will contend that satisfaction was not exacted in punishment of sin. If the Church in ancient times considered herself competent to enforce severe penances she certainly had the right and power of relaxing the rigor of these inflictions, without lessening their value. Accept this reasoning, and you have sufficient proof that indulgences were in use in the primitive Church as they are at the present time. We may have clearer forms, owing to the scholastic precision of the Middle Ages, but the doctrine as to substance is the same, while the terminology is refined and stript of the husks of indefinite opinion. Divine Providence raised up the great school men to cast the dogmas of our faith in a new mould capable of withstanding the attacks of modern times.

We will now enter upon the proofs of this doctrine. The New Testament furnishes us with a clear proof of such power being exercised. In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul

not only severely reproved, but punished grievously a member of the Church who had fallen into a scandalous sin. These are his words: "I indeed, absent in body, but present in spirit, have already judged, as though I were present, him that hath so done. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, you being gathered together, and my spirit with the power of our Lord Jesus; to deliver such a one to Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (I Cor. V. 3-5). The punishment here inflicted is of a severe character. Whatever it may have been, it certainly was of a remedial nature, intended to reclaim the sinner, and by the punishment of the body, to rescue the soul from eternal damnation. It is not a remission of actual guilt, for the punishment is inflicted by the whole congregation, and sacramental forgiveness has never been considered congregational—or one to be performed by a body of the faithful, nor even by a pastor no matter how dignified—at a distance. Hence we must conclude that a penance of some sort was imposed upon the incestuous Corinthian intended for his amendment and as reparation for the scandal committed before the Church. The consequences of this heavy infliction were such as St. Paul probably foresaw, and such as he desired. The unfortunate sinner was plunged into a grief so excessive as to appear dangerous to his welfare. The sentence is revoked, and St. Paul entreats the congregation to forgive him and comfort him; and adds that he had already confirmed the sentence which they had passed or were going to pass. Evidently the entire action is not a ministerial one, affecting the forgiveness of crime, for that could not be in the hands of the flock.

From all this it is evident that the term of punishment is abridged and the sentence reversed before the completion of the penance, and this, owing to the great sorrow manifested by the penitent, which was considered sufficient for the remaining portion. This is precisely what we call an indulgence.

After this striking proof from scripture we are not surprised at finding the Church exercising at the earliest times, a similiar power. To understand this practice clearly it may be well to say a few words on the subject of canonical penance. From the age of the Apostles it was usual for those who had fallen into grievous offenses to make a public confession of them, and then to subject themselves to a course of public penance, which received the name of canonical, from the canons whereby it was regulated. Such penitents, as we learn from the early Fathers, put on a black, coarse habit, and if men, closely shaved their heads. They presented themselves before the assembly of the faithful on the first day of Lent, when the presiding Bishop or priest placed ashes upon their heads, a custom still preserved in the Catholic Church—whence the name of Ash-Wednesday. The term of this penance was varied according to the grievousness of the offence. It lasted sometimes only forty days: at others seven, thirty or even forty years: for some dreadful crimes its duration was the natural life of the penitent. These were the usual periods allotted to public penance, so that the signification of these

terms is, that the indulgence granted is accepted by the Church as a substitution for a penance of that duration; a plenary indulgence being a substitute for the entire term of awarded penitential inflictions. During this period of time every amusement was forbidden. The poor sinners were occupied in prayer, fasting, and good works. They were divided into several classes, and were excluded from divine service, till they performed the prescribed penances. In most cases absolution preceded the giving of the penance—or at least it was granted during the time of its performance.

The Church reserved to itself under all circumstances, the right of mitigating the penalties under various circumstances. Extraordinary sorrow and fervor manifested by the penitent during the performance of his task was always considered a justification for a proportionate relaxation. Thus the Council of Nicea prescribes: "In all cases the disposition and character of repentance must be considered. For they who by fear, by tears, by patience and by good works manifest a sincere conversion.....to these the bishop may show more indulgence but not to those who manifest indifference and think it enough that they are allowed to enter the Church. These must complete the whole period of penance." St. Basil says in like manner, "that he who has power of binding and loosing can lessen the time of penance to the truly contrite." The Council of Lerida says: "Let it remain in the power of the Bishop either to shorten the separation of the truly contrite, or to separate the negligent a longer time from the Holy Church."

Another motive of relaxation was the approach of a persecution when the penitents would have an opportunity of testifying their sorrow by patient endurance. They were admitted to the blessed Eucharist and participated in the prayers of the Church. St. Cyprian is very clear on this point: He says, "that since the design of the Holy Eucharist is to give strength to those that receive it—they must not be deprived of its support whom we would guard against the enemy." A similar indulgence was granted to penitents in danger of death, as was decreed by the Council of Carthage. "When a sinner implores to be admitted to penance, let the priest without any distinction of persons enjoin what the canons enact." Whence it appears that the canonical penance was to be continued after the absolution and admission to the sacrament of Eucharist, and consequently that it was meant for satisfaction after sin was remitted, and likewise that the Church held itself competent to give a mitigation or an indulgence in it. The priest had the power to make this modification. Pope Innocent I. confirms the discipline. St. Augustine gives another ground whereon mitigation of penance was sometimes granted: that is when intercession was made in favor of the repenting sinner by persons of influence with the pastors of the Church. But the chief ground for mitigation or indulgence is to be found in the mediation of the early martyrs in behalf of the condemned Christians who had fallen under the censure of the Church. A recommendation from some servant of God about to receive a martyr's crown always brought about a complete reconciliation—and mitigation or absolution

from the remainder of the penance. Tertullian, the oldest Latin Father, is the first to mention this practice. After exhorting the confessors of Christ to preserve themselves in a state of grace and communion with the Church, he then continues: "Which peace some not having in the Church, are accustomed to beg from the martyrs in prison: and therefore ye should possess and cherish and preserve it in you that so ye may perhaps be able to grant it to others." Here Tertullian speaks of the custom and makes it the basis of his exhortation to the martyrs. St. Cyprian in the following century confirms the same practice. He says: "We believe that the merits of the martyrs and the works of the just can do much with the Just Judge." Therefore it appears that in the ancient Church, relaxation from the rigor of the penitential institutions, was granted in consideration of the friendly interposition of the martyrs of Christ, who seemed to take upon themselves the punishment due the penitents according to the canonical institutions. The practice no doubt led to abuses which St. Cyprian complains of, but the principle he never for a moment calls in question.

There is but one more instance to complete the resemblance between ancient and modern indulgences. What I have thus far given applies chiefly to a diminution of punishment —and not to a commutation, which seems the specific characteristic of indulgences at the present day. But although the abridgment of a punishment and the substitution of a lighter one, are in substance one and the same thing, yet even in this respect we can illustrate our practice from antiquity. The general Council of Ancyra already referred to, expressly sanctions the commutation of public penance in the case of deacons who have fallen, and afterwards stood firm. The Ven. Bede says, that the Church allowed other good works to be substituted for fasting in favor of persons in poor health.

II.

The indulgences of modern times are nothing more than what were granted in the first ages of the Church with this difference; that the public penance is no longer in force, owing to the relaxation of discipline and change of living. It entirely disappeared in the 12th century, but the Church has never given up the desire of restoring the fervor and discipline of the primitive Church, and consequently instead of abolishing these forms and substituting other practices in their place, she has preferred to retain these as mitigations of what she still holds herself entitled to enforce. The only difference therefore between her former and her present practice is that the mitigation or commutation has become the ordinary form of satisfaction which she deems it prudent to exact.

From all this we must conclude that our indulgence, and that of the ancient Church, rest upon common grounds. In the first place, satisfaction has to be made to Almighty God for sin remitted under the authority and regulation of the Church. Secondly, that the Church has always considered herself possessed of the authority to mitigate by diminution or commutation, the penance which she enjoins. Thirdly, the sufferings of the saints, in

union with Christ's merits are considered available towards granting this mitigation. Fourthly, that such mitigation, when prudently and justly granted, is conducive towards the spiritual weal and profit of Christians. These considerations enable us to understand the terms employed in granting indulgences. First, as to the periods for which they are usually granted. We use apparently an arbitrary form of forty days, or of seven, thirty, forty years, or plenary. Now these were precisely the periods allotted to public penance so that the signification of these terms is, that the indulgence granted is accepted by the Church as a substitution for a penance of that duration. Then again the phrase, forgiveness of sin, which occurs in the ordinary forms of granting an indulgence applies in the same manner: in ancient times there was a two-fold forgiveness; one sacramental, which generally preceded or interrupted the course of public penance: this was the absolution from the interior guilt in the secret tribunal of penance: the other was the absolution or forgiveness in the face of the Church which took place at the completion of the public penance. Now as we have seen, an indulgence has no reference to the inward guilt—or to the eternal punishment incurred by sin, but only to the temporal punishment and its necessary expiation. When therefore, an indulgence is said to be the forgiveness of sin, the phrase applies only to the outward guilt—or that portion of the evil whereof the ancient penitential canons took cognizance. This is further proven by the practice of the Church which always makes Confession and Communion an indispensable condition for the receiving of an indulgence.

When considered in its origin, it brings back to our recollection the rigor with which the Church of God visited sin, and how we fall short of that severe judgment which the saints passed on transgressions of the divine law: it acts as a protest on the part of the Church, against the degeneracy of our modern virtue. It animates us to live up to the former spirit of the Church by practicing greater charity, mortification and prayer. It is said by some that the works enjoined for the gaining of an indulgence have been sometimes even irreligious or profane; and that others have had no object but to fill the coffers of the clergy and in modern times are light and frivolous. Such charges proceed from ignorance. They arise from the misunderstanding of the name. In the Middle Ages, Europe saw its princes and emperors, its knights and nobles abandon everything they held dear on earth and devote themselves to the cruel task of war in a distant land to regain the Holy Sepulchre of Christ from the hands of infidels. And what reward did the Church offer? Nothing more than an indulgence. Far from being compatible with vice and sin, to gain this indulgence it required a devotedness of purpose and a purity of motive which show how the Church only bestowed it for the sanctification of her children for the performance of a work which she deemed most honorable and glorious. "Whoever," decrees the famous Council of Clermont, "shall go to Jerusalem to liberate the Church of God, out of pure devotion, and not

for the purpose of obtaining honor or money, let the journey be counted in lieu of all penance." It may be said that many took the cross from other motives. Granted: but they did not partake in the spiritual benefits of this indulgence. Men like Godfrey and St. Louis were few in number, like Gideon's host, but like it they conquered in the strength of the Most High. They valued the gifts of the Church beyond all earthly diadems. The Church felt called upon to repress the formidable foe who had snatched from her very bosom a treasure dearly loved and prized by her, and who had exterminated religion in one of her fairest provinces, and even threatened the very heart and centre of Christendom. Well and nobly did she arouse the courage of her children, and arm them with the badge of salvation, and send them forth unto conquest. Who that contemplates the enthusiastic devotion of the crusaders to the cause of religion in the midst of dangers and privations of the most dreadful nature, will venture to say that the gaining of this indulgence, imposed but a light and pleasant task. There are always cold hearts that will measure others' ardor by their own frozen temperament and refer the feelings of distant ages, and of men whose minds were cast in nobler moulds to the conventional codes of modern theories. To such the enthusiasm of the crusader will appear a frenzy, and the soil which was watered by the Saviour's blood, a possession not worth the sacrifice of reconquering. But for us Catholics it is sufficient to know that they who imparted spiritual blessings to the noble warriors who placed the cross upon their shoulders, judged otherwise, and believed it to be an undertaking of great value and glory to every Christian. Such is the charge of indulgences granted for evil and profane purposes. What shall we say of the dreadful charge of avarice that has so multiplied indulgences in modern times? For what other objects were the jubilees instituted, save to fill the coffers of the sovereign Pontiffs with the contributions of thousands of pilgrims, eager to gain its special indulgences?

Well, dear readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, I have had the happiness of witnessing one of these lucrative institutions. I was in Rome when our venerable Pontiff Leo XIII, opened the Jubilee, soon to close. I saw the myriads of pilgrims who were flocking to Rome from every land. I noted their tattered raiment and wearied frames. I saw the convents and hospitals filled with them at night, reposing on beds and cots furnished by the charity of the citizens. I saw them at table served by Roman nobles and distinguished ecclesiastics of all grades. Even the Roman Pontiff himself lovingly aids in this good work. I witnessed abundant blessings and tears of gratitude which were poured forth by the pilgrims as they departed:—but of precious jewels offered by them to shrines—or gold cast into the bosoms of priests, I heard little. But I did hear that the funds of charitable institutions and private individuals would be exhausted and heavy debts incurred by giving hospitality to the pilgrims. Were the charitable undertakings of these institutions and kind-hearted men and women vain and foolish? Or were the pilgrimages pleasure excursions

to the Eternal City? Well I wish you could have seen these pious bands of pilgrims from every nation and tribe of the world—crowding the churches and holy shrines—filling the squares and public places to hear the word of God. I wish you could have seen the throngs at the confessionals and the multitudes that knelt around the altar of God to partake of its Heavenly gift. I wish you could know the good resolutions that were taken at the tomb of the Apostles, the restitutions that were made, the great wrongs that were righted, and then you would understand why men and women undertake these weary pilgrimages—for most of them were made, not on the majestic Celtic or some other palatial ocean liner, but the toilsome journey was made on foot, and then judge whether it is indulgence in crime and facility to commit sin that is granted and accepted in such an institution.

What I have sketched of the present Jubilee may be said of all pilgrimages whether made to Holy Land, Rome, Assisi, Loretto, Padua, Lourdes, or on American soil at Auriesville or St. Ann of Beaupre. The conditions for the gaining the coveted indulgence are the same everywhere. We do not claim that during the Middle Ages and even later that no abuses took place, but the Church ever tried to remedy the evil. These abuses were strongly condemned by Innocent III, in the Council of Lateran, 1139,—by Innocent IV, in that of Lyons, in1245,—by Clement V, in the Council of Vienna, 1311. The Council of Trent reformed the abuses which had subsequently crept in and which had been unfortunately used as a pretext for Luther's separation from the Church.

Some one may say why retain a name so often misunderstood and misrepresented. Why not substitute another that has no reference to practices now in desuetude? Well, dear readers, the answer is very simple. We are a people who love antiquity even in words. We are like the ancient Romans who repaired and kept from destruction the cottage of Romulus, though it might appear useless and mean to the stranger that looked upon it. We call the offices of Holy Week, *Tenebrae,* because the word reminds us of the times when the night was spent in mournful services before God's altar. We retain the name baptism which means immersion, though the rite is no longer performed in that manner. We cling to names that have their origin in the fervor and glory of the past. These are not easily driven from the recollections which cling even to words, by the taunts and wishes of others who seize upon them to attack and destroy the dogmas which they enshrine. They serve to strengthen our faith. No, dear Catholic and Protestant readers, no other word could so completely express our doctrine as the much abused word "indulgence."

The works of piety and devotion to which indulgences are attached are often ridiculed and belittled. From what good work does an indulgence granted on some festival day hinder us? On the contrary, are not the very conditions a salutary means to the end desired? We Catholics know that without penitent confession and the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist a plenary indulgence cannot be gained. We know too, that the return of each season, when the Church holds up

to us the blessings of an indulgence, is a summons to our conscience to free itself from the burden of its transgressions and return to God by sincere repentance. We know that were not these inducements presented we might run on from month to month in thoughtless neglect of our Christian duties. Let us prepare for those special times of grace and mercy with fervor and sorrow for sin, so that we may always profit by the liberality with which the spouse of Christ unlocks the treasures of His mercies to her faithful children.

THE HOLY HOUR.

BY MARY CARROLL LOUGHLIN.

The sanctuary lamp is burning brightly,
The place is holy, let me enter there,
Where Jesus dwells within the tabernacle,
Anxious to hear and answer every prayer.

Here at Thy feet, dear Master! let me linger,
In the long twilight of the winter day.
The cares and trials and the toil are ended,
Here let me rest, with Thee to watch and pray.

I feel Thy presence like a benediction,
Filling my heart with rapture and with grace;
And in the light that lingers 'round the altar,
I almost see the glory of Thy Face.

In these sweet moments in Thy gracious Presence,
No thoughts of earth or strife may have a part;
For Heaven seems very near us in the twilight,
Here, at the altar of the Sacred Heart.

Oh! Sacramental Prisoner of the altar!
How can I leave Thee in the fading light?
I go indeed, but leave my heart behind me,
To watch with Thee. Good night, dear Love! good night.

MOUNT DESERT.

THE ANCIENT SPITZBERGEN AND MODERN SENTINEL ROCK OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY B. F. DE COSTA.

Rock Sculpture! towering o'er a fair domain
Of bounding billow and rich sea-green plain;
The noble handiwork of Ice and Storm
That wrought through ages to achieve thy form.

Mount Desert, once the obscure home of the humble fisherman, is now the proud possession of the "Smart Set," few of whose members comprehend the real merits of this wondrous isle. The sybarite viewing the iridescent ice in his glass of champagne hardly reflects upon the fact that the place where his villa stands was once covered with a sheet of ice five thousand feet thick. Indeed the Glacial Age has little interest for anyone at the seaside in summer, apart from the pleasure that it communicates in connection with an iced punch. We must eschew a dim antiquity, and descend abruptly to somewhat modern times, observing that the writer heard of the island when a lad of eleven, from some Cape Cod fisherman, who had "landed at Mount Desert," and brought away wild apples and a quantity of spruce poles so mathematically straight as to share his wonder with the weird stories often told in winter around the fireside, by the Cape's ancient mariner.

On reaching the island in person at a time when it had come to be haunted by a few artists and litterateurs, the place was still poorly known. Bar Harbor could not boast of a real hotel. Distractions were few, and the excitement reached its highest pitch on Sunday evening, when the people would assemble at the pioneer cottage of a Bostonian, to sing hymns. Dear old Bar Harbor! How hast thou fallen. It is now the Baiae of America, though instead of Pliny's Roman galleys, the White Squadron sails into Frenchman's Bay, moving in stately style like a flock of snowy swans.

One, however, may nevertheless remember the good old times in the fifties, when visitors often took the precaution of carrying a mattress as part of the necessary impedimenta. Those were the days of plain living and fairly good thinking, days when people hunted for rare orchids, and lived largely in the recesses of the mountains, anon enjoying the companionship of real Indians, sailing with them in real canoes. It was a search for mental pabulum. Ping pong and golf were unknown. Yet even now, though fashion may do her worst she is not able to destroy the

charm of these lucky thirteen hills which in the distance appear as a huge monolith.

How Mount Desert greets the approaching voyager depends upon wind and weather. The view from a distance in a season of calm, when the Mount casts itself prone on the pulseless tide, a shining sea of glass, is quite different from the prospect that meets the eye on some wild stormy day, when, through clouds and fogs, its granite cliffs, dangerously near, burst suddenly upon the sight, while the surf thunders upon the shore.

Where is Mount Desert? Well it is situated on the eastern side of Penobscot Bay, and was first seen by Champlain in 1605, being set down as "Isle Mont desert,"—on account of the barren mountain tops,—in Whittier's phrase:

"The bold mountain's shrubless brow."

The island itself is no desert, the chief township being named "Eden." Mount Desert as said is no monolith. Champlain admitted this in speaking of its "eight notches." This the writer discovered for himself when a young man traversing the entire range, from Western Mountain to Newport on the east, where in some places long ropes were needed in descending the crags. Geologists tell us that Mount Desert is no mountain, but simply the wreck of a vast granite table-land, comparable to the wreck of some fishing smack on the shore, yet one gets mountain air all the same, together with every variety of lake and mountain scenery. It would be impossible, however, to give any adequate idea of the place in a short article. Some persons see but very little of the rare attractions of the island.

The visitor who spares himself is usually content with a comparatively easy journey up Green Mountain. Agassiz when here mentioned the resemblance of this mountain to Swiss hills, shaped by glaciers, the summit having been rounded by the action of ice-fields grinding away everything before them in their progress from Katahdin to the primeval sea.

In visiting Green Mountain one might take the precaution to choose a time when quite sure of a thunderstorm. An example of tropic severity and splendor, lasting the entire night, and maintaining an incessant cannonade, occurred on the occasion of an early visit. What an illustration was given of the tremendous power that nature, notwithstanding the amount of energy expended in the battles of the Glacial Age, still holds in reserve. Then when the storm was over and we emerged from the shelter built by the Coast Survey—a rude structure literally rocked by the tempest during the night,—how magnificent was the view seaward and landward, with cascades pouring over the ledges and plunging down into the valleys far below. By the aid of a glass, we may discover, fifteen miles southward, in the sea, "Mount Desert Rock," its brave lighthouse buttressed to meet the wildest storm. It is the guiding Apollo of Penobscot Bay, with a quiver of arrows brilliant, inexhaustible and at the service of every Argonaut in danger of missing his course.

It would be a pleasure to point out the beauties of valleys like that lying between Green and Sargent's mountains, also the unique features of Otter

Creek and Great Head, together with a long list of lesser attractions, but we must now turn to other themes, and notice that among the interesting events in the history of Mount Desert, is the visit of Henry Hudson in 1609. Like the most of his crew Hudson was an Englishman, born near Bow Bells, London. With a Fly boat called the "Half Moon," he undertook to sail to India, going around Norway and Russia. This failing, he crossed the Atlantic and voyaged down our coast to the "River of the Mountains," known by Catholic navigators nearly a hundred years before his time as the River of St. Anthony.

In the course of Hudson's excursion to the River of St. Anthony, he harbored at Mount Desert to cut a new foremast, the place then boasting whole forests of masts like Milton's mast,

"Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral."

While stepping his new foremast, in the orthodox English fashion he plundered the natives. Failing to get all the furs he wanted by fair means he proceeded to methods most foul. The Journal of the voyage says: "In the morning we manned our scute with four muskets and six men, and took one of their shallops and brought it aboard. Then we manned our boat and scute with twelve men and muskets and two stone pieces, or murderers, and drove the savages from their houses and took the spoil of them." All of which was quite Anglo-Saxon, and in keeping with events of our own times. The guns are well described. It was these "murderers" that so far as we know first called up direful echoes on Mount Mansell and Eagle Cliff. In connection with the latter, it may be said that as a magnificent cliff it would be difficult to find what in all respects would prove its equal, rising as it does so grandly on the border of Somes' Sound, crag piled on crag, now laid firmly with masonic skill, and now gaping with seams and rents, threatening instantly to fall. A scramble of half a mile is required to out-flank the precipice and reach the top, well inlaid with dykes of trap sometimes thirty feet thick. On a clear day a scene of enchantment awaits the climber.

We must, however, turn to glance at the Catholic interest of our enchanted island, whose Indian name was "Pemetic." Eventually it came to be a possession of Sir Robert Mansell, being known as "Mount Mansell," a name now given to one of the hills. Champlain's name, "Island of the Desert Mountain," has always held its own.

The island was early marked as a suitable place for Catholic missions, and the Jesuits resolved upon a work here for the conversion of the savages. Here also they would found a French metropolis. This entire region was invested with a beautiful and romantic interest, for on the Penobscot stood the wonderful "City of Norombega," which today, however, like "Agamenticus," takes rank as one of the "Lost Cities of New England." Norombega may have been heard of in 1523, but in 1542, Jehan Allefonsee testified to its existence, though he naively allows that he "did not land there."

In 1569, an English sailor, David Ingram, actually claimed to have visited the city, where precious stones

and pearls were abundant. The city had its "King," and the houses were decorated with pillars of crystal and silver. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 1583, sailed for Norombega in connection with the voyage that cost his life. So late as 1607, Wytfliet, the geographer, described Norombega as a very fair city, situated on a splendid river. Catholic explorers in search of Norombega sometimes turned dying eyes to the Mystical River, abandoning the vain quest to seek for a city made without hands.

Yet at this early period many men of various nationalities believed in the existence of Norombega as a wealthy city on the coast of Maine. There is not the least doubt but that pearls were once abundant on the coast. In 1620 they were readily found at Cape Cod. Silver was probably known, both gold and silver now being mined, and today men turn from the silvery spoils of the sea to hunt for rarer treasures on the land.

What of treasure Mount Desert itself may yet produce no one now can predict. How far the company of the French may have fallen under the influence that told upon the adventurers in general, we need not delay to inquire. The region selected, however, offered many natural advantages, and hither the missionaries came in 1613. The Jesuits themselves certainly had only spiritual ends in view. This was seven years before the Plymouth Pilgrims came.

The expedition under La Saussaye, left Port Royal for a place on the Penobscot, but storms led them to take refuge at Mount Desert, where they found on the Eastern shore "a large and beautiful harbor," probably South-west Harbor. Here, it is said, "we returned thanks to God, elevating the Cross and singing praises with the holy Sacrifice of the Mass," it being added, "we named the place and harbor Saint Saviour." Father Biard's narrative says: This place is a beautiful hill sloping gently from the seashore, supplied with water by a spring on both sides. The ground comprises from twenty-five to thirty acres covered with grass." The site selected was probably that of Fernald's Farm, on the West side of Somes' Sound. The Fathers felt that safety required dwellings and fortifications, but the Captain, La Saussaye, contended that they should begin with agriculture, not knowing the situation so well as Father Biard, who had previously been on the coast. Before, however, anything effectual was done the English from Virginia, under Captain Samuel Argall, descended upon the people, in a ship with fourteen guns and sixty men. Father Biard says that "the English vessel moved as swift as an arrow, having the wind astern." The arms of England were flying, drums and trumpets being ready to sound. The attack was so sudden that only ten men had time to get aboard the French ship. The English opened a tremendous fire, but the French guns were silent. Flory cried," "Put the guns in position," but there was no gunner. Seeing this Father Gilbert du Thet, who had never been guilty of cowardice in his life, hearing the Captain's order and seeing that no one obeyed, took the match and fired the cannon as loudly as the enemy's. Biard was obliged to add, "the misfortune was that he did not aim carefully, had he done so, probably something more useful than noise would have occurred."

With a second volley by the English, Father du Thet fell over the helm of the ship, mortally wounded, and Flory and three others were disabled. The remaining French fled to the shore, and two were shot in the water. Thus the battle ended. Mr. Bancroft stated in an early edition, that the English bombarded the French fort, but unfortunately there was little or no fort to bombard.

Argall allowed them to take Father du Thet ashore, the English surgeon proving to be "a Catholic and a very charitable man, and he treated us with great kindness." The wounded Father "had an opportunity to receive the last sacraments, and to praise the just and merciful God in company with his brethren." It is also related that "he died with much resignation, calmness and devotion, twenty-four hours after he was wounded. Thus his prayers were granted, for, on our departure from Honfleur, he had raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, praying that he might return no more to France, but rather die laboring for the salvation of souls and especially of the savages." He was buried the same day at the foot of the large cross, set up on arrival, though his place of sepulture is unknown.

When all this was done the English learned that Biard and his associates were Jesuits, which was frankly told to Argall, saying that they had come to convert the savages, but that now, under the new circumstances, they desired to return to France. Argall replied: "I wonder that you Jesuits who are generally supposed to be conscientious and religious men should be here in company with robbers and pirates, people without law or religion." Biard refuted the charge proving that all were good and true men acting under a commission from their king.

One part of the captured French were set adrift in an open boat, and they managed to reach Nova Scotia, the remainder were carried prisoners to Virginia. To justify his piratical act Argall stole the commission of La Saussaye. Subsequently Argall made another voyage to Saint Saviour from Virginia, hoping to find more Frenchmen and acquire more plunder. All that he could do was to destroy the slight fortifications begun and pull down the crosses.

Thus the projected colony of Saint Saviour came to an end, while owing to disturbed political conditions, the French were unable to get any indemnification; Madame de Guercheville, a pious lady in France, who stood financially behind the projected mission, was barely able to recover the ship captured by Argall, whose action was essentially piratical.

It does not appear that the Jesuits ever attempted to renew work on Mount Desert, though the results of later missionary efforts of Catholics survive in the Indian of Old Town and Pleasant Point, the rest of the New England Indians having been civilized out of existence by Protestants. In 1646, however, Father Druillettes, S.J., going from Quebec to visit the Abenakis on the Kennebec, found there a hospice of the Capuchins under Father Ignatius of Paris, who founded a better house in 1648, as proven by a copper plate discovered in 1863.

It is also worthwhile to mention the French at Castine, where Baron Castine, of the Pyrenees, built a fort, married the daughter of the Indian

chief, Madackawando, and exerted an influence so strong that the savages came to regard him as their tutelar divinity. A Catholic priest formed a part of his household. In 1688, the English under Sir Edmund Andros arrived in the frigate Rose, when the Baron retreated to the forests. Andros, like a good Protestant of his time, pillaged the place and destroyed even the altar. Castine rebuilt the fort, and nine years of war followed, but the Catholic power on this coast was broken, and Castine retired to his castle in the Pyrenees, after a most romantic defence.

In view of the early French activity it is quite natural to associate the Jesuits with all these regions, and therefore Whittier in his "Mogg Megone," wrote:

"Here sleep Placentia's group and there
Pere Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen
The Indian stays his rocking skiff
And peers the hemlock boughs between
Half trembling as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book."

Having at an early period investigated the subject of Catholic missions in Maine, a subject that possessed a rare interest even in my early Protestant days, and suspecting that "Pere Breteaux" was a myth, an inquiry was addressed to the author of the above lines. The poet replied, frankly acknowledging that the Jesuit never existed except in his imagination.

It was my good fortune, however, in 1870, to discover a Catholic hermit in Mount Desert itself, on a solitary extension of land near Fernald's Point, where the hermit had lived some ten years, after the style of the ancient anchorites. I came upon him by accident, finding not the anchorite of the poet with sandals and a long snow-white beard, but a son of the Erin Isle, in a flannel shirt and patched trousers. His little hut, about eight feet high, had in part for its portico an old boat turned bottom up. The faint light of the interior struggled in through a single small pane of glass. For the floor there was mother earth. A bunk held his rude couch and a broken stove furnished a little fire. We were allowed to come in, and when it was suggested that more light would do no harm, he drew back a small slide under the pane of glass, and revealed a hole which he said was a door for his cat, whose eyes in the twilight gloom blazed like balls of green fire. The recluse was comfortable. He had a little garden and got a crop of potatoes, kept in a bin in the corner, and the sea cast up his winter's wood upon the shore. Becoming weary of the world he retired to Mount Desert. The light of a candle never shone in his abode. The long winter evenings were given to meditation, spiritual songs and prayer. He said that he was attending to his soul. Coming out into his garden, which was singularly neat—he may have been a gardener in the old country—he told us his story and from a corner gallantly brought a nosegay to the inseparable companion of all my travels. He also offered her a sprig of mint which he said was "good for sickness." He was a genuine Catholic, and dead to the world. We bade our hermit good by, got aboard our boat, and sailed away on the Sound, never hearing of him again.

More distinguished Catholics than our hermit came to this island, and in connection with French naval visitors we may perhaps recall the rather exploded theory set forth by Griswold, that the famous Talleyrand was the son of a beautiful Mount Desert girl, daughter of a fisherman.

At an early period when French officers were attached to these waters, Madame Marie Therese de Gregoire lived near the sandy beach of Hull's Cove. She was the grand-daughter of La Mothe described as "Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, Lord of Bonaquat and Mount Desert in Maine." He is also spoken of in the Paris Documents as "Sieur Delamotte-Cadillac, Captain of a detatdement of marines, a man of very distinguished merit." He was a native of Gascony, and well acquainted with the New England coast. By charter he acquired under French rule a title to Mount Desert that served his descendants in good stead after this region had come permanently under the English, though the island was claimed by Sir Robert Mansell and Sir John Bernard. It was perhaps the influence of Madame Gregoire, she being of such high birth and position, that led the French to harbor in the isle where a little French social circle existed, probably the first and the last of the kind ever known on the New England coast. Here the Gregoires lived and maintained proprietary rights granted by France in 1688. At one time a reference to the Gregoires excited a strange feeling among simple folk, and in the absence of knowledge the family was a mystery. Why were they here in this far-off and unknown fisherman's isle? Besides they were "Catholics." This was whispered as an alarming fact by ancient fishermen. Weird stories were in circulation.

It was in 1786, before the blood on the battlefields of the Revolution was hardly dry, that Madame Gregoire came from France to Boston and petitioned the general court for the reinstatement of her rights as the granddaughter of Cadillac, Maine then being a part of Massachusetts. To show favor to our late ally, France, the court listened, undid the loss suffered under the British Crown, naturalized Madame and her husband and three children and restored the entire island of Mount Desert, excepting only ground occupied by actual settlers, together with land on the main comprising in all sixty thousand acres. Madame took up her residence at Hull's Cove and sold land for one dollar an acre that now brings a fabulous price. She died three years after her husband and on her body was found a belt filled with gold. Here by the shore looking out upon Frenchman's Bay the family lived, dwelling upon the memories of old France, being visited occasionally by a French priest whose periodic appearance gave rise to serious apprehension among the few inhabitants. On the occasion of my earliest visit to the island a very old man was found who remembered the Gregoires and told me about the belt of gold.

The memory of these early Catholics will ever hold its place in the story of Mount Desert. Their graves were shown me, outside the Protestant burial ground at the south-east corner on the road from Point Levi to Saulsbury Cove. At the time referred to it was written, "We may rest assured that the Roman faith of the Gregoires had nothing to do with this exclusion," a very needless defense of

SCHOONER HEAD, MT. DESERT

VALLEY COVE, SOMES' SOUND.

Protestantism it now seems to me. The Gregoires knew what they themselves wanted. They rest in a bit of consecrated ground, having no monument. Madame Gregoire's proud ancestor, "Lord of Bonaquat and Mount Desert," believing in the power of France to maintain empere in America, fondly hoped to make this grand island an imperishable memorial of the family name. Had he succeeded he would have presided over the most unique feudal domain the world ever knew, one rich in resources by land and sea, mountain, lake, crag and iron-bound shore, affording innumerable sites for the impregnable fortress and castellated pile, the whole forming a rare gallery of the Fine Arts. But the history of "New France" is the history of vain aspirations and one long continued series of misfortunes. Few of the best educated who find their way to the island, including the circle of high-born French received in the summer as distinguished guests, though they may have heard the great name of "Cadillac," founder of Fort Pouchartrain at Detroit, and Governor of Louisiana, but not of "The Lord of Mt. Desert." It is left for the antiquary as it were to dig the title out of the unmarked graves of his descendants at Hull's Cove. Still, despite the antiquary, with all discerning, thoughtful, and reverent students of the beautiful and sublime, the original and only rightful Lord of Mount Desert must be the Lord Who shook Sinai with thunder, and Who, by His servant, the glacier, wrought out this marvel which would have delighted the universal mind of Homer, fitting as it does, his verse describing

"The shadowy mountains and loud
sounding sea."

MT. DESERT ROCK.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

That the question of the withdrawal of the Friars from the Philippines will be wisely and justly dealt with is assured by the action of the Holy Father in appointing such an able committee of cardinals as that which met Judge Taft in consultation in Rome. Cardinal Rampolla, head of the committee, has a wide reputation for his keen insight and firmness in dealing with all difficult questions, and as Secretary of State has ably represented the Sovereign Pontiff in his relations with foreign countries.

REV. HUGH THOMAS HENRY.

The University of Pennsylvania has just conferred the degree of Literarium Doctoris on Father Hugh T. Henry, rector of the Philadelphia Catholic High School for Boys.

Father Henry is a Philadelphian by birth and by continuous residence. After graduating with honors at La Salle College, he studied for a time at the university which now deservedly singles him out for its diploma in letters. From there Father Henry passed to Overbrook Seminary, where he took his courses in philosophy and theology. He was ordained to the priesthood June 15, 1899, at the Cathedral, by Archbishop Ryan. He has since been a member of the faculty, in the chairs of ecclesiastical history, church music and English literature.

His title to distinction in letters rests chiefly on his hymnological studies. His renderings into English verse of the hymns from the Office of the Church are accepted by critics at home and abroad as of superior merit, notable for their purity of idiom and their fidelity to the thought and form of the originals. Besides these translations and various essays, educational, historical, and purely literary, pub-

lished in "The American Catholic Historical Record" and many other leading periodicals, he has written many poems.

From "The Dolphin" press there has just been issued Father Henry's first published volume, a complete compilation of the Poems of the Pope, issued from the years 1822 up to Easter of this year, 1902. He has collected, for the first time in any language, all the "poems, charades and inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII," and done them into English verse with much felicity and faithfulness in the rendering. The editor and translator has enriched his volume with a full appendix of explanatory and critical notes.

REV. DANIEL QUINN, D.D.

Simultaneously with the publication by the United States Bureau of Education of Dr. Daniel Quinn's essay on "The Language Question of Greece" comes the announcement from Athens that the author has been asked to publish his collection of Christian Greek inscriptions, in a monumental work which the French Institute is going to create. Other scholars who have devoted their attention to mediæval inscriptions have also been asked to cooperate in this great work, which will be called Corpus Inscriptionum Graciæ Christianarum.

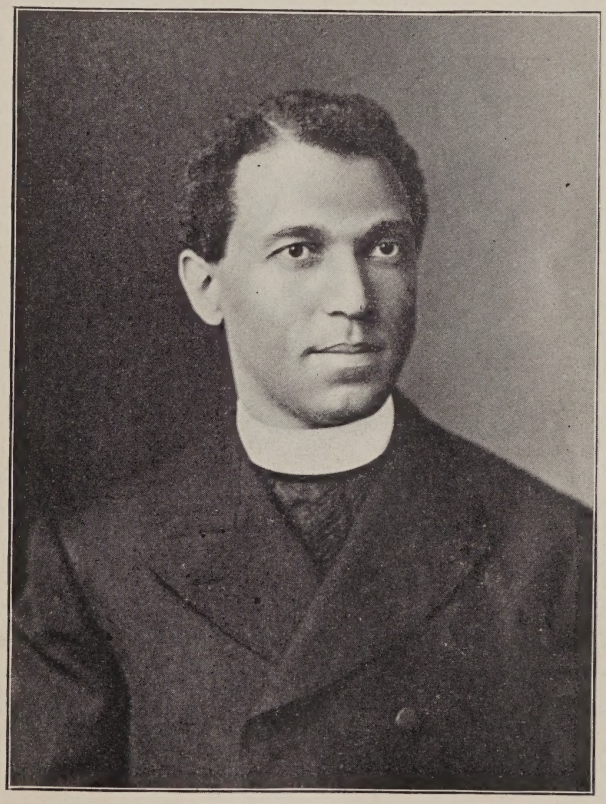
When he had finished his studies in this country, Dr. Quinn went to Greece, and in 1893 received his degree at the University of Athens, an honor that no other American has won. For the last three years he has lived uninterruptedly in Greece, devoting his time to the collection of historical information, folk-lore, inscriptions, and oral traditions, and to studying in museums and libraries.

He loves mediæval studies as well as research into the classical periods of Greece, and some of the knowledge which he has gathered concerning mediæval Greek life has given him material for a striking novel called "Toula," which he is

preparing. The leading periodicals of Greece, England and America have made the public familiar with Dr. Quinn's literary work, and the promised novel will be anxiously looked for.

The celebration of his first Mass by Rev. John Henry Dorsey, colored, who was ordained to the priesthood June 21st by Cardinal Gibbons at the Baltimore Cathedral, drew to St. Francis Xavier's Church the following morning, a congregation that taxed the capacity of the edifice, which seats 1,300 persons. Long before the hour set for the Mass all the seats were taken in the main auditorium and galleries, and yet the people kept crowding in until the aisles and rear were filled by those who seemed perfectly willing to stand. The congregation was swelled by a delegation from the two colored churches in Washington, which came over by special train.

The sermon was preached by Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, Superior of St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions, who for twenty-five years has worked unceasingly to promote the welfare of the colored race. His heartfelt interest in this noble work impressed itself on the vast audience that listened to his eloquent appeal for justice to the colored man.



REV. JOHN HENRY DORSEY.

"To-day," he said, "for the second time the congregation of St. Francis Xavier's Church welcomes to the altar a young priest who was baptized, made his First Communion, and was confirmed in this Church. Not only is it the second time for this congregation to welcome one of its members to the altar, but it is also the

second occasion for the colored people of the United States to gaze upon a native of their race, who was ordained in his own country.

"During slavery days there could be little hope of orders for colored men, although the illustrious Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., over sixty years ago raised to the priesthood a Negro—an Irishman by birth—in that city from whose ramparts was fired the first shot of the Civil War."

HENRY HARLAND.

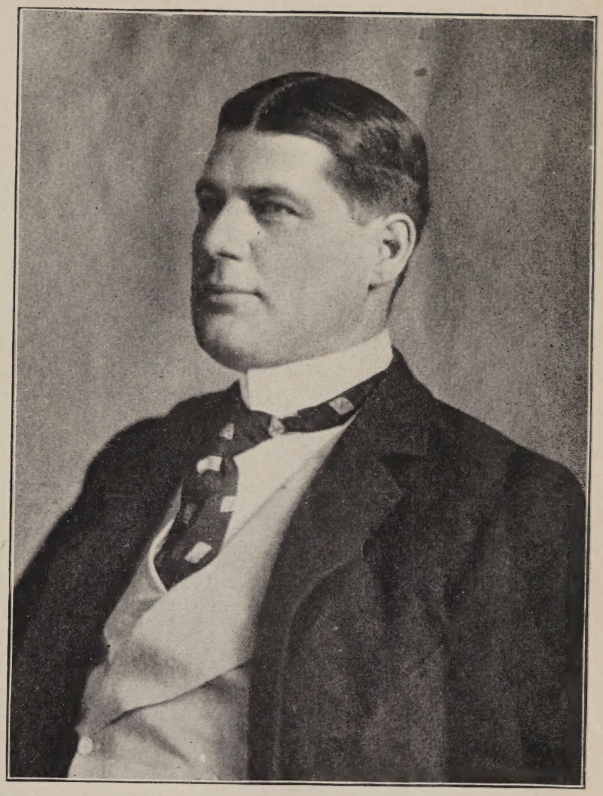
He dwelt on the urgent need of a large body of colored priests to work among the Negroes of the South. In Baltimore alone there are 100,000 Negroes, "the largest population of colored people in the world —larger perhaps than Timbuctoo, the capital of the Soudan." Countless letters, received since Father Dorsey's ordination, from people of his race all over the country, expressed their joy at his elevation to the priesthood. "Every race loves to see its own sons at the altar, and the colored people are just as human as the rest of mankind."

Father Dorsey was born in Baltimore, Md., and received his early education in the public schools. Forced by ill-health to suspend his studies, he spent two years endeavoring to recuperate. Meantime he had become a parishioner of St. Francis Xavier's. In 1888 the Rev. J. R. Slattery became interested in young Dorsey, and sent him to St. Paul to study. Here he remained one year, and Dr. Slattery having opened Epiphany College, at Walbrook, for the purpose of educating young men for the Negro missions, he brought his protege East to become a pupil there. He was graduated with high honors in June, 1893, and matriculated the following September at St. Joseph's Seminary, also established by Dr. Slattery. He took additional courses in philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary. At

both institutions Mr. Dorsey did good work, and the three honorary degrees of the seminary have been conferred upon him.

Henry Harland, one of the first writers of pure English today, is an American. He was born in New York in 1861, and is the son of Mr. Thomas Harland, of Norwich, who was famous in his time as a lawyer, and also a mathematician of remarkable ability. Henry Harland studied both at New York College and Harvard. At the age of nineteen, Mr. Harland went to Europe, residing at Rome and London, and from there, under the name of Sidney Luska, he published several clever stories of Jewish life, with which he was familiar from having been brought up in the Jewish quarter of the city—indeed, so admirable and intimate is his portrayal of Jewish character and customs in such books as "As It Is Written" and "The Yoke of Torah" that many have concluded that he himself was of Hebrew origin, whereas he is of New England stock, and a recent convert to the Catholic Church. Though many of Mr. Harland's early books had considerable sale at the time, it was not until the publication of "The Cardinal's Snuffbox," two years ago, that it was discovered by the critics and by the public that he was not only a writer of good stories, but that he had learned to convey those stories in English that would give them immortality, as types of the language of the finest "letters" of to-day.

Mr. Harland's touch is exquisitely fine in all his work, but never more so than in "The Lady Paramount," particularly where he sketches in the chapel of Craford, dim and brown, where in the old days priests and people worshipped at the peril of their lives. He evolves a tender, beautiful, reverential scene, instinct with Catholic thought and feeling.



(*Courtesy of Literary Digest*)

HERBERT G. SQUIERS.

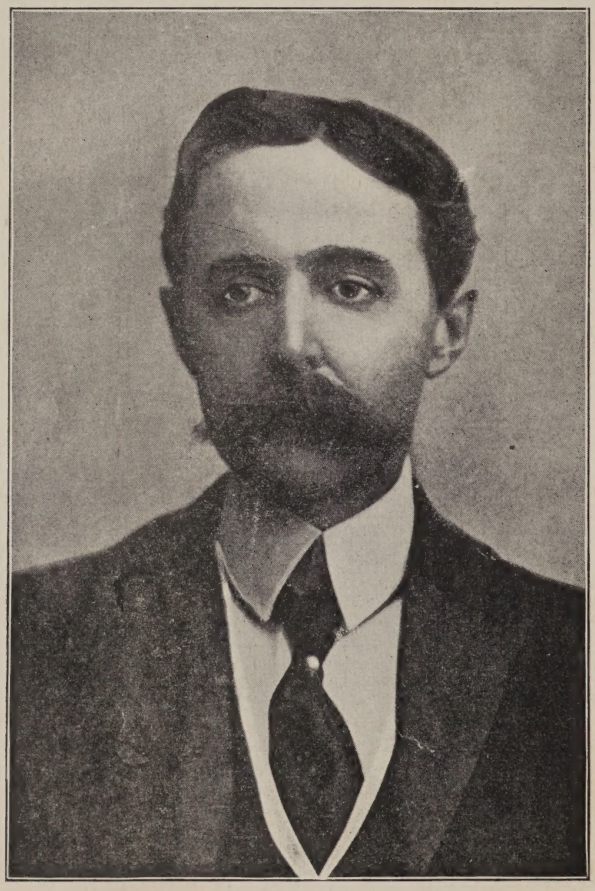
Herbert G. Squiers, secretary of the American legation at Pekin, has been selected by the President to be our first minister to Cuba.

Mr. Squiers is a linguist of note, and has been in the diplomatic service since 1894, when he resigned from the army to become second secretary of the legation at Berlin. In 1897 he was sent to China. Mr. Squiers is a Catholic, being a convert to the Church.

At one time Mr. Squiers was a resident of Chicago, being detailed on staff duty with General Miles. He is forty-two years old. He entered the army as second lieutenant from Minnesota and served in the west with the Seventh Cavalry until he was appointed military instructor at Fordham College. In 1890 he rejoined his regiment to help quell the Indian outbreak at Pine Ridge Agency.

Mr. Squiers is a native of Canada, and has been married twice. After the death

of his first wife, by whom he had four children, he wedded Miss Hattie Woodcock of Sing Sing, N. Y. During the siege of Pekin, Mr. Squiers distinguished himself for bravery. He is now in the United States on leave.



HON. MICHAEL HERBERT.

The coming of the Hon. Michael Herbert as successor to the late Lord Pauncefote has a special interest for Catholics, as he is a son of the venerable Lady Herbert of Lea, who followed Cardinal Manning into the Church.

He is a younger son of the great house of Pembroke, his brother being the present earl. Mr. Herbert is about forty-five, and has been a fortunate man in diplomacy, having several times been appointed over the heads of his elders in years and seniors in service. He was for some time in Paris as Charge d'Affaires at the British Embassy. Mr. Herbert did splendid work when he was at Constantinople during the Armenia troubles.

He was Secretary of Legation in Washington in 1888-89 and 1892-93, and married an American wife, Miss Leila Wilson, daughter of R. T. Wilson of New York, and sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

FADED ROSES.

BY E. WASHBURN BRAINARD.

CHAP I.

Yes, that is the name for them, my two dear ladies, Miss Amelie and Miss Eugenie. I thought of them the other day, when looking at two beautiful "Catherine Mermet" roses that had lost their freshness, but not their beauty. As I gazed at them, in the tall vase, I noticed they had the same beautiful shape, and a faint but still delicious perfume, only the early freshness gone. I said to myself, 'Yes, they are like the two old dears I loved when I was a little girl.'

We lived in New Rochelle,—my father and I,—and they lived near us on a fine old place once belonging to the Westervelt family. When I was taken for a walk by Susan, my young nurse, I always paused to look through the gateway. It often happened they would be walking together in their garden, and if they saw me it was always,

"Sister, there is little Sally."

"Yes," the other sister would answer, "do let us have the child in. She is so fond of flowers; she seems to really love them, as we do."

It was true; but, better than the flowers, I loved the dear ladies.

"Come, little Sally," Miss Eugenie would say, "come and help us pick these pretty roses."

Then I used to slip my hand from Susan's and run to the first one ready to catch me.

"Miss Amelie," I would whisper, "will you please send Susan home. Papa never cares if I am with you and Miss Eugenie. He said, one day, it was like having his little girl with two angels; not to me, but to a gentleman he was talking with."

"Yes, dear," with a little squeeze of my hand, and a soft color in her cheeks, and, turning to Susan, "Do you think, my good Susanne, that Monsieur De Lancey would let Miss Sally stay with us till after we have luncheon?"

Susan would make her old-fashioned curtesy, and say, "I think, Miss, he would be very willing; and when shall I come for her?"

"Oh!" Miss Amelie would answer, "we will take great pleasure in taking home our little mademoiselle, before the papa comes out from the city."

So it grew into a habit, and 'they didn't mind little Sally,' so that young person heard and saw many interesting things not intended especially for her benefit.

One day, when we were sitting in their cosy 'living room' I was wondering when they were little girls, and where they lived, with various other wonderings, such as children have, when Miss Eugenie said,

"A penny for your thoughts, ma cherie!"

"I was just trying, and trying, to think, dear Miss Eugenie, about just how it was when you and Miss Amelie were little girls."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, delightful! Will you, honest and true?"

"Sister," she said, "shall we make

the little romance for the child? It would be great happiness, perhaps, for us to live over those days for her."

Miss Amelie laughed softly, and said,

"I do not know why not. Will you begin, dear Eugenie?"

"Let me think!" said Miss Eugenie, "I suppose I will say 'once upon a time.' Well, once upon a time when I was a small person, like you Sally, we lived near Paris with papa and mamma. Papa, you know, was an American, and he was called Major Westcott. He had been in the American army, and he used to be at West Point. He had not been in any battle. We were glad of that. But he loved to paint: his heart was in beautiful things, not for the killing of people. He said 'our dear Lord He was prince of *peace*, not of war'? So he came to Paris and he found a place to board at Fontenay with a good man and his wife, who kept the lodge where my grandfather lived.

"Mamma she was a young girl, an orphan, and papa saw her every day walking about the park with her governess. He wondered how he could know her, and then he remembered his father knew a gentleman by the same name as my grandpapa, and so he wrote to Boston, where his home was, and he found it was the same person, —and you can see what came after this!"

"Yes," said Miss Amelie, "and we must not forget to tell you how, years before, our American grandpapa had come to Paris, and he had seen a picture of our grandpapa's cousin, and he fell in love with the picture and then he met the lady, and that very lady was afterward our American grandmamma. She died soon after her son was born."

"And, Sally," said Miss Eugenie, "at first my grandfather almost broke his heart he was so afraid he would lose his Marie; but, no, they were too good; they lived with him; and the dear Abbé, he married them in the parish church, for papa was a Catholic, and by and by a little girl came and she was one of us, and in a year another came and she was the other of us, and the kind old curé he christened first one and then the other."

At this both sisters laughed heartily; for they would never tell which was the elder, lest one should be called 'Miss Westcott.'

"Now, little Sally, this is enough for today. It is just one short love-story."

"Really, honest and true? I never knew a love-story was like that."

The sisters went upstairs to dress for the walk to my home. We always went round by the church, for we lived in the town near the church, while their home was on a hill. We used to go in for a little visit; sometimes saying some prayers, and other times the sisters would go to the organ and one would play while the other sang —sometimes in French, sometimes in Latin. Often both would sing, Miss Eugenie having a rich alto and her sister rather a low soprano, I used to shut my eyes and play I was in Heaven: and as I look back upon those peaceful days I think I was not far from the truth.

Chap. II.

A few days after this my dear ladies told me the rest of their story. We were sitting on their broad veranda,

and the air was sweet with the perfume of roses and honeysuckles. They made such a pretty picture! They had a habit, summer and winter, of dressing in clothes of a warm soft grey. In winter, of course, all was thick and warm, and in summer, cool and light, but always this general color. Both had curly hair, almost white, and they wore it in natural curls in front, with a fluffy twist behind. Miss Amelie had grey eyes, and Miss Eugenie's were a warm violet blue. It used to seem to me as if Nature dressed them as she does the flowers; and they always had a tender grace about all they did, like long stemmed roses. I once heard a stranger say after she had seen them, "They are romance personified."

"Are you going to tell me the rest of the story today?" I asked.

"Yes, child," said Miss Eugenie, "I think we left ourselves babies, but we shall never finish if we do not pass lightly over many of those happy years. We lived at Fontenay until we were too old to stay with a governess, and mamma took us to 'the ladies of the Sacred Heart,' where we were pupils four years. We were home for all holidays, and time never hung heavy on our hands."

"And, sister," said Miss Amelie, "we must tell her of the grand ball when we were 'introduced.'"

"What did you wear, dear Miss Amelia?" I said.

"We dressed alike then as now. We both wore some old lace gowns, that had been grandmamma's, over light blue silk. You know we were very young and our hair was dark like yours. Young girls in France are not like Americans, and we kept very close to mamma, but we danced with young gentlemen who belonged to families of old friends. Sister shall I tell her of Gustave?"

For a moment Miss Eugenie hesitated, and then she said,

"We cannot leave him out of our story."

"Gustave," said Miss Amelie, "was a distant cousin of our family. Everyone loved him. We both danced with him several times. He loved one of us very much, and our parents wished him for a son-in-law. But we had a secret wish, we two. We were so happy in the convent! We did not wish to leave papa and mamma, but our hearts turned to the convent and we thought they might spare one. But which one? And if one of us marry Gustave, which one? We knew he loved one of us most. This was the one who most wished to be a nun. So it went on. Dear mamma left us and went to our blessed Heavenly Mother, and we could not leave papa. Then we had to come to the United States, and Gustave,—well!—his mother, she was very sorry, but her son he must marry;—and the end of all was he married Eulalie D'Arcey, a very dear girl. We love her very much. They have two little girls and they are called Eugenie and Amelie."

"Yes, Sally," said Miss Eugenie, "and we are very happy and quite content, although we seem to have done nothing as we had planned. You know papa is at rest now, and we are growing older, but we need not be sad for we shall know all the reasons, and God's plans for us, when we see Him."

Chap. III.

One day, not long after, Susan left me, one morning, at the Westcott's

gateway, while she went to do an errand in the town. I was walking slowly toward the house, enjoying the birds and flowers, when I saw a gentleman who seemed to be just leaving the house. He was rather a large man, and I noticed his curly hair was grey, and his moustache and eyebrows black; and, as I came nearer I saw he had a beautiful smile; and it was for one who was coming. Dear Miss Eugenie came out from the house, saying,

"Gustave, just a last good-bye, and my love to your wife and our little namesakes."

She held out her hand to him and he took it in both of his, and looked at her for a moment. Then he stooped, and very gently kissed the white fingers.

"Eugenie," he said, "I could not have you for my wife, but you have always been my good angel."

In a moment he was gone, and I knew who he was, and which sister he loved best, and also who wished to be a nun.

Miss Eugenie's eyes were too full of tears for her to notice me; and some intuition made me linger among the roses until she went in. Then I sat down on the steps and waited for Susan.

Chap. IV.

Soon after the visit of "Gustave" Miss Eugenie took cold, and, like all roses when they are chilled, she drooped more and more every day; until a day came when Father Sayre was called to give her the last earthly consolations of the Church.

It was Sunday morning: and in New Rochelle they have the beautiful custom of having the church-bell strike three times at the Elevation; so all who are absent, especially the sick, can hear it.

Miss Eugenie was lying so still we could hardly tell if she still breathed, when this beautiful sound was wafted softly into the room. We, Miss Amelie and I, involuntarily began to repeat the 'Domine non sum dignus' when we heard Eugenie's voice, quite clear, repeating it with us.

She closed her eyes and we thought she was asleep. It was a most sweet sleep, for she awoke in bliss,—beyond sin, beyond sorrow.

Chap. V.

A few weeks after this my father and I were sitting before our cheerful wood-fire. He was reading his evening paper. I was,—well, I was looking at the fire, and thinking of many things, and doing nothing. Presently he laid down his paper, and he also sat dreamily watching the fire. At last he looked at me, with a smile, and said, "My child, I am going to ask your advice, and I am going to follow it. I find I must leave New Rochelle and go to attend to your grandfather's estate, near Boston. It will be a beautiful home."

"Yes," I said, "but what 'advice' is it? And can we possibly leave dear Miss Amelie here, all alone,—old and sad?"

"Well, dear child, you are coming to the point yourself," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Miss Amelie is not so very old,—at least

from my point of view:—to you I daresay she seems venerable. I was going to ask you if you thought it would be a good plan for her to go too?"

"Most delightful,—if she will go! She seems to feel as if her sister lingered about the old place; but we can ask her. Shall we?"

My father bit his lip, and then the humor of the thing seemed to strike him.

"Sally," he said, "will you go with me in the morning, and ask Miss Amelie, yourself, if she will be my wife? You know she really is too lovely to come in any other way."

I looked him 'fair and square' in the eye, and then we both burst into a hearty laugh.

"Father," I said, "this is the best and most amusing surprise I ever had. You know I never called my dear mother 'mamma,' so I will put the question to Miss Amelie in this way."

We went! We begged! At last we conquered! We had many happy years together. We went to France and saw "Gustave" and his lovely wife and children. We traveled in many lands, but we always came back, gladly, to our Cambridge home.

Now they are all at rest, all I have written about, but 'little Sally,'—and she is not only 'mother' but 'grandmother' to a fine lot of young people: and when she sees roses past their early freshness, but still beautiful, she thinks of these dear ones,—these two charming sisters.

LOITERINGS IN LONDON.

BY R. H.

Ten years spent in London is the equivalent of a long and varied career passed elsewhere on earth. True, when one is removed from the actualities of London life to far distant and far different scenes its memories "summoned up to the sessions of sweet silent thought" may appear, like other memories, but worn out witnesses and spectral forms of a buried past. But so vivid is the scene of London beyond all other scenes on earth, so varied its vicissitudes, so deep the impressions it makes, that it can never fade into a mere dream or pass completely out of one's life as most other things do that are once left behind. Indeed the afterthought—the returning dream if you will—of long years spent in that city clings to the mind in a masterful way. There is some spell about that vast human hive called London that takes the heart captive. It is not a mere fanciful glamor, for there is so much that is squalid in that monster maze of humanity to offset the fascination of its fashion and its fustian. Whatever be the nature of the spell it is certain that a prolonged sojourn in that crowded wilderness enchains one to its sombre scene. This is true even of those whose life there is unaccompanied by cheering enjoyment, and whose state is one of stress and struggle.

PRISONERS OF PRESS AND PEN.

I have known—and I know now—many a captive of London whose condition is one lingering pain, and who yet confesses to some charm of the

place that forbids all thought of severance from it. These are chiefly young—but also many old—men who besiege the offices on and off Fleet street and who (like the London sparrows crowding and fighting round a discarded crust) snap at the pitiful crumbs of journalism thrown in their way from some back window of an editorial office. They are often professional men, doctors and lawyers especially. There are among them many scholars, too, of Oxford or Cambridge who find no source of livelihood in their craft or their learning. They are crowded out of place by the thousands more able or more fortunate than themselves. They parade the Strand or lurk in dingy chambers about the various Inns of Court, or herd in cheap lodgings round Bloomsbury, Clerkenwell, Islington and Holloway. They are nearly all true gentlemen, and they look and act the character. Often empty of stomach and hungry of look they usually manage somehow to appear well-appointed. When unable to do so they appear not at all. So they live on till at last, overwhelmed in the pitiless whirlpool of London life, they meet the fate of thousands who are submerged there. After that, look for them, if the quest should interest you, among the ragged and squalid figures that haunt the by-ways of Soho, saunter along Tottenham Court Road, or fringe the curbstones around the Bank and the Exchange, selling boot laces, sleeve buttons, new toys and old grimcracks.

These are the men who have vainly courted the literature before being consigned to the litter of London life. The anatomy hall, the dusty law court, the college or university chamber afford but poor substitutes for the unschooled energy, versatility, and verve demanded of the pressman. The poor scholar from some provincial academy, coming to London full of youth, hope and health, knowing nothing specially, but some things indifferently well, and above all, having some mechanical skill and experience with the pen is far better accoutred for success than the college or university man. Examine the names of notable pressmen and you shall see that these are the kind who come to the top. Such, for instance, are Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., Mr. Harold Frederick, Mr. Archibald Forbes, and a host of others I could mention. These are the class of men who take journalism by storm, or who capture it at last by persevering strength and vigilant strategy. Yet their access to the strongholds of modern literature is not achieved without much weariness and many wounds on the way. Read Mr. O'Connor's account of his early life in London published in his first, or nearly the first, issue of "The Star" as owner and editor of that paper. Lately he has returned to those sad reminiscences in various magazine articles on the trials of London literary life. He cannot even now conjure up a smile or indulge a triumph over the memory of those doleful days when a Yarmouth bloater, consumed late at evening, formed his sole day's repast. He could not risk his peace and his chances of stumbling on work by lingering to eat his herring earlier in the day. Often this young Colossus (well for him he was that), went almost fainting to his meal of fish. But fortunately Mr. O'Connor had learned shorthand in his boyhood, somewhere

in Galway. Shorthand alone he freely admits saved his life and secured finally his position and reputation. The odds and ends of other acquirements he had picked up were valuable to him only at the last. The style he had adopted in his juvenile efforts in the Tuam Herald, wordy at first, but always warm and sympathetic like the man himself, is now become easy and ornate and quite his very own.

Mr. McCarthy's career in London was similar to this, but his previous experience of journalism in Ireland, a first rate school, by the way, was larger and longer than that of Mr. O'Connor. He, too (Mr. McCarthy), won by painful degrees his gentle way to the hearts of the gentler classes in England. Serene, deep-seeing, and accomplished, he has attained a high place and made his mark on his century as a political reviewer and a novelist. Many of his books have been translated into foreign languages but they have not attained the foreign celebrity of O'Connor's less finished, but more masterly work on "The Parnell Movement." This is read in Persian and Hindustanee as well as in every language of Europe. But the fame of this book was not all due to its own admirable statement of its subject. The world went wild at the time over the Irish question and would have a clear and concise knowledge of it. O'Connor's book told the old tale in accents loud and unmistakable.

A few London professional men, such as Dr. Conan Doyle, have had such a vocation and such a talent for literature that it compelled them to its service and shook them out of their professional robes. Harold Frederick, whom I knew well, had been a journalist in Utica, N. Y., where he was born. He was employed in London by the New York Times as special correspondent in the Parnellite agitation which almost monopolized the press of England and America in those days. He lived in Bedford Square, but was absent most of the time in Ireland attending meetings and taking notes. Then he used dash back to London, cable and correspond to his paper in a fever of haste, and suddenly vanish again to turn up in Connemara or Galway. His home, when he was at home for an evening, was a great resort of the Parnellite members. There one might meet—at due seasons—Healy and Biggar, and Sexton, all Parnell's bosom friends, but not Parnell himself who was never seen at private parties. Frederick remained in London till his tragic and untimely death a few years ago under suspicion of accidental poisoning. Having finally abandoned journalism he became a voluminous novelist. He was a kindly man and an interesting companion. But he could not be called an educated man in any sense. He was a rapid and correct writer and a ready reporter. Of such is the kingdom of journalism. These are the heroes of successful modern literature. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Cable, Howells, as well as numerous English writers of note, are of this class. They display—and probably possess—no real learning. Learning and modern popular literature have become divorced through incompatibility of temperament. The more's the pity say all of us whose romantic appetite was fed upon Scott and his ilk. But then Dickens and Thackeray—the former a really ignorant man in the light of exact reading and study, and the latter no pedant—had already begun to al-

lure us and make us live in our own day.

Literary criticism and biography this, not London life, the reader may say. Yet who does not seize the chain of the thought and recognize in all this diversity of men and minds gathered at all times round the great city the strange charm that bound them irresistibly to London. They all suffered there more than they ever told. They all loved the very stones of London. They all hung desperately to the skirts of a society there—high or low—that they scorned, strictured, satirized or compassionated according as their thoughts coursed upward or downward, to the slum or the Salon, along the stream of London's wise old river. Cokaigne had conquered them and held them captive body and soul.

FIGURES IN THE BACKGROUND.

I shall now venture on names of lesser repute, though not always of greatly lesser merit. They are those of men I know in the London of to-day—literary men, struggling men of intellect, and of interest to this unstudied picture. Should they ever behold it they will forgive me for dragging them out of the obscurity I shared with them. They will know it is a memory and a message I send, sad but kindly and even reverent.

For readers here a few such personal sketches of loiterers in London whom they will never know will do far more than generalities to make London life as I knew it near and clear to them. Great as London is I could reach all those men now, were I there, in few rapid runs to their favorite haunts—the British Museum Library, Coger's Hall, and the George Inn, in Fleet street; the old "Peacock" at Islington, the Middle Temple and Grey's Inn Chambers and libraries. I could hunt them up at dusky eve, or better still, much later on, at their dens in Bloomsbury, Clerkenwell, Holloway, Hampstead. These are the well-known purlieus where medical and law students (home and colonial), merchants' clerks, retired officials on half or no pay, theatrical aspirants from the country (mostly clergymen's sons and daughters), old ladies and gentlemen who have survived their very selves though not their antique habiliments, professors of foreign languages and professors of nothing, "disgraces to their family" of all ranks and no rank (who are usually ornaments to society and the best of company)—these are the people and these the places where they congregate and form a brilliant and prismatic coterie. Among them indeed character may be studied to advantage because there is no fixed and regulated character displayed. These people, however, all know how to behave themselves, and by them, as a rule, the proprieties and even the niceties of life are observed. Then there is a lower stratum of flotsam folk, where the poor clerk or writer retires to an attic and abides there in solitary confinement, trusting to chance for an occasional meal and often doing without one. Such men meet about once a day at a given time and place, usually at some cheap restaurant. Among a dozen or so who will be present two or three at least will have portion of a week's pay from "the office," the rest of their revenue having gone as "an instalment" to the landlady. There is never a landlord for he is always dead or absent and his "relict" rules over the "apartments." At those meetings al-

so a writer or two mayhap will have "got in" a paid paragraph, or a young doctor received an unexpected fee. On the largess of those friendly capitalists all the gang have a merry and abundant "feed" of some solid stuff, warranted to last, and a magnum of stout or half and half. Next day some of the others will be solvent and it is their turn to pay. Their troubles are now forgotten, their wits stimulated, their hopes renewed for the moment. Where find a more brilliant, a more brotherly company than they!

The one man I knew and cherished most of this class, he being in it yet not of it in a social sense, for he loved solitude, was Manning. He is there now, for he told me in an hour of the deepest distress when I urged him to try his fortune far away that he loved London too well to leave it, badly though it treated him. He was a graduate of medicine of Trinity College, Dublin, but domestic calamity and a long illness at the end of his course had prevented his taking his final degree. Though thus precluded from practice at which he never would have succeeded, he was an accomplished theoretic physician and an extensive reader of pathological lore, fact and fable. His forte was mental foibles and fallacies in which he wrote largely in the form of stories from his own imagination dressed up with facts or tales—gathered from old magazines in the Museum Library—concerning eccentric personages of all times and nations. But often he had no facts to go on and then he was more than usually successful. He was a really elegant writer. As a man he was the most gentle, retiring, courteous creature I ever met. He hated all forms of oppression, and this was his only passion. He was a friend of the Harmsworths, the Daily Mail proprietors, and publishers of innumerable pamphlets and periodicals. They had been with him in Trinity, Dublin. There is no London memory I hold dearer than his. We used to meet often in the Museum Library and have a whispered chat or else go outside to the great portico and grumble at fate.

The mention of this Museum Library compels me to digress once more before I come to other personal pictures. I do not need to describe that great round room whose walls—or its one curved wall—are circling rows of books, doors of books, back lanes of books, and whose floor is a stage of comfortable desks and chairs radiating out like wheel spokes from a common centre where the officials sit silent all day, where the catalogues, all lettered and numbered, hedge them in and round, and where the readers, mute and noiseless as mice, go and come constantly to consult the catalogues and weary the polite gentlemen behind them. There is not in the world so silent, so serious or so studious a spot as this. No one goes there to idle, though many go there simply to think, and the place itself conduces to thought, almost compels it. Let me speak of some of the habitues.

First, and best known to all studious London, there is Miss O'Connell, niece or grand-niece to the Liberator. She is always there, has been there every day for the last thirty years, and everybody knows her. She occupies always the same chair and desk at the end of a row near the centre circle, and no one else thinks of taking it, even though perchance they found it empty. She is no longer young. She wears her hair close cropped like a man's.

She is quite lame in one foot. She is as unlike the great Tribune in form and feature as could be. She is petite and sharp-featured. She is always delving among old newspapers. Seldom is a volume to be seen on her desk. She goes across the way to the corner cake shop in Great Russell street to take her noontide cup of tea and bun. This do all the lady readers, and most of the gentlemen, too—unless they affect the opposite tavern,—and it constitutes their daily light intellectual reflection. The library is a somnolent place and after a good meal little or nothing can be done there for half the afternoon.

There are always lots of foreigners, chiefly Germans, in the library, and they seemed to me the only ones to disregard the rigorous rule of silence. They don't quite talk. They do worse, they rumble. One can't whisper, I think, in German. No expression of disgust can rival the scowl the hard-working student toiling for his bread, throws over his shoulder at such misdemeanants. There are a number of old Ritualistic ladies always engaged in the library copying in colors from ancient illuminated missals and liturgical books. There are lots of beautiful and well-dressed young ladies also who certainly do not come there to show off. They are as engrossed in their work as the dingiest old denizens. There are many clergymen always there at work, among whom are most frequently seen the eminent Church historian, Father Gasquet, O. S. B., and Monsignor Moyse, the great theologian and Catholic writer. Brother Azarias was once a steady student at the Museum. I often accompanied him there. When I was first in London life tickets were issued for the library to persons duly recommended and I had one, but now they only give tickets for six months to be renewed. The facilities here afforded for study, the courtesy and kindness of the officials and attendants, the variety, number and value of ancient volumes and Mss. and of modern books of all kinds are not approached by any similar institution in the world. This a learned French professor, studying old historical Mss. in the Museum, assured me, and he was a frequenter at home of the far-famed Paris Bibliothèque Nationale.

"COACHES," SCHOOLS, SCHOLASTIC SYNDICATES.

Of "coaching" and cramming pupils I had profound and painful experience in London. My connection with that sort of work began by meeting at the rooms of the Wm. O'Brien Branch of the Land League, with Mr. M. I. Dougherty, now a barrister-at-law, soon to be, if not being already a Q. C., and finally a judge, if ability and ambition can secure him that high position. An M. P. he can be at any time, for he is a leading and active Irish-Londoner and the nomination has been more than once offered him. With this young man my life in London was much interwoven for years. Many an unrecorded adventure, many a dismal day and many a joyous hour we have had together. Dougherty soon came into request as a political speaker at elections on the Liberal side. Invited by him to his place at Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, I went, and found he had there taken a whole house and opened a private boarding "Academy" with himself as universal tutor, his sister, a charming Irish girl, now married in

New York, as housekeeper. And yet this brave young fellow was only a month or so over from Roscommon. His few resident pupils were chiefly Colonials, Portuguese from Demarara and other dusky creatures studying for law, with one or two English. Besides this he found or made time to do some visiting tutorship in the neighborhood and give some classes in a Brothers' college at Highgate. As a worker he was indefatigable. No man I ever met better deserved the success already achieved by him after bitter struggle, and the greater success that I feel sure awaits him. Dougherty was a splendid mathematician and a classical scholar of the first rank. He knew and could teach French excellently well, though he could neither speak nor pronounce it. But this latter is not required for the British exams. It was his manner and method that chiefly interested me. His calmness, his suave and gentle way, suppressing the native fire of his temperament, his clearness and precision, all were admirable.

I attached myself on request in a casual way to this ambitious institution, but could only aid him, when he was absent with outside pupils, in the Latin, French and elementary mathematical classes. The students in the house paid, only at long and perilous intervals. How the house was kept was always a mystery to me. Of course I asked and received no fee. I was only too glad to live in intimacy with so dear a friend. In the evenings we went to some of the debating halls that abound all about London, and there Dougherty was always in his element. I could write a whole volume on this connection, but must fain abridge. The academy broke down. The marvel was how it ever held up. Then there was migration to various points, to Finsbury Square, which held out a long time, to a room in Islington, to another and finally a last one in Chancery Lane,—this last move was in connection with the Berlitz School of Languages established there. After the Tufnell Park collapse I did not live with Dougherty, but visited him nearly every day and always took a class for him when he was hard run. He was very successful in his Chancery Lane room in passing pupils for the medical, law, civil service and dental preliminary exams. While doing this he set about studying law himself in his intervals of work. The preliminary exam. for law was nothing to him. He could teach his examiners the requisites for that. Then he mastered Roman law, the second stage of the law exams. and in this he passed with brilliant distinction. After this he at once set to teaching Roman law which he had himself but just learned and passed, and he did this so well that he acquired a reputation as instructor in that particular subject. Finally he passed again with distinction in Constitutional law and the practice of the courts. He began at once to teach that also, and was made barrister of the Middle Temple, still continuing to teach. He began to practise, like so many other young lawyers in London, in the police courts on criminal cases. Readers will excuse me for this too lengthy notice of a life unknown to them in view of the fact that it affords about the best illustration I could give of one phase, and an interesting one of London life and its struggles. "The Coach" will soon exist no more. All his work is now taken in hand by syndicates and agen-

cies which employ expert teachers whom they reach by advertisement. The managers take all the pupils' fees themselves and give only a starving pittance to the overworked men and women of education who instruct their pupils in the various branches. The city is full of such syndicates or companies, usually run by Jews.

WAIFS AND STRAYS ABOUT LONDON.

London is the refuge for waifs and strays, British and foreign, innocent and criminal, who hide their weary heads when they can in its mazes and recesses. Around Soho there are about 30,000 of such, German, French, Italian, tradesmen, taverners, teachers, political and socialist refugees. Among these derelicts one finds many English younger sons of good families returned as failures from the colonies (where they were sent to be got rid of and whence they came back unwelcome), escaped convicts, discharged soldiers and sailors, reduced gentlemen and irreducible vagrants of all sorts. These men are not all to be taken as self-made outcasts. Many of them are the sport of circumstances and all of them are victims of the fatal fascination of London.

One of them I knew intimately well and met almost every day for some years. His picture will stand for the better type of a very large class of Londoners. The gentleman in question was no other than Mr. Michael Balfe, the only son and only surviving child of Balfe, the great Irish musical composer. He must have been quite sixty when I met him first at the house of his sister-in-law (he is a childless widower), where I roomed for a long time at Finsbury Park. Mr. Balfe had had a wonderful career. Furnished in youth with a good position in a mercantile house in Holland through the influence of friends of his father he could not long brook mercantile methods. The same friends secured him a commission as officer in the army, and he went to the East Indies and served there some years. He left, and came to the United States, where he remained for fourteen years and where, I think, he married. In America he did many things in the way of business, among the rest becoming an inventor and patentee of various aids to industry, but never a capitalist, nor even a beneficiary from their adoption. His father had been long dead. His mother was a Hungarian lady of rank, to whom the elder Balfe bequeathed little but his manuscript musical scores, his various orders and decorations from many courts of Europe and of the world. Hearing of her death, Balfe, the younger, returned to England, to find that his mother (supposing him dead and not having heard from him for fourteen years) had left the great composer's original manuscript scores, quite a valuable property, to the British Museum, and his orders, etc., to various friends. Money she left to no one because there was none. Michael Balfe on his return to England set himself at once to recover the Mss., from the Museum authorities and began applying perseveringly to the government and to the queen herself, for a place or pension—this in view of the fame and the deserts of his father as the greatest of all British musical composers and among the greatest in the world. In this occupation I found him, and I often helped or at least gratified him by inditing vapid memorials at his

earnest request to her Majesty, the Lord High Chancellor, etc., etc. Also he wrote constantly to the Rothschilds, great friends and admirers of his father, and related in some way to his Hungarian mother, and to a certain noble family in Spain allied also to her by marriage with her sister. All these personages had helped him time and again and no one but himself had further hopes from any one in his case. But he wrote on and wrote on till all thought him crazy. He came out right eventually. A little more than two years ago, when Balfe was ageing fast and breaking down through privation and stress he was pensioned off for the rest of his life by the Rothschilds who guaranteed his respectable maintenance and a goodly trifle of pocket money per week. Balfe lived I know not how. London harbors yet many of his great father's personal friends and admirers, and they all helped him from time to time until they tired of it. The Mohawk Minstrels and other concert and opera people used sometimes start a "Balfe Night" for his benefit when they sang two or three of the composer's most popular songs. But the returns seldom reached poor Balfe's pockets. No doubt they seldom covered the expenses. His two constant and faithful friends who never deserted him, or shut their doors on him were his wife's two sisters, widows, keeping comfortable boarding places at Finsbury Park. There, there was always music of a high class, but Balfe himself knew no note of music and had no taste whatever for it.

CELEBRITIES.

Those I knew personally of men in place besides Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, on my first visit to London, were some members of Parliament whom I induced to agitate in the "House" the French shore, Newfoundland question, and harry the government on this touchy point. These were the Redmonds, Swift McNeill, Cunninghame Graham, and a Mr. Munroe, M. P. for Leith. The pressmen and editors of note I was acquainted with were Mr. Stead, then of the Pall Mall Gazette, the first for whom I wrote and from whom I at various times received publication. We worked up together the French Shore question and I met him at times in his office. He gave me once, to my surprise, a note of introduction to Madame Blavatsky. Needless to say, I never presented it.

The most celebrated pressman of the day is a Mr. W. I. Dillon, a Cork man, and foreign correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. Him I knew from introduction by a friend in America who had been a fellow-student of Dillon's in the Ecclesiastical College at Innspruck. Mr. Dillon is a living marvel. He is first a Russophile of note and a Russian scholar, a graduate of several Russian universities, and writer in the Russian language for Russian reviews. He knows also German, Polish, French, Italian, as well as Arabic and most Oriental languages. He is a profound political writer and was several times quoted in Parliament by Mr. Gladstone as authority on the state of Greece, Armenia and Crete, during the troubles in the nearer East. In Crete he followed the war through on the Cretan side as war correspondent for the Telegraph. He dressed as a Greek priest while there, speaking modern Greek and living with the moun-

taineers. He was all through the Soudan and, later, through the Chinese wars. His adventures and hair-breadth escapes have been almost incredible. But whoso wishes to know more about him will find him in the place of honor—the Character Sketch pictured in all his various disguises in a last year's number, I forget exactly which, though I have read it, of Mr. Stead's "Review of Reviews." In person he is small, plain, almost insignificant, and gives no evidence in his features or his conversation of his wonderful acquirements and abilities.

CARDINAL MANNING.

My residence in London covered two distinct periods, and during the first of them I was brought into contact with that greatest of churchmen, Cardinal Manning. First I met him at St. Etheldreda's church, Ely Place, Holborn, the London residence of the Fathers of Charity. The "Institute of Charity," as the order is called, was then and long after, till his death a few years ago, presided over in England by the Very Rev. Fr. Wm. Lockhart, a contemporary (though much younger), Oxford convert and a dear friend of the Cardinal. Father Lockhart was grand-nephew of Sir Walter Scott, and he was among the most amiable, noble-minded, altogether beautiful personalities that I ever lived with on terms of intimacy. He had spent a private fortune on the purchase and excavation of the old site of the church of Etheldreda, a saint of Saxon times and princely Saxon lineage. The excavation discovered the complete ancient crypt in which Mass is now daily offered. The cavity had been used for years beyond counting as a wine-vault, by merchants in the wholesale trade, and the precious sanctuary within was unknown or forgotten by all, except a few antiquarians who were not even sure of its exact position. It is now surmounted by the newer church of St. Etheldreda, where the Sunday solemn church services are celebrated. The entire space behind the altar is occupied by one of the most splendid stained glass windows in England, representing events in the life of the patroness. This was the gift of the Duke of Norfolk and cost $25,000. Altogether there is not a more hallowed spot in London than St. Etheldreda's. Father Lockhart it was that restored it. He gave his life, his whole heart to it. It is a fitting shrine for his own repose after a gracious and Godly career.

Here Cardinal Manning loved to come to meet his friend and pass an hour with the learned, but modest and retiring, fathers. It was my privilege to be housed as a guest for a whole winter with them, leading their life and officiating in that sacred place. There I was first introduced to His Eminence. The visit of his that I best remember was on a recurring feast of Pentecost, Whit Sunday. He preached there on that day on his favorite theme, the work of the Holy Spirit in the world and in the hearts of men. On this devotion to the Holy Ghost he wrote, as is well-known, copiously and beautifully, and he may well be said to have given form and reality to the same in our day. Robed in brilliant vestments with mitre, cope, and pastoral staff, he stood there by the altar railing, a spectral form—a living type in his ethereal whiteness, his essential passionless energy, of the heavenly Spirit he invoked, and whose

living presence he made so sensibly felt. I never shall forget that scene. The upright figure standing there, staff in hand, in front of and almost in touch with the people. There was only the slender altar railing between them. There was no pulpit then in St. Etheldreda's, only a sort of platform which happily for the grand effect he did not use. He employed no gesture whatever except a sustained outstretching of one thin forefinger towards the congregation. He spoke in measured tones that vibrated. His eyes riveted all eyes. His face was overspread with a pallid warmth. There was something in his grave utterance and lofty regard that seemed singularly to befit his unearthly subject. It produced on his hearers an emotion full of tenderness and of awe such as no passionate declamation or fervid oratory could inspire.

Before leaving St. Etheldreda's for Italy to renew at the cradle of "The Institute" in Domodossola my spirit and my philosophical studies I called on his Eminence at his house on Vauxhall Road and was alone with him for near an hour. I can only compare that interview as regards its effect on myself, to a painless process of vivisection. Bidding me take a chair opposite the window—he sat in an armchair with his back to it—without asking me the object of my visit or any other question he proceeded at once to dissect my character, mental and moral, with a precision and sureness of stroke that amazed my inner consciousness and seemed to make it known to itself as it really was for the first time. I shall never give even a summary of this display of preternatural clairvoyance. It was of purely personal and confidential import. It was ruthlessly truthful, but also greatly encouraging. He then indited for me a letter which embodied the best only of the judgments he had pronounced on me. I have always deemed it an honor, a proud reminiscence, though vastly calculated to allay pride, that such as he should have condescended to make a study as it were of such as me.

After my return from Italy, in about a year's time, I again often saw the Cardinal, but only in public, and chiefly at meetings of the League of the Cross, the teetotal society he had founded, and which has done and is doing so much good among the poorer classes of London, to whom he was specially devoted. It was his joy to meet those poor people in some dingy hall in the West Centre or East End, surrounded by his Irish bodyguard with their broad sashes of green and broader smiles of gratified love and pride in their leader. Here he always unbent and joked, as he well knew how to do in spite of his apparent chilliness, and told yarns and enjoyed the romping of the young folks.

Apropos of this he spoke to me at our former private meeting of his efforts in the cause of total abstinence and referred to his own strict observance of that custom as one that did not find favor with all his Catholic people or with all his clergy upon whom, however, he never imposed his own rule of life as an obligation. He said that his self-discipline on this point was deemed wholly unnecessary by his flock and by his priests, an extreme and unsocial virtue for one of his high character and position. He ended, rising abruptly from his chair, with the almost awful utterance—"They may call me a fool, but I am willing to be-

come a fool for Christ's sake!" These were his very words. They are burned on my memory. This is all I know personally of Cardinal Manning, the greatest figure in the English-Catholic Church of our day. I do not except Cardinal Newman, whose greatness was scarcely more intellectual and was certainly less social and less human, less Catholic in its scope and less fruitful in its widespread practical results.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Once only had I the honor of meeting Lord Russell in private and alone. Our interview was brief, but it lasted long enough to imprint his form, features and expression durably on my memory. I sought him in his chambers in the new buildings called, if I remember rightly, the New Row, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. My visit was paid on behalf of a young friend of mine studying for the bar. On sending up my card I was immediately conducted to Sir Charles Russell's rooms. That was his title at the time. He had not yet been promoted to the woolsack and the peerage. The chambers were three, all ominously severe, silent, and redolent of law and order. The outer, or waiting room, was empty at the time. The next one was occupied or inhabited by one clerk, who did not look up as I passed, or seem capable of taking notice of anything except a formidable scroll he was engaged in perusing and copying. The third room into which I was quickly ushered was the great counsellor's own private study or sanctum, and I found him standing at his desk before me. He silently motioned me to a seat, but did not sit down himself, a hint no doubt that his time was precious and not to be uselessly squandered. Indeed it is well-known that throughout all his life he was during his study and business hours, which took up the larger part of each day, among the hardest working men in London. I was glad he remained standing because it gave me the best opportunity of marking what a noble-looking man he was in form and feature. He was near sixty, I should say at that time, but was tall, erect, athletic, elegant in pose and figure. He showed no sign of age except in his whitening hair. His face would have looked youthful only that its expression was so grave and judicial. He was clean-shaven and there was a suspicion of the ecclesiastical, one might almost say of the episcopal, about his handsome face. His glance was searching, yet serene. My business with him was dispatched in a few words. Then, as I stood up to depart, somewhat to my surprise and much to my satisfaction he held out the commonest old snuff box I ever beheld, a huge and hideous thing made of some brownish wood unpolished and unvarnished except by old age and constant use. I gladly accepted a pinch. With finger tips to nostrils we steadily regarded each other, bowed, smiled and fraternized without another word. I often wondered since whether this unusual act of courtesy on his part were proffered as a test of my right and title to be what I appeared to be, or was simply the result of some loose grains of circumstantial evidence, adhering to my features or my dress, detected by his keen eye and subjected to his legal acumen. Anyway the act linked us for the moment by mutual confession of a mutual weakness quite proper and professional. With this we parted and I

never saw him nor the old snuff box again except in public when both were very much in evidence.

Gladstone was in power in those days and there was a contest in the district of Marylebone. This is a London borough in the West Centre where the brewing interest, consequently the Tory party, had and has full sway. But it was resolved to contest it this time and the Hon. Leveston Gower, a gentleman of high family, a Liberal in politics, but a Tory in everything else, was put forward by his party. I received a note from the electioneering agents inviting me to attend a meeting in the Borough Hall where several men of note in the party were to speak, among the rest Sir Charles Russell and Sir Wilfred Lawson, the great humorist and temperance advocate. It was evident at once when they appeared that both these men were great popular favorites, though they both represented and spoke up for "Home Rule," the absorbing question of the day, while the audience was mostly Tory of the working class. There are few Irish or Catholics in Marylebone proper. Sir Charles spoke manfully and most eloquently. He was greeted every few minutes with cries of "Good Old Russell!" "Good Old Russell!" It was quite possible for a staunch Irishman and Catholic, as Russell always was, to be a favorite with all men in London in those days. T. P. O'Connor was one and so also was Justin McCarthy. It depended largely on the personal character, the sincerity, and genial manner of the man himself. Indeed my experience is that the mob of London at no time looks much deeper than that into a man's title to applause when he comes before them to speak. Besides, Gladstone was in his zenith at the time. England was proud of Gladstone then and what he boldly championed was worthy at least of consideration and respect whoever advanced it. But for all that the shout of "Good Old Russell" (the qualification is only used for real "pets" of the public), was raised for the man, not for his cause, which that crowd was already determined to vote against, and did afterwards vote against. Gower made a neat speech and Lawson a funny one and so the meeting dispersed in great good humor. Sir Charles was again met by the crowd outside and was followed along the street with shouts of "Good Old Russell!"

When the Parnell case was being tried I was present in court nearly every day. Russell, the great Queen's Counsel, was there, but he was absorbed all along in his own thoughts and said little till the end. Then he exploded the whole Pigot and Times infamous plot and gave the court and the world a specimen of forensic argument and eloquence unrivalled in our times and seldom equalled in the annals of the ages. It was a test rarely granted in the life of one man to see and hear in that mean little court room, (Probate No. 5) specially selected to prevent accommodation of a sympathizing crowd, that noble line of clever cultured men who followed each other in the witness box. There they all were, Parnell's friends and adherents, Healy, Biggar, Sexton, McCarthy, O'Connor, the two Harringtons, Ferguson of Glasgow, etc., etc., baited by lawyers and glared at by royal commissioners, meeting assault, each according to his character, recklessly,

cautiously, eloquently, warily, boldly, but timidly never.

Few could get in there, and there was room for but few. Mr. Gill, then M. P., formerly editor of "The Catholic World" and of a local paper in Staten Island, N. Y., member of a well known Tipperary family, son of old Peter Gill, editor of the "Tipperary Leader," and once champion political speaker and agitator of the county, introduced me. At present Mr. Gill is secretary to Horace Plunkett, on the board of agriculture, Ireland. He got me the pass without the aid of "a tip" to the policeman janitor. I was probably the only one so favored. I met Mr. Gill at the very door the first day.

The last time I saw Lord Russell, as he then was, he was also in court presiding over a case of little importance. I forget what. Two friends of mine had come from Dublin and insisted, as their first experience of London, on seeing and hearing their great countryman, Lord Russell. So I brought them to the Inns of Court. His Lordship was there on the woolsack, flourishing his red bandana and viciously exhausting his old wooden snuff box. The case was dull and tedious, especially made so through the imbecility of a young cockney lawyer, who was examining a witness or, rather, failing to examine him, only drawling impertinent questions, and advancing the information of the court not an inch. I saw clearly that Lord Russell would soon "have at" this legal fledgling, and I chuckled inwardly. The witness was one whom it should have been a duty and a pleasure to bully. The man would admit or concede nothing, but opposed a dogged reticence and aggravating sulkiness to the Court. At last Lord Russell broke out to the counsel, "Don't be so excited, young man, you frighten the Court!" The zest of the remark, commonplace enough in itself, grew out of the namby-pamby, thoroughly lady-like treatment by his counsel of a thoroughly coarse and insolent witness. Then Russell tackled the latter himself, and as a costerman beside me said, "knocked the stuffin' out of him." Indeed his Lordship was not as great a favorite with the bar as he was with the classes and masses outside. He had little patience with legal finessing and less with legal stupidity. He saw things himself at a glance and grasped their substance in a jiffy. He was masterful with the benchers, and though never unjust, was often caustic and severe.

I hope for pardon for this lengthy review of London loiterings and for its seeming digressions. But this is a record of reminiscences that come not alone and separate, but in groups linked together by the chain of past fact and present ideal association. In such record there can be no logical sequence and order, as in an essay or an argument. Memories come, like the facts that beget them, all entangled in the network of a life. In their apparent disorder, however, there is in such happenings a strain of regularity and design. Unconnected as they may seem, the facts of life and the memories that cling to them hang together in dependence as cause and effect. Their loose threads grow at last into a pattern whose colors, mournful or cheerful as they may be, blend into fashion and harmony. They can no longer be severed without violence and destruction. Such is the

logic of what is called chance. Such is the wonderful woof of human life.

I must cease. I have only ranged on this huddled-up stage a few of the figures that loom through my memories of the modern Bablyon. How much truthful filling in I could add, but that would take not a hurried paper like this, but a bulky volume. I had intended to say something on the condition of the Church and the Catholic people and schools in London. But all that is on the highway of Catholic readers. These by-ways are less known, and therefore, in a manner, more interesting.

THE ROSE'S GIFT.

BY ROSE C. CONLEY.

Deep in the heart of a red June rose
  Petal on petal folded within,
Hid a sweetness that Love, with the poet, knows
  Is sweeter than any sweet yet hath been;
And the Sun and the Wind and the silver Shower,
To win the fragrance wooed the Flower,
With burning kiss, and with soft caress
And falling tears of tenderness.
Yet she only shook her glowing head,
And but a breath of perfume shed;
But to no proud suitor the red June Rose
Would the secret of her heart disclose.

From desert sands came one—alone,
  Down through the garden's pathway fair
With sad bowed head and smothered groan,
  Nor paused to greet the flowers there.
He dared not claim of joy a part
For desert winds had seared his heart;
She turned to him her blushing face,
And read in his so much of grace
And tender good, and longing, too,
The Rose saw through her veil of dew,
Then all her richest fragrance shed
"To make thee glad, sad Heart," she said.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. I, Part I. 590-790 A.D.

What the illustrious Dr. Ludwig Pastor has done for the Popes of the later Middle Ages, the Rev. Horace Mann aspires to do for the Popes of the early Middle Ages. That there is a crying need for a work of this nature no one can deny. With the exception of Bower's prejudiced History of the Popes, of Fr. Meyrick's brief outlines, and of de Montor's sketchy lives, we have absolutely nothing in the English language which covers, even in a more or less satisfactory manner, the period referred to. We welcome gratefully, therefore, the first volume of what promises to be a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the early mediæval Popes. We may safely assert that the great bulk of historical writing during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has been done by non-Catholics, and that, too, not only in an un-Catholic, but very often in an anti-Catholic spirit. Impartiality, judicial calmness, fair play, seem thrown to the winds, when there is question of anything Catholic. Let an historical personage be a monk, priest, bishop or Pope, and nearly always his motives are attacked, his plans belittled, and his conduct declared reprehensible.

Look into the writings of Neander, a man of wide knowledge and usually of sound appreciation, for good and benevolent projects, yet how bitter, how unseemly his prejudice, when he speaks of the Catholic Church. The same verdict must be passed upon the works of Jacobi, Schaff, Bohringer, and of their many colleagues in this important branch of historical investigation. Are they not all marked by a display either of hatred or of blind prejudice against the Universal Church, the spiritual guide of humanity? Neither do later writers seem to improve much in this respect. The old calumnies are constantly reappearing; the same false quotations are invariably given; legends and fairy-tales are cited as indubitable authorities, while groundless assertions are reiterated with increased vigor and verbiage. How are we Catholics to meet these attacks? Clearly by an earnest devotion to the study of history in a spirit of absolute fairness and with one controlling desire to record facts in their true setting, without any personal additions or embellishments. We must go to the sources of historical writing, to the original documents, and cull from them the facts of church life. This is what Father Mann, the eminent Head Master of St. Cuthbert's grammar school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, aims to do. Each chapter is prefaced by a list of the sources consulted, and these, in the large majority of cases, are the leading ones. The present volume deals with the Pontificates of St. Gregory the Great, Sabinian, Boniface III, St. Boniface IV, Deusdedit, Boniface V, Honorius I, Severinus, John IV, St. Martin I, and St. Eugenius I. Great interest will naturally be felt in Honorius I, owing to his alleged fall into the Monothelite or "One-Will" heresy. The substance of what Fr. Mann quotes on the subject leads to one, and only one, conclusion, namely, that *even if Honorius had taught the doctrine of "One-Will" in Our Lord, which as a matter of fact he did not, he issued no ex-cathedra decree on the subject.* We are somewhat surprised to find no mention, among modern authorities of Fr. Bottalla's excellent work on the Pope and the Church. This book should never be omitted from any list of authorities, when the subject of Papal Infallibility is under discussion.

We bid Fr. Mann God-speed in his responsible undertaking, and we shall look forward with eager anxiety to the appearance of the succeeding volumes. The work deserves the hearty support, not only of Catholic scholars, but of all who believe in open and fair honesty in the lines of historical research and presentation.

Herder, St. Louis. $3.00.

"The Life of Jesus Christ, embracing the Entire Gospel Narrative, Embodying the Teachings and the Miracles of our Saviour; together with the History of His Foundation of the Christian Church." By Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers. Imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York.

We cannot have too many lives of Christ. Christianity is not a philosophic school, it is not a mere code of morals, it is not a mere summary of lofty truth. It rests upon the central fact of the world's history, the fact to which all ancient events converge, and from which all more recent in-

cidents take their rise, namely, the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. Since, therefore, our Saviour is the foundation stone of the Catholic religion, it is impossible to appreciate thoroughly religious truth, unless we are intimately acquainted with the life and deeds of our Blessed Lord; it is impossible to be a truly devout Catholic without having an intense personal loyalty to our divine Master. How insistent all spiritual writers are upon this point! Take, for example, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, *one* week is devoted to considerations upon the great truths of death, judgment, hell and man's final destiny, but *three* weeks are given up to meditations upon the life and death of Christ. All through that marvelous book, St. Ignatius dwells with ever-increasing force upon the need we have of studying constantly and reverently every detail in the history of the God-Man. We must, therefore, give a warm and generous welcome to Fr. Elliott's book. It is evidently a work upon which the learned author has spent years and years of thought and of affection. Everywhere we find traces of patient research, of sturdy piety, and of wide knowledge. The illustrations are numerous and apt, and it will be impossible for any one to read reflectively these pages without growing instinctively nearer and nearer to the model of all true and upright manhood. How earnestly we desire to see this precious book in every Catholic household, not to be gazed upon, but to be read daily to the children and to the older members of the family!

A few suggestions will not, we hope, be deemed inappropriate. The book would gain in value, we think, if the illustrations were of a higher order of execution. They are, in many instances, blurred, and the outlines are not always suggestive of personal charm. It is clear that to make this change would involve additional expense, but the expense would be cheerfully borne by all true lovers of the Messiah. Then, too, some of the dogmatic points could be somewhat developed, and some of the modern difficulties might be noticed. Thus, for example, the divinity of Christ could be stated in various ways, so as to impress this fundamental dogma with reiterated force upon the mind of the reader. Many people have a strange conception of the divinity of Christ, and it is not unwise to assert frequently, in a book of this stamp, that when we proclaim the divinity of Christ, there is no tacit mutilation of the idea conveyed by the sacred name of God. That hallowed word is used in its natural, its absolute, its incommunicable sense. Nothing can be admitted which will empty the Divinity of Christ of its most solemn and true significance. This truth must be kept constantly before the people of our times. We should also like to see a few sentences added about the knowledge possessed by our Lord; that is, the experimental knowledge which is a necessary result of the natural growth and expansion of the sense faculties. These are points about which the modern world is inquisitive, and we should like to read the explanations thereof from the pen of one whose vast experience in the giving of missions to the laity and of retreats to the clergy has pre-eminently fitted him to write a life of Christ of exact knowledge, of happy style, and of simple diction.

Catholic Book Exchange, New York. $1.00.

The Victories of Rome and the Temporal Monarchy of the Church. By Kenelm Digby Best, Priest of the Oratory.

In simple and eloquent language, Fr. Digby Best tells us the wondrous story of Rome's victories and of the true claims of the Pontiff-King. The marvelous work wrought by the early Popes and missionaries, the munificence of mediæval Pontiffs, the heroic virtue of the later Popes, all these receive just treatment at the skilled hands of this true son of St. Philip Neri. This little book contains, within the compass of one hundred and fifty pages, the condensed history of Papal goodness and of Papal rights. It is printed on fine paper and so daintily bound that it could be sent with propriety to the most fastidious ladies of our wealthy cities, who insist that even their spiritual instruction be presented to them in artistic form. Will not some enterprising apostle send a few copies to the earnest-minded non-Catholics of Bar Harbor, of Lenox and of Lakewood?

Benziger Bros., New York. 45 cents.

"Instructions on Preaching, Catechising and Clerical Life," translated by the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M.

The preaching of the Gospel, though not the *primary* office of the priest, is still one of his *essential* duties. It cannot be forsaken without grave detriment to religion, either in the neglect of the sacraments or in the spread of heresy and of superstition.

It was, consequently, a happy thought on the part of Father Boyle to give us in good, vigorous English, the counsels of eminent church authorities upon this important obligation of priestly life. The book contains the decrees of the Council of Trent on Preaching, a short treatise on Preaching by St. Francis Borgia, a letter of St. Francis of Sales on Preaching, the Method of Preaching recommended by St. Vincent de Paul, the letter of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars on Preaching, A. D. 1894, a treatise of St. Augustine: "De Catechizandis rudibus," and a treatise of St. Jerome on the Clerical State. It gives great pleasure to find these suggestive works of eminent and apostolic men brought together in so handy a form that the volume can be used as a supplementary text-book in classes of sacred oratory. A careful study of this book will increase one's zeal in the office of preaching and render even the busy sacred orator most exact in careful preparation for this sublime office.

Art & Book Co., London.

"A New Catechism of Christian Doctrine and Practice," by the Rt. Rev. James Bellord, D.D.

This catechism, we are told in the preface, "appeals chiefly to the intelligence of the learner, and not solely or even primarily to the merely verbal, mechanical memory." It has many good points and will undoubtedly stimulate mental activity. Still some of the expressions have a strange ring about them. Thus, for example:

Q. "What will happen as soon as we die?"

A. *Our souls will wake up* and begin a new life."

Q. "Where did our Lord's soul go to when He was dead?"

A. "To *a part of hell* called Limbo."

Spirago says, with regard to this portion of the Creed: "Immediately after the death of Christ, His soul went down in triumph into the place where the souls of those justified under the Old Law were detained. This place is called Limbo, and is quite distinct from Purgatory, though the two places had this feature in common, that in neither place is there the vision of God; but where there is pain to be suffered in Purgatory, there was none in Limbo; *nor was Limbo the same as hell*, where the pains are eternal; on the contrary, the souls in Limbo had some consolation."

Some of the definitions are scarcely complete enough to satisfy the critical.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 10 cents.

"A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology," by George Campbell.

The subject of the Creation is one that has occupied and ever will occupy the deep attention of thoughtful men. We are always delighted to read anything written about this interesting topic. Mr. Campbell claims that the matter of the primary earth was *cold and frigid*, possessing a temperature minus more than 460 degrees; and that this intense cold, coupled with electricity, condensed the matter of *interstellar space*, and caused combinations of storms to form and eventually worlds. He rejects, therefore, the *Plutonian* and the *nebular* hypothesis of the world's beginning. The author manages his thesis cleverly and interestingly, but he does not, we think, bring forward *compellent* arguments in proof of his assertions.

Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas. $1.00.

QUESTION BOX.

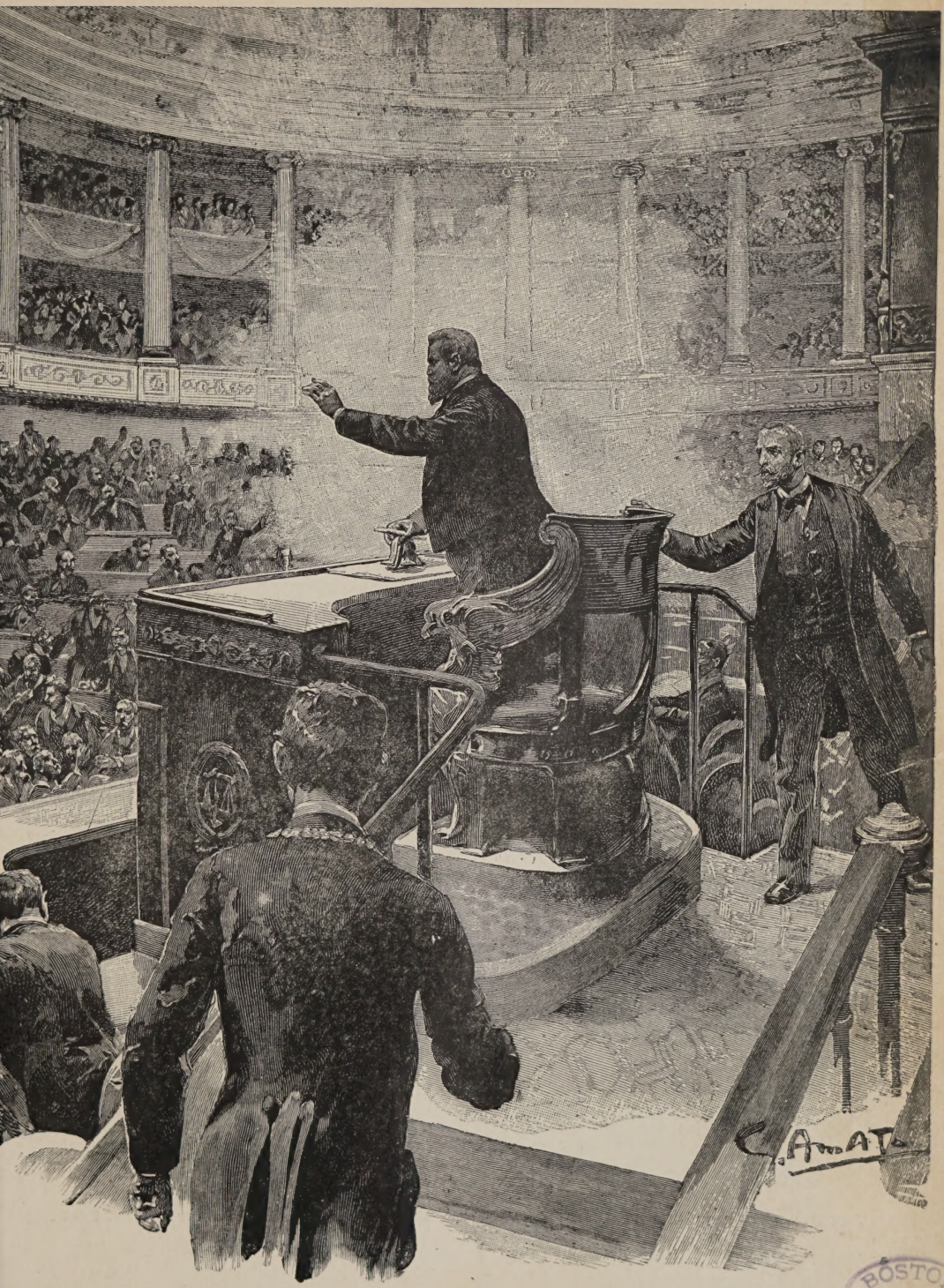
Q. What is the teaching of the Catholic Church about Faith-Cures, Holiness Societies, and such things? What is to be thought of books such as "The Grace of Healing, or Christ Our Physician?" It seems to quote only from the Bible to prove its position, and its general tone is indicated in these words of the preface: "The redemption of the body by the work of Christ, as truly as the redemption of the soul, is a palpable truth, which every honest Bible reader must sooner or later accept."

A. Every false doctrine in religion, and every heresy from the earliest days of Christianity build upon the Bible. So there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that modern faddists or theorists use Bible-texts to prove their statements. Theirs is the usual course, and helps to prove the position of the Catholic Church that there is need of an infallible teacher and interpreter of God's holy word. St. Peter said that there are many things in St. Paul's writings that the unwise turn to their own destruction. It is a dangerous thing to select a text here and there in the Sacred Scriptures, to isolate it from its surroundings, to hold it apart from all that helps to its comprehension, and then to read one's own meaning into it. The doctrine of revelation is not contained entirely in a few selected lines. In that way the most contradictory statements have been proved as being God's own word. Now the word of God cannot contradict itself, and where it seems to do so, a study of different parts of the holy writings is necessary to discover the true meaning. But for this very few persons have the requisite time, or training, or inclination, or ability. It is no easy matter to study in such manner a book composed in the course of many long centuries, by so many different human authors, recounting facts of history, setting forth matters of doctrine, of morals and of ceremonies, dealing with the past to record it, with the present to describe it, and with the future to reveal it. Men acknowledge the need of time, training and ability to read with understanding ordinary books of science, of history, or of piety. How much more then are these things required for the study of the Bible. So again, the need of a sure Teacher, the Catholic Church. Her scholars have for centuries devoted themselves to reading and studying the Bible. The meaning of difficult words and sentences has been investigated. The greatest minds have expressed their views on points of controversy. Arguments have again and again been offered in support of opinions. Often these arguments and opinions were against the established belief of Christendom and were evidently at fault. Often the Church has been obliged to give an exact definition that settled for all time doubts upon a subject. Here in our country we have many courts. Appeals are made in serious cases from lower to higher courts. A last appeal in the very important cases reaches the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of this court is final. It is not accepted as infallible. It may be only a majority decision. But the people abide by it, and it stands firm, until reversed. Now, the court of last appeal in questions of the Bible, of all doctrine in religion, of all spiritual matters, is the Catholic Church. Her decision is final. But not as the decision of a merely human tribunal is hers. Matters pertaining to the soul and to eternity are not to be decided in such fashion as to leave doubt. The judgment of the Church closes the controversy forever. Not merely human wisdom has been at work, but the Holy Spirit has assisted, and as the Apostles themselves said, so does the Church when she tells her children of all the world that they can have no longer opinions, but certainty of faith upon a truth, "it has seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" to proclaim this as the true and only meaning.

Common sense is at the basis of religion. And the more one brings common sense to bear upon the great matters of life, both natural and supernatural, the better will be the results. Common sense dictates to us certain rules regarding our living and our health. And when we violate these rules, we are liable to the penalty. God has made us body and soul. To Him we belong entirely. We are in His hands. He may do with us as He wills. We have direct and immediate relations with Him. We have also relations with Him in certain ways through His creatures. In bringing us into this world, He made use of our parents. He makes use of them too in sustaining our life. The mother uses foods of many descriptions to give milk to her infant. Yet God gives the food to mother and infant, not directly, but

through various agencies. What labor there has been of sun and rain and earth and man to produce "our daily bread" which we have asked of God, and which we owe to Him who has given us all these aids and forces. Now, as the dispensation of Divine Providence is for the sustenance of life in these ordinary ways of food, so for our health has God appointed ordinary means. "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him, for the Most High hath created him. For all healing is from God, and he shall receive gifts of the King. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be praised. The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and a wise man will not abhor them. Was not bitter water made sweet with wood? The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men, and the Most High hath given knowledge to men, that He may be honored in His wonders. By these he shall cure and shall allay their pains, and of these the apothecary shall make sweet confections, and shall make up ointments of health." Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii, 1-7.

These words of the holy writer accord with the general understanding and practice of the human race. Medicines and physicians are a necessity in view of the ills and pains of mankind. The use of these helps does not preclude the use of prayer, does not forbid the asking of God's blessing and approval. Notice the words: "All healing is from God," even where praise is given to the physician and his art and simples. And in the ninth verse of this same chapter: "My son, neglect not thyself, but pray to the Lord, and He shall heal thee." And in the fourteenth verse, we read: "And they (the physicians) shall beseech the Lord, that He would prosper what they give for ease and remedy." So the patient should pray, and the physician should pray for the return of health by the use of medicines. Again, in regard to the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the Church teaches that while its primary use is for the health of the soul, it has also a secondary power, that of restoring health to the body, when God so wills it. And every priest learns in a short experience the wonderful power of this Sacrament for the bodily health. Oftentimes priest and physician realize that no other explanation can be given for return of strength to those who to all seeming had passed beyond all human help. "The hand of the Lord is not shortened," and God who is Almighty does not limit His power to medicines and medical men. Our Divine Lord healed many of their bodily infirmities, and raised the dead to life. To His Apostles and to some of His chosen ones in all ages He has imparted like power. Even to certain places or waters He has granted most remarkable healing forces, where faith guides those distressed with pains and sickness. "Every gift of God is good." We pray for our daily bread, and we do not sit quietly for the birds of the air to bring it, as they brought it to the old hermit in the desert. We arise and work, and feel that God will bless our prayer and our work. We do not believe that we should simply pray or simply work. God wills we should do both. He gives, but He wishes us to use our natural energies. "Not I, but God with me." And like St. Paul, we say: "I plant, Apollo waters, but God gives the increase." So for our needs in sickness, we pray, we use the herbs of the earth, and the specifics that men have learned to be of value in the various kinds of disease, we consult the physician, trained to knowledge and skilled by experience, and God blesses our prayer and our use of what He Himself has ordained for health. We are not to throw aside the ordinary helps, presuming that God has something special for our case, any more than we should presume that God intended we should live without food. Certainly, when ordinary means are powerless, it is great faith, it is in every way admirable, to cast one's self entirely into the care of God's Providence, to seek from Him the health and strength that are beyond human power. Miracles still exist, miracles are being still performed in the Church of God. The Church approves of faith and of prayer, and certifies to their healing forces, as to the healing forces of certain waters or oils. But the Church condemns presumption, pride, self-exaltation. All good things come from God, and we should seek these in the ways established by God, and recognized by the vast multitudes of all ages as God's appointed ways.



EXCITING DEBATE IN FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SISTERS AFTER THE CLOSING OF THEIR SCHOOLS IN THE RUE ST. ROCH.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

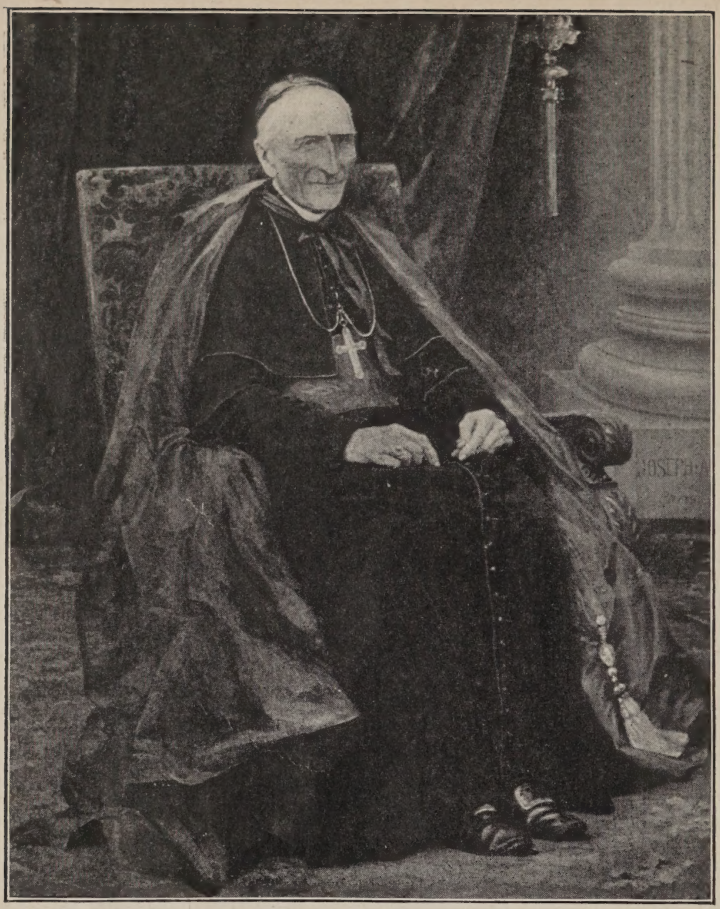
Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1902. No. 3

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

BY L. D'ENTREMONT.

"There are men who can be succeeded, but not replaced." With these words a writer in the *Review of Reviews* (July), introduces M. Combes, "Physician, Scholar, and Radical Leader." He should have added Renegade, to complete the description. However, he does not leave his reader long in ignorance on this point, for he not only proves M. Combes' claim to the title, but also places him in a class with Voltaire and Gambetta—a delicate bit of flattery. Despite his evident desire to do honor to the subject of his sketch, M. Guerlac applies the time-honored maxim with which he opens, not to M. Combes, but to his predecessor, Waldeck-Rousseau, who holds even higher place in his esteem. "It was to the support of the Radicals that M. Waldeck-Rousseau owed his long continuance in power," says M. Guerlac, "and it is therefore only just that his policies should be continued by those who had approved and supported them." Hence the appointment of M.



CARDINAL RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

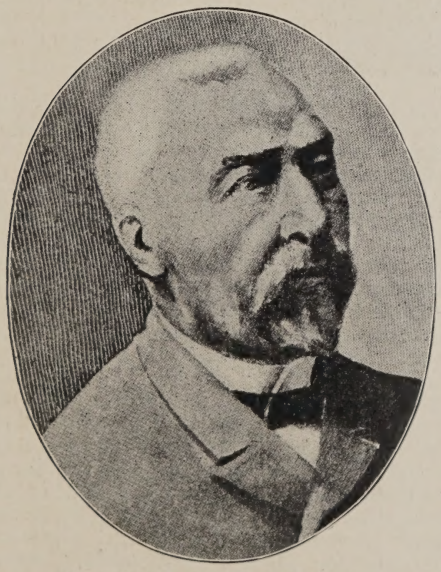
Combes,—the most fitting candidate as "in the Radical party, there are not many men whose past services or personal prestige marks them out as available for the prime ministry." The *Journal Des Debats* (Paris), has a graceful word to say in regard to the "personal prestige" of the Radical party in the Chamber:

"This incoherent majority subsists entirely through the systematic exploitation of one gross passion—anti-Clericalism. It is made up of men of varied ideas and varied interests. It comprises Revolutionaries, Socialists, and a considerable number of the indifferent and the uncertain who conceal their ignorance of all political questions under the anonymous mask of Radicalism. . . . . It remains to be seen if these ferocious sectaries will go on to the end. Not that there can be a moment's doubt of their audacity. They have the intrepidity of ignorance and the obstinacy of narrow-mindedness."

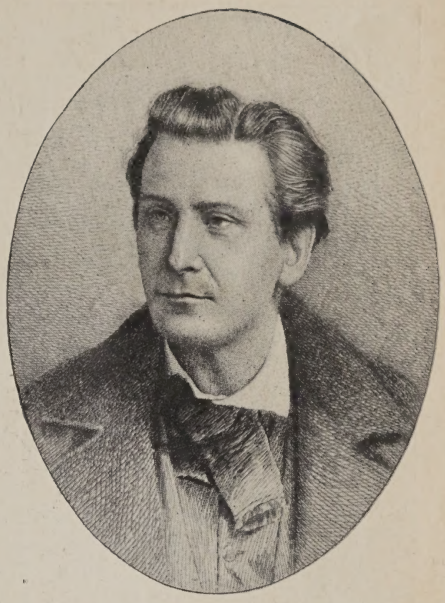
In enumerating the new premier's many qualifications for office the writer in the *Review of Reviews* unwittingly makes such a striking arraignment of the man and his motives, that we may be pardoned for quoting freely from the evidence he affords. What could be more significant than the admission, "this he never explained to the public"—meaning the reason for M. Combes' apostasy. Few men who leave the Church leave behind a record that will bear the light of day, and, no

doubt, the French minister is no exception to the general rule. But let the reader judge for himself from the information advanced by M. Guerlac, making allowance of course for that gentleman's frequent interpolations of personal reflections and friendly endorsements:

"M. Combes comes from the south of France. He is a son of that turbulent and fluent Midi, where men are born eloquent, and where the heat of the sun seems to impart to their natures a double share of liveliness, aggressiveness, and color. Like many representatives of free thought and antagonists of the Church, he began his career under those influences of which he was later to become the irreconcilable adversary. He was educated in a religious seminary, where he was trained in the principles which he has since detested. It has often happened that the enemies of the Church have been of her own household. Voltaire, who uttered the famous phrase, "*Ecrasez l'infâme,*" was a pupil of the Jesuits. Renan, whose name in clerical circles is as much loathed as that of Voltaire, received all his instruction from priests. The leader of anti-clericalism under the third Republic, Gambetta, who said, 'Clericalism, there is the enemy,' was,



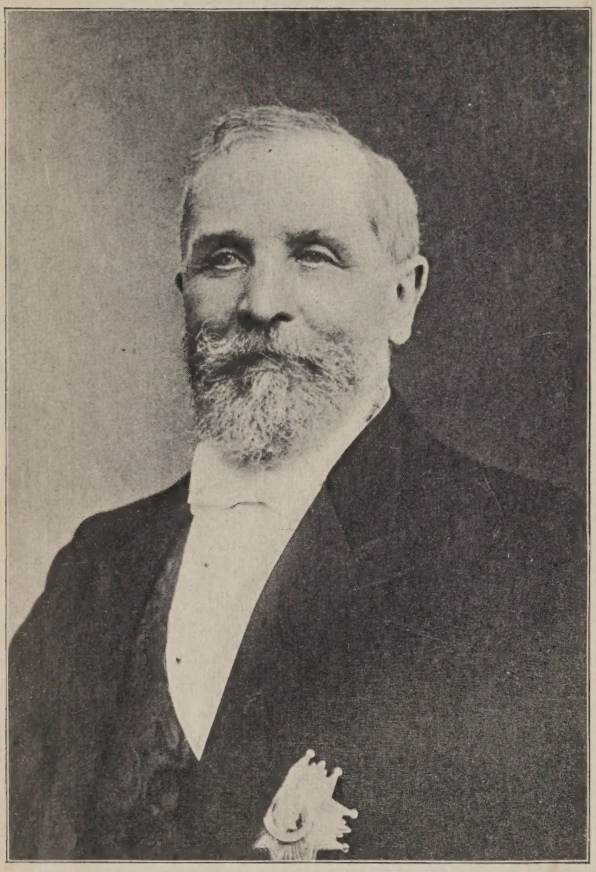
M. COMBES, THE NEW PREMIER.



FRANCOIS COPPEE.

like M. Combes, the pupil of a little seminary. But M. Combes received religious instruction longer than any of them. Voltaire and Gambetta were under clerical guardianship only in their early youth. Renan himself parted with the Church at the age of twenty-two. M. Combes remained within the Church even in his maturity; he took priestly orders, and became what Renan had once dreamed of becoming,—an ecclesiastical professor in a Catholic seminary.

"In 1895, when M. Combes was first made minister of public instruction in the Radical cabinet of M. Bourgeois, it occurred to me to hunt up in the Library of the Sorbonne, in Paris, the theses which M. Combes had written in his old days to obtain his degree of *docteur-ès-lettres.* I found a great volume of several hundred pages,—like all French theses,—upon "The Psychology of St. Thomas Aquinas," and another thesis in Latin, likewise upon a question of scholastic metaphysics. I took the occasion to make these two metaphysical works known, by analyzing them in a Paris newspaper. Then began a campaign of ridicule and epigram in the Conservative press against the Radical who had begun life as a theologian. M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself, who was at that



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

time the champion of the moderate party against the Radical ministry of M. Bourgeois, said, at Bordeaux, in 1897, in replying to those who accused the Republican party of reactionary tendencies: "It is certainly not in our ranks that you must look to find a magistrate who has learned how to distinguish real republicans by prosecuting them under the empire, or a learned theologian who has trained himself by the study of the fathers of the Church to spy out better the clericals in disguise." Again, the other day, when M. Combes first appeared before the Chamber, the old clerical and royalist Baudry d'Asson bitterly reproached him for his "apostasy." How did M. Combes come to forsake what he had previously followed, and to break with the political and religious system to which he had previously adhered? This he has never explained to the public. We only know that one fine day he abandoned scholastic theology for the study of medicine; left the department of the Tarn, where he had been known as l'abbé Combes, to establish himself in the Department of the Charente Inférieure, where he was thereafter to pass as Dr. Combes. Modest in his ambitions, he selected a little town of five thousand inhabitants, the town of Pons, where he practiced his new profession. With the zeal of a neophyte, he began to promulgate the new ideas to which he had just given his adhesion, and which, in these southwestern regions, find a soil at once favorable and hostile, inasmuch as one part of the population is of Huguenot stock, and the other, more numerous still, retains a strong Bonapartist feeling.

"The physician has a great influence upon the rural population in France. By his daily contact with the people he is enabled to gain the confidence of the simple-minded, and to spread his ideas. M. Combes, nevertheless, made but slow progress. In 1875, he was elected mayor of Pons; in 1879, he was made member of the "Conseil Général," and it was not until January, 1886, that he succeeded in being elected to the Senate.

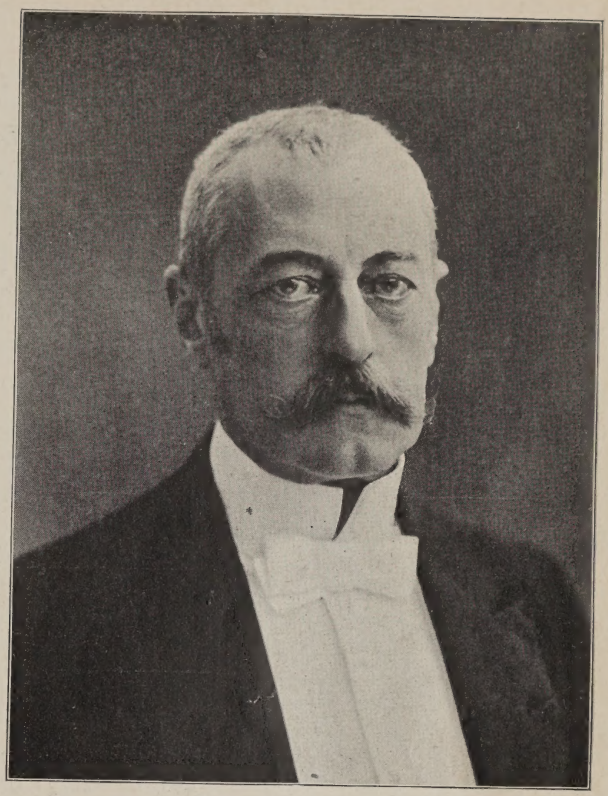
"The Senate, which has only three hundred members, all at least forty years of age, is less turbulent, less sensational, and less frequented by the public than the Chamber of Deputies. It is for this reason that men of great ability and genuine talent may here long remain unknown to all except those who actually watch them at their work. It was thus that M. Combes was little known when, in 1895, M. Bourgeois placed him in his Radical ministry, by the side of M. Berthelot and M. Cavaignac. He had not attracted the attention of his colleagues, except by his work upon committees, especially those relating to educational matters.

"In the Ministry of Public Instruction he was the author of certain bills which testified to the energy of his passion for reform, and to his vigorous hostility to clerical influence. Upon his return to the ranks he continued to make a specialty of those educational questions which, in France, have always engaged the attention of men zealous for the emancipation of the nation. In the discussions which ended, on May 29 of this year, in a complete reform of French secondary instruction, adapted from henceforth on to the needs of a modern democracy, M. Combes played a leading part as spokesman of the Committee of the Senate.

"To the measures which, during the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, had had for their object the disarmament of the clerical party, M. Combes has given ardent support. He was chairman of the Committee on the Law of Associations, whose report was presented by M. Vallé, the new Minister of Justice. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in advocacy of the bill, delivered before the Senate one of those great addresses for which he is noted, it was M. Combes who proposed to the Senate that it be posted on the walls of all the villages of France.

* * * * * *

"M. Combes has given energetic support to the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet. He has accepted power with a view to continuing this policy. Like his predecessor, he does not seek to carry out the entire programme of radicalism. He will limit himself to applying vigorously the law of associations already in force and to striking a new blow at clerical education by securing the repeal of the law of Falloux, of 1850, which confers upon ecclesiastical institutions privileges which are not enjoyed by the national schools. Like most men who have freed themselves from clerical influence, M. Combes, as a matter of fact, does not pride himself on being liberal. To an editor of *Le Figaro*, M. Jules Huret, he said recently that he did not believe that the freedom of teaching is a natural right."



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

L'Echo, (Lyons), with admirable brevity thus summarizes the salient points in the character of the premier and his policy:

"M. Combes is a sectary, a renegade seminarist given over to Freemasonry. His policy is the vigorous application of the anti-liberal law, the refusal of all authorisations asked by the Congregations, and the abrogation of the Fallou law."

M. F. Veuillot, writing in the *Univers*, pays his respects to the minister in no measured terms, he says M. Combes is

"devoid of talent, virtue, honor—a brute unable to conceive a generous thought, to

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BRITTANY PEASANTS.

realize a great work, to produce anything useful, to show any effort of a patient and beneficial kind. The brute, however, has formidable fists, and he strikes out blindly before him. The man is without a breath of intelligence, a single sentiment of delicacy. He is but a commonplace mediocrity personified, rancid with hatred and puffed up with pride. As he cannot leave anything to make him famous, he will be notorious to posterity for his brutality alone."

Intent on the dechristianizing of France, the Free Masons could not have chosen a more worthy instrument to execute their savage decrees, for the premier is nothing more than their slave, brutally enforcing their orders leveled against the Church. History offers few sights more sad than those caused by the edicts of this apostate, whose acts degrade France in the eyes of all civilized people.

A manifesto from the committee of liberal action, posted up in Paris and several of the great provincial towns, and signed by M. Jacques Piou, as president, by Comte de Mun, who is vice-president, and by M. Amedee Reille, a deputy, who is secretary, thus boldly denounces the actions of the premier:

"An unprecedented crime has just been committed. In eight days two thousand five hundred schools have been closed, one hundred and fifty thousand children turned into the street, and five thousand schoolmasters and mistresses expelled and left without resources. Never have liberty of conscience and the rights of the family been more outrageously violated."

Ladies who have devoted their lives in the most self-sacrificing way to the cause of education and the care of the young have been ruthlessly thrust into the streets. Thousands and thousands of children have been turned out of the schools in which they were trained by devoted teachers. Even helpless orphans and infants shared the fate of the other scholars. And the government made no effort to provide for them.

At Alençon, where some Christian Brothers taught in a school belonging to a company whose salaried servants they were, the police went to the institution a few minutes after six in the evening and gave them ten minutes to clear out. The Brothers remonstrated, but yielding to force, hurried out of the building and found shelter with a neighboring family. Meanwhile the police had been busy sealing the windows and doors..

At Plougonver, near Crehen, in the Cotes du Nord, where there was a school for boarders and day scholars, kept by nuns, the boarders and the Sisters were allowed three hours to leave the building. In vain the Sisters pleaded for time to send word to the parents of their little charges, some of whom came from a distance. The head of the police simply answered: "I have my orders and I shall carry them out." These are examples of what has been done in the name of Republican liberty in France during the last few days with the sanction of the President of the republic on the recommendation of M. Combes.

The outrageous tyranny of the Government proceedings has stirred Catholic France as it has scarcely ever been stirred since before the great Revolution. The Holy Father has addressed a private protest to the French Government. Day after day the French Bishops have been publishing Pastorals, in which the injustice to which the nuns are subjected is trenchantly exposed. The aged Cardinal Arch-

bishop of Paris had an interview with the Premier, and begged him to be more equitable, but M. Combes is said to have replied insolently that his Parliamentary followers gave him a majority of one hundred and sixty. The Cardinal in his Pastoral has put the case for the Catholic schools on the ground of common rights.

The venerable prelate fearlessly assails the action of the premier, taking up in turn the reasons for persecution, the legislation enacted towards this end, the legality of certain measures, the animus of the Free Masons, and ends with an avowal of his purpose to defend religious liberty and to demand "not privileges, but rights to which all French citizens are entitled." The full text of this document is an admirable exposition of the Cardinal Archbishop's views. We quote the following passages.

ELIMINATION OF THE CHRISTIAN IDEA.

What are the motives which have called for this sudden and violent measure? There has been no scandal, no disorder in these educational establishments, which are under the direction of teachers holding certificates, as the law requires. The only reason there can be advanced is that the instruction given in these schools is in keeping with the principles of the Catholic Faith, and that the teachers belong to religious congregations. An additional reason is that the Freemasons openly declare that every Christian idea shall be eliminated from the education of the young.

LEGISLATION AGAINST RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

This is a violent attack upon conscience directed against families. As a bishop, it is our duty and our right to protest in the name of these families against this sort of tyranny which is the most cruel of all tyrannies. It is to be noted that these attacks have been systematically planned by the anti-Christian sects. In 1886 a law dealing with schools eliminated religous instruction from the school curriculum. Four years later teachers who were members of religious congregations were excluded from the public schools on the grounds that these teachers, being Catholics, taught things the State could not permit teachers in its pay to refer to.

FREE MASONS AND THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION.

Families, by way of reply to these laws, established schools at the cost of many sacrifices frequently renewed. Great crowds of children flocked into these schools. As a counter stroke to this continuous manifestation of the wishes of families, the Freemasons enacted the law of association, which aims at making the establishment of free schools impossible. The simultaneous closing of about three thousand schools has no other object in view than the doing away with religious instruction in the free schools after it had been excluded from the public schools.

LEGALITY OF MEASURES QUESTIONED.

After the statement of these self-evident facts, we deem it useless to stop to discuss in detail the measures adopted for the closing of the schools. After the declaration made by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, a great number of the directors of these schools felt they were safe. Their sincerity cannot be called in question. The ministerial circular closing two thousand five hundred schools had not made its appearance, and, besides, a ministerial circular cannot order the closing of educational establishments. If the authorities desired to afford, we shall not say in a spirit of kindliness, but in a spirit of equity, to the teachers who had not done so an opportunity of complying with legal formalities, they could have manifested this desire by granting reasonable delays. The granting of such delays was rendered more necessary by the fact that persons versed in knowledge of the laws and of administrative regulations question the necessity and the legality of the formalities required of the teachers. The measures adopted manifest an evident desire to close the schools after every means had been employed to bring this about.

DEMAND FOR RIGHTS.

The Freemasons are unceasingly at work trying to create division by attacking Christian institutions. As for us, Mr.

President, we will continue, with God's aid, to fulfill the duty of a bishop—of a French bishop. We will defend religious liberty; we will defend the liberty of the family in matters touching the education of children; we will defend all legitimate liberties to which, as citizens, we are entitled. We ask no privileges, but we demand that Catholics shall not be deprived of rights which they share in common with all French citizens.

Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, reminds the Government how the hopes of internal peace held out by the President of the Republic at Brest before setting out for Russia have been been dashed by the policy of M. Combes. The feeling of French Catholics generally is heartily in sympathy with the nuns and against their persecutors. By twenty-three votes out of twenty-nine, the General Council of Maine et Loire has passed a resolution condemning the expulsions. The Municipality of Saint Maurice (Charente) and the Arrondissement Council of Nantes have expressed their opinion in like manner.

There is intense excitement in Brittany over the enforcement of the Religious Associations law. Commerce there is at a standstill, and the peasants openly avow their determination to resist the expulsion of the nuns.

The population of Landerneau, twelve miles from Brest, has formed relays to guard the school, and peasant women sit on benches opposite the gate, knitting, while awaiting the coming of the gendarmes. They are greatly excited and declare they prefer to be shot rather than abandon the sisters.

The lady superior of Landereau convent said:

"Like true Britons, we will yield only to force. The women and other people who are guarding the school night and day have given us a courageous example."

In Paris and in all parts of the country demonstrations have been held in favor of the Sisters, and feeling has run high. Five ladies of distinction in Parisian society—Mmes. Reillé, de Mun, Piou, Cibiel, and de Pomeyrol—called at the Elysée and, being unable to obtain an audience with the wife of the President, commissioned General Dubois to inform Mme. Loubet, that they were resolved not to suffer persecution in silence, and that if the Government did not alter its policy blood would be shed in the streets. The cry of "Vivent les Sœurs!" has been heard from multitudes in the principal quarters of the capital. For publicly advocating the cause of the expelled religious, M. Copée, the Academician, M. Pugliesi Conti, a Nationalist deputy, and many others were for a time placed under arrest. At Bresses, in the Vosges, gendarmes, who went to close the local Sisters' school, had to retire before two thousand peasants armed with pitchforks. Peasants also drove off the police at Teule, in Finistère. Whilst expelled nuns were proceeding in coaches to the railway station at Saint Ambroix, the people stopped the carriages, unyoked the horses, and led the Sisters back to the school. The three thousand persons who assembled cried again, and again, "Hurrah for Liberty!" and "Down with the Tyrants!" M. Combes, who had been officiating as mayor at a "civil wedding" at Pons, was hastily summoned to Paris, and has endeavored to terrorise the heads of the religious bodies in France by telling them through the prefects, that they would be held responsible for the attitude of the establishments conducted by mem-

bers of their Orders. But the threat will be of little avail.

That the premier has already exceeded his power is generally admitted in press comment. Even the *Temps* (Paris) condemns the treatment of the religious as too severe, and the London *Standard* thus considers his right:

"The doubt whether the ministerial action is strictly legal naturally tends to make the opposition more bitter. On that point, of course, we express no opinion, but it is significant that M. Jules Roche, who is not a Clerical, and who has much administrative experience as well as legal knowledge, has declared that M. Combes is acting beyond his powers. If so, means can, no doubt, be found to check him and his agents, though the power of the state is enormous in France, and where it is concerned French courts are somewhat apt to act less like independent judicial authorities than as the agents of the Government. We do not require to be learned in the law to understand the hardship inflicted on the nuns when they are called on to obtain an authorization before they may teach the poor, and are told at the same time that it is too late to make the application. Whatever technical justification M. Combes may have—and it is hardly credible that he is acting without the advice of lawyers—there would certainly seem to be something like a breach of an honorable understanding. When the associations law was passed we were told that it was not directed against local orders engaged in educational or in charitable work, but only against the great organizations, such as the Assumptionist Brothers, the Jesuits, Dominicans, and others which are not peculiarly French, and are directed by generals resident at Rome."

The movement against the Government is a popular one, the leading part in it being taken by the parents of the children attending the Sisters' schools. However the struggle against the expulsions may end, it is to be hoped that the revolt against persecution in France will inspire the Catholics with a consciousness of their power and induce them to engage with determination in the work of organizing their electoral forces and exerting their full voting power for self-defence. The necessity for such activity has been repeatedly demonstrated.

THE QUEST.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

Long years by years, one walked life's crowded street,
And scanned each passing face with eager eye,
In hope that silent messenger to meet,
Fate's herald, men call Opportunity.
One instant only, his gaze dropped; and fleet
As soul's last joy-glimpse, Opportunity
Unkenned, within that moment, hastened by.

JOURNALISTIC AND BOHEMIAN LONDON.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

"Loitering" in England is an indictable offense, but the observant wanderer who gave us in the August DONAHOE'S the results of his "Loiterings in London" deserves thanks, not correction, so entertaining were his recollections, and so artistically related. Yet a little must be his portion; and though it be only a trifling matter, the interests of veracity demand it should be made. "R. H." is in error, when he refers to Mr. Thomas P. Gill, as the son of the late Mr. Peter Gill, of Tipperary. Mr. Robert Gill, of Nenagh, was his parent; and I believe I am right in saying that Peter died unmarried. He was for many years the proprietor and editor of the *Tipperary Advocate,* and a striking figure in Irish politics, by reason of his ready eloquence, racy wit, and audacity in attack on official and parliamentary humbugs. His nephew, Mr. T. P. Gill, is not alone in the inheritance of a literary talent of high order. Another nephew, on the maternal side, is the long-famous war correspondent, John Augustus O'Shea, formerly known as "the Irish Bohemian"—one of the most brilliant writers of an exceptionally brilliant era, so far as Irish letters were concerned. It is odd that "R. H." has failed to mention him; but of course his survey was merely cursory, and could not, in view of so vast a theatre, be comprehensive. I, who have also not infrequently loitered in London's Bohemia, may be permitted to say that that is peculiarly the place where many a flower is doomed to blush unseen, or at all events unnoted by the great world of letters, which takes cognizance mainly of those who are successful in the delicate art known as log-rolling, or other forms of advertising.

As one who has some knowledge of the subject, I would venture to say that neither of the war correspondents mentioned by "R. H." could compare, at least in point of graphic power, to the "Irish Bohemian" in his palmy days, when writing from foreign fields, amid the Pyrennean hills, or on the great French battlefields. The fate of Belisarius is hardly more pitiable than that of one who has had the eyes of two worlds for long periods fastened on the productions of his pen, now overlooked in a review of those who have won or lost in the Olympic games of letters on the banks of the Thames. I would also like to add that a younger brother, Mr. Robert O'Shea, who died all too young, but not for fame, was a brilliant aspirant for journalistic honors, when he fell, literally at his post, as London correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal.* There never lived or died a more lovable character than this young Tipperary man. Every generous quality of the Irish race was combined in his make-up; and the indomitable desire to stick to his work, as a matter of family and professional duty, even to the last, was worthy of a mural tablet. He was the most conscientious of correspondents, so that his work for the *Freeman's Journal* (in which he succeeded Johnny Doyle, uncle of the present Sir Conan) was largely instrumental in

building up the reputation of that paper for reliability on the great questions of the day.

Recently there died, in his native *habitat,* Buttevant, Co. Cork, another Irish journalist of whom the world has heard but little. For many years he filled a large place in London journalism, as the leading writer on more than one great daily. His name was William B. Guinee. It is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the most prolific, gifted, and ready of all the sons of Minerva. But so modest was the man, so gentle in his ways, and so devoted to his work of making a competence for those whom he early foresaw he must leave behind at no distant date, that the world heard nothing of him. As a matter of fact, Guinee was an intellectual giant. His knowledge, ere he joined the press—thirty years ago, in Dublin—was of vast range; his productive capacity of matter—always of a splendid level—practically unlimited. To my own knowledge, while my own colleague on the *Freeman's Journal,* he was writing also for the London *Globe,* and a couple of the other great journals—I cannot say for certain whether they were the *Daily News,* the *Standard* or the *Daily Telegraph.* He went to London soon after to fill a regular editorial post, but never relaxed his multiple work. His labors were nearly all nocturnal. When I met him at his home in Camberwell, a dozen years ago, poor fellow! he was only a shadow of the splendid statuesque figure that he had been. The hand of death was beginning to tighten on him, and though we talked pleasantly of old times in the old land, and it cheered him, I was not anxious to prolong the meeting, for it was profoundly saddening to behold the frame dwindling about the lamp of the intellect and the light of the mind playing only on a ruin. Guinee was not only a master of the most polished prose, but a poet of high range, and a lecturer also of distinguished ability.

I could mention several who might be properly considered members of Bohemia in the great city, who may still be seen in Bohemia's haunts, and who have been driven thither by the stress of outside change and modern development—men whose brilliancy of parts made their company the most fascinating that one could desire. Such a one in particular is my old friend, John Fergus O'Hea, an artist of rare excellence, and a cartoonist of the most exquisite yet chaste humor. He also is a votary of the literary muse, and his work is not inferior in fun to Lever's, but far purer and more genuinely Irish.

There is another of the same bent. writer, painter, and poet—Theodore W. Parkes, who has published some volumes of quaint Gilbertian ballads. Others there are of whom I might speak as deserving of a passing reference, even in such company as "R. H." has recalled. But those whom I have named I knew well. I was associated with them professionally and in friendship for many years, and those years form the brightest portion of a journalistic career filled with many bright memories as well as remarkable experiences.

Only once was it my fortune to see the late Lord Russell, and he was then still Sir Charles. It was only a little while after the great fiasco of the *Times* Commission. He was pleading in a case in the Chancery Court—an alimony or a will case, I forget which.

There was a great lady in it, and Sir Charles had to ask her some questions. When he rose and began to speak, there was an involuntary hush, and necks were craned to let eyes have a good look at him. His voice was low and quiet, but he had not been speaking more than a few minutes when there was a passage at arms between himself and the presiding judge. Then, all at once, judge and bar and audience were seized with a fit of merriment. Some witticism had fallen from the distinguished advocate—one of those flashes which make an Irish court so different from a staid English one. What the *mot* was, I never could find out, for it was not caught by the reporters; or at least did not find its way into the papers—and I was not near enough to catch it. But the remarks of all about me indicated plainly enough what a wonderfully popular personality was his, both with bar and public. It was only a little while before that I had been present at the hearing of a criminal case in the Parisian court, and the contrast between the procedure and the judicial atmosphere, in the two places, was exceedingly striking. One of the great French lawyers—Maitre Labori, if I remember rightly—was frequently engaged in heated discussion with the judges, and the tension of the audience over the interchange was at points almost too much for the curbs imposed by the officers on duty, to preserve quiet. Judge and counsel were equally demonstrative; and the calm good-humored demeanor of everybody in the English court presented a good object-lesson in the effects of historic traditions on a people and an institution long accustomed to cool methodical ways in judicial procedure.

If I were not privileged to behold the splendid *denoument* of the great *Times* inquisition, it fell to my lot, however, to be closely conversant with much of its development and detail, and many of its leading personages on the Irish side. Mr. Parnell and his co-defendants in the great state prosecution at the Dublin Four Courts, a few years previously, were the subject of special sketches I had been requested to make day by day, as the trial proceeded. The impression made upon my mind at the opening of this memorable legal onslaught on popular right is ineffaceable while life lasts. At the very beginning there was a practical confession of defeat on the part of the Crown. The presiding judge was Chief Justice May, and as soon as the long bill of indictment had been read by the clerk of the Crown, this eminent functionary turned toward his fellows on the bench and said he had a statement and an explanation to make. A few evenings previously he had attended a Tory banquet, and made a speech in which he had referred to the defendants as conspirators, engaged in a plot "wrapped up in American cloth"—in allusion to a recent terrible murder in which the body had been wrapped in pieces, in that material. Some criticism, he said, had been passed upon his conduct in the affair, and, bowing to the judgment that the speech was believed to be an indication of a prejudice against the defendants, he thought it his duty to retire from his seat on the bench while the trial lasted. The contrast between the French law court and the English one was not half so effective as that between this high functionary, as he made this humiliating announcement, and the defendants, who sat in a state-

iy row, just below the seat of "justice." His face had flushed with the ordeal, so that he seemed about to choke or get an apoplectic stroke. The white wig he wore, together with the red robe and his cape of ermine, gave him the appearance of an old lady, shaken with a bad attack of choleric spleen; so that it was almost impossible to refrain from that hearty enjoyment which one feels when there is a confession of a very bad break being made. Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, sat unmoved, the very picture of gentlemanly unconcern, but most of the others evidently relished the scene as it deserved to be. This famous trial lasted a couple of months, and ended in a defeat for the Crown, notwithstanding its elaborate attempts to pack a jury in the city of Dublin.

While I was on the staff of *United Ireland,* I learned a great deal about Mr. Richard Pigott, the prompter of all the villany plotted by the London *Times.* Historic justice compels a departure from the rule of reticence which charity, in the case of private individuals commends. The individual is nothing in face of the stern demand of truth, for the highest moral interests of mankind are dependent on the lessons which are to be deduced from the story of crime and the awful Nemesis which overtakes the sordid, voluntary votary of sin. It was a grevious mistake for the Irish Nationalist party to have had any dealings whatever with Richard Pigott. I am perfectly sure that had they known the true character of the man they would not have touched him with a pair of tongs. It was only after I had been speaking for a considerable time with those who had been connected with him for years, that I was enabled to form a slight idea of the desperate villain that he was. The whole history of Ireland, since the English planted their deadly spear-head, as Mr. Lecky styles it, in her system, teems with instances of the facility with which shocking turpitude can find the most renumerative employment in forwarding the English scheme of subjugation, and the fearful vengeance which, with the heartiest approval of the hirers of iniquity, in the long run overtakes those miserable dupes. The efforts of Elizabeth and Walsingham to entrap the Archbishop of Cashel, by means of the spy, Stukeley, and the forgeries of Babington, for the purpose of compassing the ruin of the hapless Scottish Queen, are the only fitting parallels, in magnitude of infamy and the objects aimed at as the fruits of infamy, with the crime of the *Times* and its tool, Richard Pigott. Each knew that the other was filled only with villainous purposes: the only doubt that can exist, is as to whether the *Times'* managers really knew that Pigott was forging the letters he was sending them or not; they certainly knew that he was laboring to entrap the leaders whom they sought to have put out of the way. They also knew that other persons whom they had in their pay had gone to Ireland for the purpose of inveigling men into treasonable conspiracies. Of some of these persons I shall say something later on; just know I shall confine myself to the proofs of Richard Pigott's rascality which came to me in the course of my journalistic connection with Irish politics.

Pigott had been the proprietor of the *Irishman* and the *Flag of Ireland*—two weeklies which represented the physical force movement in the green Isle from its beginning. The *Irishman*

was a splendid organ, from a literary point of view, having engaged, from time to time, some of the best intellect of the country; the other was on a decidedly lower plane. When the Land League came into being it wanted a place for the publication of a special organ, as it could find no genuine support in the existing Irish press, and Pigott sold it his premises and his plant for this purpose. From some of those who had been in his employment I learned something of the man and the shady transactions in which he had been engaged while posing as a fearless exponent of Irish nationality. I have been told that he used privately dispose of a certain class of photographs, which he used to buy in Paris. He had the reputation of being a connoisseur in art, and at times lived in very luxurious style. Large sums of money used to be intrusted to his hands for the support of the families of the Fenian prisoners, and some of these never reached those for whom they were intended. One particularly flagrant instance of this cruel dishonesty I had from the lips of the only one who knew of it when it was perpetrated. A large amount had been sent to the *Irishman*, from Australia, and Pigott had an acknowledgment of its receipt printed in *one* copy of the paper. This copy was mailed to the sender, and the remainder of that issue appeared without any mention of the matter. The money never reached its proper destination; needless to say.

One of the later witnesses for the *Times* twice paid a visit to Dublin before the case had been sprung on the public. His mission there was to induce men to join in a criminal conspiracy, and for this purpose he bore credentials purporting to be signed by some of the well-known leaders here. He overdid his part, so that any one could see that he was only a pretended conspirator. He called at the *Irishman* office, and somebody introduced him to me. He immediately began to tell of his career and his exploits. Amongst other statements he made was one to the effect that he had served two years in the French army of the Loire, under General Faidherbe, Thereupon I said to him, jestingly, a few words in French—some phrase that had been recently uttered about the war,—I forget it now, and who it was that made it. But it staggered him. It was not that my French pronounciation was not quite Parisian, but that he did not know its meaning, even when I repeated it slowly. Then I knew the value of his story about his services in the French army, since no one could possibly spend two years in the country without acquiring some knowledge of the language, or perform military service there without knowing it. This man, who had passed under many names, went about boasting so openly of his design to get people to join in his campaign of violent outrage that it could not fail to come to the ears of the police, who swarmed in every resort, and in all disguises, in the Irish capital, at the time. They of course were well aware of his purpose, and had their instructions to let him alone. When he turned up afterwards as a witness for the *Times*, no one was in the least surprised.

A lady, of splendid style, and manner of great distinction and fascination, appeared on the same scene, about the same period, and with the same object. She went about getting introductions to the leaders of the advanced party in Dublin, and used

money lavishly with the object of getting up criminal conspiracies. She was no bungler, but was detected in her desperate game by something like a fateful accident. To tell about this lady's acting would require a goodly-sized volume. She turned out to be the wife of one of the Scotland-Yard officials. Having been discovered, it was intimated to her that her presence in Ireland was no longer desirable, and she took the hint and left very suddenly.

Among those upon whom the agents of the *Times* served subpoenas, was the late Mr. Eugene Davis, poet and *litterateur*, who died a few years ago in Brooklyn. Mr. Davis had been private secretary to the late James Stephens, and as such had much knowledge of the doings of the physical force party. Therefore, the *Times* thought it would be a fine stroke to secure him, and that to do so required nothing more difficult than the service of a summons and a fee for expenses. Mr. Davis took both in the genial way that characterized him, but he never got as far as the banks of the Thames, as the *Times* fondly hoped he would.

The State trials and the *Times* commission were not disconnected incidents in Irish history. They formed two very closely related chapters of the same tragic book, although separated by a considerable interval of years; and the book itself is part of a long series, stretching back into the gloaming of Ireland's intellectual and political life. There is a saddening monotony in the rise and ebb of these national movements, that might, indeed, suggest despair were it not for the fact that the failure of one decade has no deterrent influence upon the birth of the next. There is sublimity in this phenomenon: it tells of a hope that even fate itself is unable to extinguish, and a spirit of sacrifice that knows not the meaning of defeat.

A RAY OF GLORY.

BY REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Behold the golden rent in yonder cloud,
That wraps the sky as in a sable shroud;
It seems a ray of glory from the Blest,
To lure us onward to our heav'nly rest.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

SOME PRACTICES THAT ARE NOT UNDERSTOOD BY NON-CATHOLICS.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

THE HOLY MASS.

There is today, a growing desire on the part of our separated brethren to get correct information on all doctrinal questions pertaining to the Catholic Church. No matter how well educated and correctly informed they are on all other subjects most of them have incorrect notions about the great central devotion of our faith,—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Their love of truth, however, and their desire of knowledge encourages me in the task I have undertaken of placing before the public an explanation of the Holy Mass and its beautiful ceremonies. I trust whatever I write on this subject will be received in a spirit corresponding to that in which it was conceived—namely, that of respect for the feelings of those from whom we differ. I might add that there is another reason which impels me to attempt this work, and that is because we have indifferent spectators of the household of faith, who by reason of their negligence have ceased to obtain those beneficial effects for which the Holy Mass was originally intended, and to produce which it is so admirably fitted.

The Mass is held by Catholics to be the unbloody sacrifice in which by the power of God, the institution of Christ, and the ministry of the priest, the body and blood, the soul and divinity of our blessed Saviour are produced upon the altar under the appearances of bread and wine; and are there offered to the Almighty, not only as a propitiation for the sins of mankind, but also in testimony of the adoration which is His due, in thanksgiving for the benefits received, and to beg favors whereby it is impetratory. It is not therefore a mere prayer in which a public minister leads a congregation, but it is the performance of a solemn act of religion, the nature of which is understood by those who assist, even though they should not hear a word that is spoken by the priest, or, if hearing, should not understand the exact meaning of the language that is used. Many people are not conversant with the reasons for the use of the Latin language in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and consequently are hasty in condemning the practice. It appears to me, that if they knew these reasons they would deem them sufficient. I shall therefore briefly mention a few of the principal ones.

The Catholic Church had its origin at a period when the Latin language was in a general use. The doctrines of our holy religion were conveyed then to many of the nations of the earth in this tongue, and in this tongue they were recorded. These records, whether they be inspired or not, are useful and precious, being in the same language as the liturgy. Some of the most ancient of these liturgies were

compiled in Latin. We thus have reliable evidence of the authenticity of these compilations, for they are framed in a dead and consequently an unchanging language.

The Catholic Church, although scattered among many nations from the rising to the setting of the sun, from one pole to the other, not only has the same faith, the same church discipline, the same sacraments, but also the same sacrifice. It is exceedingly convenient that there should be but one language as a rule, so that however separated by rivers and mountains, by seas and climate, by customs and forms of government, Catholics might find themselves united by this great bond of love at the holy altar in the house of their common Father. Thus, be their vernacular tongue what it may, their color dark or light, their home near the banks of the Nile or the Tiber, in the Mississippi or the Danube valley, the common language of their common faith is that of the ministers of their Church. By this regulation, the priest can officiate at every altar, and the faithful from all tribes and tongues and nations find themselves everywhere at home notwithstanding the differences of language and customs.

The language of Peter, Mark, Cyprian, Augustin, Jerome, Gregory, and many others, is that which is preserved by the Church today. By it each minister of the gospel is the witness of the unchanged doctrine of the Apostolic Church; by it the head communicates with the members; by it many other benefits, not necessary to enumerate, arise. One objection only is urged, and that can stand for but a moment, when weighed against so many advantages. That objection is the unintelligibility of the Latin tongue, in which the Mass is said, but when you remember that translations of the liturgy may be had in every living language, and that the Mass is not a common prayer, but a sacrifice, which is intelligible to the faithful, that objection falls to the ground. A liturgy in a vernacular tongue is intelligible to that nation in which the tongue is used, but its benefit is confined within the limits which circumscribe that people. It might suit a national establishment, but it is not and cannot be adopted to the service of that Church which is Catholic or universal:—a Church which has existed in every age, and which is established among all the nations of the earth.

The Ceremonial of the Mass is of two kinds:—that which is of divine institution, and that which is of ecclesiastical origin. The first is so essential that it cannot be either commuted or seriously changed without altogether defeating the great object of the institution itself. The other ceremonies, though highly venerable because of their origin and their object, yet can by no means be placed on a level with the former.

The objects of our Church ceremonies are public decorum, distinction of officers, instruction and education. The power of modifying or changing them according to time, place, and other circumstances, exists in the proper legislative tribunal of the Church, which is perfectly compatible with the unchangeable nature of our doctrine.

I

The official dress of the clergy and heirarchy is one of the ceremonial regulations of the Church. It is not

peculiar to the ecclesiastics alone. Similar regulations exist in the halls of justice, in the army, in the navy, and in a great variety of other institutions. During the first ages of the Church, because of the danger of persecution, the policy of the Church was to conceal rather than exhibit her officers; yet under favorable circumstances we find that her prelates and her priests were distinguished, as were also her minor clergy, from the great body of the faithful, even by their vesture. The principle has been approved and introduced by God Himself when He regulated the splendid ceremonial of the Judaic rite. Nor are we to infer that it was abrogated by the supplanting of the old by the new dispensation. We must, however, always bear in mind that though deep lessons of religion and piety are easily communicated to the instructed observer, and beauty is given to the house of God—yet the costume of the clergy is not one of the essentials of our holy religion.

In the sacred vesture, the student will discover the greater portion to consist of the ancient Roman State dress, somewhat changed in form, and with some few additions either for convenience or ornament. These observations are confined to the vesture used in the celebration of the Holy Mass: the garments worn on ordinary occasions are to be considered rather a matter of private or social regulation. They differ according as the clergy belong to different religious communities. Some priests follow the rule written by St. Francis, others a rule compiled by St. Augustin, others the rule of St. Dominic, others that of St. Ignatius, others that of St. Liguori. Some devote themselves to the foreign missions, some to the education of youth, some to the conversion of pagans, others to the redemption of captives, others to the service of the poor, and some to the care of parishes. More than one hundred societies seek as many moods to sustain religion.

This great variety of priests of the same faith striving to promote a common object—the glory of God and the salvation of souls,—in so many different ways, all under the sanction of the Catholic Church, presents to the stranger an inexplicable diversity of dress, but to him who understands their institute, their various costumes, this diversity of garb exhibits not only their respective occupations, but also furnishes information as to the habits and costumes of the ages and nations in which the several orders had their origin.

Whatever may have been the original use of the several vestments used in the celebration of the Holy Mass, the Church has attached to each of them a mystical signification. The first vestment is the amict; this is a large piece of linen not unlike an open kerchief. It is first placed on the head, then on the shoulders, and then brought around the neck, and finally adjusted with ribands. It was introduced in the early ages of the Church as a precaution against the cold, damp air of the churches, the effects of which would have been very dangerous to the clergy, who spent much of their time in chanting and reading the divine office.

As the sufferings of the Redeemer became the great subject of the Christian's meditation, the Church availed herself of every object presented to the observation of her children, especially in the temples, to assist their recollection. She, therefore, gave

to every thing used in the sacred edifice, a mysterious signification. She told the observers that when they beheld a clergyman, with the amict on his head, it should be to them the occasion of recollecting how, for the salvation of the human race, He, who for us became the outcast of the nation was blindfolded and buffeted, and covered with spittle; hence they should learn of Him to be meek and humble of heart. To the clergymen himself in giving him this clothing on the day of ordination, she communicated also the admonition, in the words of the Bishop, that the amict should remind him of the prudence and caution to be observed in his speech by abstaining from idle conversation and reserving his voice for the chanting of the praises or proclaiming of the glory of God. The prayer used by the clergyman while clothing himself reminds him of the necessity of heavenly protection against the enemies of his soul, for he beseeches the Lord to guard him against the assaults of the devil, by the helmet of salvation.

The alb and cincture though now separate were united in the ancient toga. The alb, as its name denotes, is a white garment and is put on after the amict; it was the state dress of the gentry and of several public officers of Rome on the occasion of festivals. When the wearer was unoccupied, it flowed loosely about his person; when he was engaged in business he was *accinctus*, that is, his toga was girt up and fastened about him. The alb was so generally used that we have scarcely an instance of its omission in any of our descriptions of the Christian ceremonial. The beholders saw in the alb the Saviour clothed in the white garb and sent back by Herod to Pilate, despised as a fool; and hence they learned not to be ashamed at sometimes finding that the worldly wise, misled by their own self-sufficiency, derided and mocked the sacred institution of the Saviour or the solemn observances of the Church. The same vesture admonished its wearer of the purity of mind and body, which should in the sight of Heaven decorate him who, professing to put off the old man with his works of darkness, appeared as the Son of Light in the splendor of his raiment, near that Lamb whom he was to sacrifice in the Holy Mass.

The cincture reminded the faithful of the cord which bound the victim, when He was dragged by a tumultous rabble from tribunal to tribunal; whilst he who girt himself therewith for the duties of the ministry, prayed in the spirit of the Saviour's words that he might obtain grace to restrain his unruly desires, and be thus enabled to set the brightness of holy example.

The priest is also commissioned to preach the gospel and to instruct the people. Formerly the orator wore a piece of folded linen, thrown over his shoulders, having the appearance of a Persian stole. It was generally used for the purpose to which public speakers now apply handkerchiefs. Hence, it was by some called *sudarium* or towel, but latterly it was decorated with a cross. The stole has been retained, though twelve centuries have elapsed since its primitive use was discontinued. It is crossed on the breast of the priest when he is about to say Mass and is kept in place with the cincture. The faithful were told that it should remind them of the manner in which the Saviour was bound to the cross when He was crucified for our sins. As it forms a sort of a yoke laid

upon the shoulders, the wearer, as well in the admonition he received when first vested therewith at his ordination, as in the prayer he recites when he is about to put it on, is referred to our Lord, Who can enable him to bear the burden of his duties so as to make them a labor of love, and thus persevere till the end under the yoke of the divine law.

When the destination of the stole was changed, the maniple supplied its place. This was a handkerchief thrown over the left arm:—deriving its name from the Latin word Manus, a hand, because it was carried on the arm. It soon became an ornament, and is now retained like the stole, as a relic. It reminds the people of the cord with which the Lamb of God was bound to the pillar, when He was scourged for our sins. As it was a sort of oppressive weight upon the arm, it teaches the wearer that if he performs with fidelity his portion of the irksome labor in the vineyard of the Lord, he will be brought with gladness to his reward. The prayer is to obtain from Heaven the graces necessary for this purpose.

The ancient trabea was a robe of state generally of embroidered silk, or other fine, rich texture. It was very ample; in the midst of it was an aperture for the head; when put on, it rested on the shoulders of the wearer, and, except when gathered into folds, hung down on either side, flowing even to the ground. Being gathered occasionally at either side by loops or cords to give liberty for using the hands, this vesture had the appearance, at the front and back, of deep, rich festoons, whilst at the sides it was open. Such was the origin of the ordinary chasuble, or priest's vestment for the celebration of the Mass, and for some other very solemn occasions. In going to the Altar his attendant raised it; but later the custom was introduced of making incisions at the sides, until several centuries since, it assumed its present appearance.

The decoration of the chasuble is not in every country the same; in some churches there is a representation on the front of a pillar representing the Church, which is the pillar and foundation of truth, upon which the priest rests for support; and on the back is the cross, to show how the Saviour bore that burden of sorrow at Calvary, where He went to die upon the cross. In other churches the cross is not only on the back but also on the front, whilst in other places the cross is substituted by some other artistic design. This vestment represents the seamless garment of Christ, for which the soldiers cast lots; and it is emblematic of the charity which should not only prevent schisms but even unkindly feelings. Others will have it represent the purple garment flung over the shoulders of Jesus after His scourging; whilst its decorations imply in him who wears it the exhibition of the virtues with which he should be ornamented.

II.

The deacon is the first minister attending upon the priest in the celebration of the holy office. His vesture consists of the amict, alb, cincture, stole, and dalmatic; but the stole, as a token of the inferiority of his order, is not placed on both shoulders. As one who may be commissioned to preach he is entitled to wear this ornament only on his left shoulder, which exhibits his ministerial subordination; at the Altar he is also but an attendant,

not a principal. In the first centuries, the deacon was ordained, not only to serve at the Altar, but also to superintend the tables at which the first Christians invited the poor to share their hospitality.

Such attendants found it convenient to carry a large napkin or towel thrown over the left shoulder, to serve the various purposes of the ministry. Thus, both as a public speaker and an attendant at the Altar, the deacon preserves his stole, which, however, has now, like that of his superior, become ornamental, and is useful only for distinction, for mystic instruction, and an evidence of ancient usage.

The people of Dalmatia did not use the trabea; their robe did not reach so low; it was opened at the side,—had wide sleeves moderately long, and frequently two or three large rich tassels hung from the shoulders of the wearer. The dalmatic is generally known because of the country in which it was chiefly used as a garment, and was for distinction assigned to the first attendant of the Altar. This outer vestment was decorated in front with two narrow stripes, which were the appropriate ornaments of the robe worn by Roman knights of the equestrian order. Latterly, in many places the original appearance has been lost. The duty of the deacon is to proclaim the Gospel, to prepare the sacred offerings, to assist at the sacrifice, and to aid at giving Holy Communion.

The sub-deacon is the next assistant. It is his duty to chant the Epistle, to aid the deacon in the preparing of the sacred vessels for the sacrifice, to minister to him the wine and water, and assist in such other way as may be necessary. He is not entitled to wear a stole, and his outer vestment is a tunic; this was generally made of an inferior silk, nor had it any embroidery, but within some centuries the two vestments have gradually become so much assimilated that very little, if any, difference can at present be perceived between the tunic and the dalmatic.

The other attendants are: a clergyman in a surplice, who is styled a master of ceremonies; his duty is to see that everything is performed with decency, to suggest if necessary to any other officer what should be done, and to keep generally in a position sufficiently convenient to the celebrant to aid by a suggestion, and to procure whatever may be wanting; two acolytes or attendants of a lower order, also in surplices, carry lights before the celebrant—when he proceeds to the Sanctuary, and before the deacon, when he goes to announce the gospel; another acolyte is thurifer and incense-bearer; he has charge of the censer in which is the lighted charcoal, and a box shaped like an ancient boat in which the incense is kept, together with a spoon to convey it to the censer.

In Catholic countries and in some places in the United States, the sacristan, who has charge of the vessels and other appurtenances of the Sanctuary, also attends the service in surplice; his place is near a small table called the credence, which is not far from the Altar at the Epistle side of the Sanctuary. Upon this table the chalice stands, upon the mouth of which is a small linen cloth called the purifier, because it is used in cleansing and drying this vessel: over this is the paten or small plate containing the bread for consecration. The bread is unleavened,

(Continued on Page 294.)

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

PARIS OUT-OF-DOORS.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

Our studio windows overlooked the Gardens of the Luxembourg, the vast playground for the inhabitants of the left bank of the Seine. This side of the river is indiscriminately called the Latin Quarter by many writers, and the name has become synonomous with the wild revels of student life. Yet here rises the quiet Faubourg St. Germain, than which no more aristocratic quarter ever reared its stately head! To live in the Faubourg is at once the sign and seal of gentility. No matter how many weary stairs one must climb to his apartment, the sacred symbol of nobility lights the way! I have been to an afternoon reception in a tiny apartment on the sixth floor. From the windows we gazed on chimney pots and smoke stacks. What matter? Were they not those of the aristocracy of France? "Noblesse oblige" is still the motto of the highest French society. Therefore, Mde. de B., the impoverished descendant of one who stood close to the monarchical throne, could receive her titled friends on the sixth floor (those at least who were not too stout for much climbing, elevators being unknown) and offer

"BOOTHS WITH TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION."

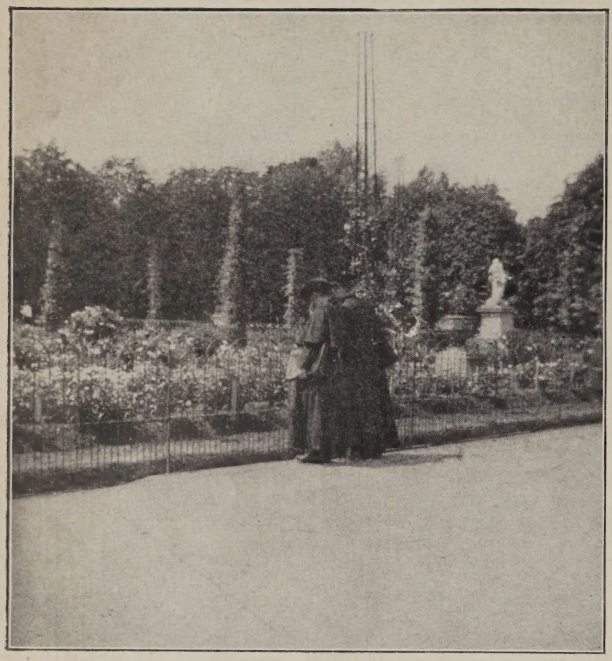
them tepid water scented with orange flowers and sweetened with lumps of sugar from the daintiest of coroneted bowls, talking meanwhile to men of wealth and distinction, with the matchless grace of a Frenchwoman of the old régime. Poverty loses half its terrors when we know that our friends will not desert us nor our social prestige be jeopardised. *The King can do no wrong.* Happy king!

In the old renaissance Gardens of the Luxembourg you find many children belonging to the Faubourg St. Germain. Sometimes the mothers accompany their little ones, chatting with their friends over bits of embroidery, while the children play. "Will Madame la Comtesse have her chairs arranged by the flower-bed on the right? asks a little, old lady, her black frilled cap bobbing up and down as she bows and smiles. It is her privilege to rent chairs at two cents each to those who do not care to sit on the benches provided for le peuple. They are always hired by the pretty young mammas of the bourgeoise, who bring their lunch and spend the afternoon with their children under the spreading trees, their bright-colored parasols and charming toilets making a gay picture in one corner of the garden. Farther on are groups of nurses in gorgeous peasant costumes, knitting or mending the household linen, while keeping careful guard over their young charges; no child being allowed to wander out of range of the ever-watchful French eye, even in

"OLD GENTLEMEN READING PAPERS, AND HERE AND THERE A SEWING GIRL."

these quiet gardens. Hark! Is not that the signal for the Punch and Judy show? Hundreds of little ones press eagerly forward, crowding against the railing which encloses the marionettes, striving to catch a glimpse of Punch or the Policeman over the heads of the envied few who can afford to squander the penny entrance. Here and there a happy child is held aloft in the arms of his father. No one crowds or jostles his neighbor—French children having the most perfect manners in the world. The flying horses rank next in favor to the marionettes, and are kept busy by their young riders. If the day be warm, the venders of highly-colored, sweetened waters are also kept busy.

On the other side of the park young men play croquet, French football and tennis, still under the watchful eye of tutor or priest. Until a young man leaves college and enters the army he is seldom permitted to go alone into the streets of Paris, that is, if he belongs to the exclusive society of the Faubourg St. Germain; while no girl of any social standing whatever is permitted out of sight of her mother or governess until she is married. "My daughter is twenty and has never been away from me one hour since she was born. She is to be married next week and knows no more of life than a baby," proudly exclaimed a French mother. Her daughter had not been allowed to read the books nor even listen to the music which Americans encourage their



PRIESTS IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

children to study and enjoy. No wonder that these girls look forward to their wedding day as to the open sesame of life, nor that entering into the gayeties of Paris in absolute ignorance, some should be lost in the whirlpool of its corrupt society. To the young girl her husband plays but a secondary part in the drama. To be married means to be free, and the daughters are quite content to accept whatever men their parents provide to loosen the chains of their bondage. "My friend Antoinette is to be married tomorrow. It will be a very beautiful wedding, as her fiancé is an officer of high rank. Do you not wish to be present?" asked Mademoiselle de S—. It was indeed a beautiful ceremony. The church one mass of flowers, the bride a vision of white loveliness, the groom in full regimentals, the flower of the French nobility crowding the vast aisles. How charming it all seemed, until I asked my friend if it were a love match. "Love, you foolish girl," she laughingly replied, "why love has nothing to do with French weddings until they are all over." Alas! the charm was broken! The fairy prince and princess had turned to very common clay. "All marriages are arranged by the parents or relatives," continued Mlle. de S—. "My friend never saw her husband until six weeks ago when she was invited with her parents, to meet him at dinner. Of course it had all been planned long before, but next morning her father asked if she had any objection to marrying the handsome young officer. Had she said yes, matters would probably have gone no further; as she expressed herself willing to do whatever he desired, the officer's parents were informed and the young people solemnly betrothed. They were permitted to see each other every day, but always in the presence of her family. When separated by a necessary absence their letters were first read by their parents!" Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon), who has made a serious study of our social conditions, told me that while she admired the development and freedom of our women, she felt that the French method of arranging marriages had much to commend it. "Parents understand life and their

NURSES AND CHILDREN ENJOYING AN OUTING.

children's dispositions and so can choose more wisely the men and women calculated to make them happy. Young people are often carried away by the infatuation of the hour, as your divorces show, and are thus unfitted for the serious responsibility of founding a family."

Not only in Paris are French girls carefully guarded. Even in the depths of the country they are not permitted to go to church or visit their friends unless accompanied by a chaperon. When we lived in the forest of Rambouillet, where there were only peasants, with the exception of three families, Madame la Comtesse, who inhabited the chateau, would not allow her daughter of seventeen to visit us unattended. Twice she escaped and ran about two blocks up the quiet road, reaching our little chalet in a state of breathless excitement over her wonderful achievement. Both times she was severely reprimanded by her horrified relations for such a breach of

AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

French propriety. So long as one is young these restrictions matter little, but after twenty-five they become exceedingly irksome and many unmarried French women long for the freedom accorded their American sisters. Eventually such absurd rules must change even in the most conservative circles of the aristocracy. As soon as parents realize that their daughters are unhappy they will do their best to remedy the evil for nowhere in the world are children more loved and petted. Everything possible is done for the amusement of the little ones. Watch them in the gardens of Paris playing tag, rolling hoops, spinning tops, happiest of all when accompanied by their doting papas. Often you will see grey-haired gentlemen carrying tiny infants or pushing them about in perambulators, baby worship written on every line of their proud and happy faces.

But where are the children of the poor, of the thousands of working people who have no time to spend in these parks? Alas! the mothers belonging to this class must send their new-born infants to the country, when but three weeks of age, happy if they have there some relative to whom they can confide their children during the years when they most need a mother's loving care. Those not so blest must send their little ones to some woman who makes a business of rearing children, who keeps a veritable Baby Farm! France, being a paternal government, looks after these little waifs. Each child born in Paris must be registered at the Mairie. If the parents can not rear it they must give its name and destination to the officers who have charge of all children sent from home. No woman can keep a Baby Farm until she has received from them a certificate of proficiency. They visit these country homes and any neglect or ill-treatment on the part of the proprietor is punished by fines or imprisonment. There can be no concealed horrors. Still, the care given these children can not be that of a mother, and many charitable ladies are establishing day nurseries in Paris, and trying to persuade parents to rear their children at home. This is extremely difficult.

The entire economic system of France must be changed before men receive sufficient wages to support their families; even the combined earnings of husband and wife are often insufficient. Women who work all day are in no condition to look after their babies during the night. Many must walk miles across the city, and be at work at seven in the morning, leaving home long before the nurseries are open. Were these isolated cases some-

SCENE IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

thing might be accomplished by such institutions, but where hundreds of thousands are forced to succumb to these economic laws, and have been for generations, it is extremely difficult to introduce a new system. Even among the well-to-do trades-people the wives and mothers keep the books. The military law compelling all men to serve in the army has made it necessary for the women to assume the financial part of the business, that they may be able to conduct it in the absence of their husbands. "My baby is dead," sobbed a young mother as she sat at her desk. "I do not say that it was neglected, Mademoiselle, but if the good God ever sends me another I shall never part with it. No, not if I have to keep it on my lap in this shop while I make up accounts." The Mère Adèle, whom we knew in Barbizon, had received a testimonial from the state for her devotion to the forty-two children sent her to rear. "I loved them dearly and did all that I could for them, Mademoiselle, but you Americans have the better way. No one can care for a child like its natural mother. Our poor women would be only too glad to keep their little ones, but what can they do when forced to work away from their homes? And one must live!" Every day we saw little Jeanne going with her nurse to play in the Luxembourg gardens. She was the daughter of our poor concièrge who toiled night and day that she might pay some one to look after her only child. "I have had six, Mademoiselle, five were sent to a Baby Farm where they all died. Perhaps they

MAKING OVER BEDS ON AN OUTER BOULEVARD.

would not have lived had I been able to keep them, but when my little Jeanne was born I simply could not let her go. She is nearly six, yet I dare not permit her to play alone in the streets. I will soon send her to a convent as that will be cheaper than hiring a nursery governess."

Of course there is a still lower class of working people in Paris, who can neither afford to employ nurses nor send their babies to the country. Their children simply "grow" as did Topsy. These people live in the poorest quarters of the city, and their little ones are seldom seen in our park. But if the children are far away, the grown up poor are always with us. Old men and women going to and from their work find a resting place on the benches. Beggars dose in the sunshine. Market women, basket on arm, gossip with butcher boys. Young girls from the neighboring shops bring their lunches and chatter gaily during their brief release from duty. Models, arm in arm with long-haired students, promenade between the flower beds. The Luxembourg Garden is a little world in itself where one never tires watching the changing panorama of Parisian life. From early morning until at dusk the rat-tat-tat of the drum proclaims its closing the park is filled with happy people. The French have wonderful capacity for living in the present, forgetting all worries and being amused by trifles. Watch that group of grey-haired politicians anxiously discussing some important problem. In a few moments they will forget their cares while throwing bits

of bread to the swans on the lake. Walk through these gardens on a sunshiny afternoon in May, passing under the flowering chestnuts, whose pink and white blossoms fill the air with fragrance. There is a joyous gaiety in the atmosphere which prevades the most secluded walks, whose benches are filled with serious students absorbed in Greek and Latin exercises, or quiet old gentlemen reading their papers, with here and there a sewing girl stitching industriously on the garment which must be finished before morning.

The whole place is vibrant with sunshine and life. Music from the band mingles with the laughter of children and floats softly down the length of the great garden. No one notices what you do, all are absorbed by their own occupations. Parents assist their children with next day's lessons; grandmothers trundle baby carriages or darn stockings; peasants in quaint costumes pass to and fro; black robed priests recite their office; sisters sit in groups surrounded by girls clad in white with long veils falling to the ground, their sweet young faces radiant with the joy of their first Communion. And all these people love the beautiful statues hidden in the trees. As babies they were carried in their mothers' arms to admire Dalou's new fountain, or blinked their small eyes at one of Rodin's statues, while their parents discussed its merits. The famous bronzes are part of their daily lives; they, too, will bear children in their arms while loitering near these dear old landmarks, and later lead them into the gallery of the Luxembourg, whose doors stand ever open, inviting all who love art to desert the gay gardens and enter into the land where man's spirit strives to interpret the meaning of life. As the gallery opens into our park, so that of the Louvre overlooks the Gardens of the Tuileries. The French place their art museums close to the lives of their people. They are the treasure houses of the poor as of the rich. You find young soldiers, working girls, poor women with sleeping babies in their arms, even beggars discussing, studying the pictures. What wonder that Paris has become the art centre of our modern world when her children learn to love the work of her artists before they leave their mothers' arms! No foreigner can walk through the Louvre and not be impressed by the large place that art is given in the life of France. Alexander Harrison, who has won such high honors as a painter, says that during the fifteen years which he has lived in Paris he has never been to any public dinner or banquet where art was not discussed. "It is part of a Frenchman's life; even the working men show an intelligent interest in discussing it. As a consequence the atmosphere of Paris is more conducive to artistic work than that of New York. Americans seem to fear that we artists will become expatriated. That is impossible, for we never love our country so well as when we are forced to leave it. In America art has not yet become a vital factor in the life of the people. Commercial interests are still too absorbing. Even the artists are influenced by financial conditions. They can not help being; all of us are largely affected by our environment. Therefore it is better for our work to live in France, where every one is interested in art." There is quite a little colony of American artists near the Gardens of the Luxembourg. Here they find constant in-

spiration from the study of paintings in the gallery, and of the people in the garden, where picturesque groups of peasants furnish them with unending subjects. Many of these peasants belong to the neighboring Italian Quarter—"Little Italy" as it is called by the artists. Few Parisians know of its existence, yet the models living there play a most important rôle in the annual salons. Endowed with natural grace and beauty, the Italians are the favorite models of the great French painters.

Of all the Paris parks the Luxembourg seems most representative of the better side of French character, as the left bank of the Seine is of the serious, intellectual French life, in spite of all that has been written of its frivolity. The gardens of the Champs Elysées are gayer, thronged by day with the nurses and children of the wealthy, by night with light-hearted revellers, foreigners, art students, models—who come to dance and be merry until the wee sma' hours. For the children there are jugglers, marionette shows, cake stalls, and booths filled with toys of every description. At night the Cafés Chantants, converted into fairy bowers by aid of electric lights, present the latest attractions in song and ballet. Under the trees men and women sit at small tables sipping absinthe or the more harmless light wines of France. Close by, on the Place de la Concorde, the fountains play merrily, washing away the bloodstains left by the guillotine, where the flower of the French nobility ascended its steps during the Reign of Terror. Is some shadow of that dark time falling athwart the nation today, that she exiles many of her noblest children?

On July 14th politics is forgotten. How radiant, how like fairyland are these gardens, this Place of Peace, converted into one huge ball-room, where the people dance in honor of Liberty and the Republic. Music is furnished by the government, from four in the afternoon of this great fête until four next morning all the world may join in the dancing. "What a glorious thing is our Republic," say the light-hearted people. The poorest are happy as kings. Butchers, bakers, shop keepers,—men wearing blue blouses, women white aprons—open their doors and step into the fairy scene. Millions of people in the streets, the parks, talking, laughing, dancing! Fathers and mothers with their little ones, young men with their sweethearts, whirling madly round and round—round and round, until exhausted they sink on the benches to breathe, only to commence again that mad whirling—reversing being an unknown art in France! The Gardens of the Champs Elysées open into the Avenue of that name, which carries the life of the parks on to the Arc de Triomphe, and hence to the very gates of the Bois, where it is repeated by the wealthy in more aristocratic fashion. Here we find the equipages of la haute société with stately coachmen in livery, proudly wearing the insignia of their noble masters and mistresses. France may be a Republic; Liberty, Equality, Fraternity may be blazoned in letters of gold on church and public edifice, but socially the aristocracy triumph. The poorest descendant of a princely house is still courted by the nouveaux riches of the Republican régime. To have a marquis seated at your side during a drive in the Bois is well worth the striving for. Is not the Faubourg St. Germain bowing and smiling to-

ward your landau as the interminable stream of carriages pass slowly up and down this fashionable driveway? No one goes to the Bois during the season for the pleasure of driving, but that he may see and be seen by le beau monde. Ravishing toilettes are worn at the fête des fleurs, which, with the races in the Hippodrome, attracts vast crowds to the Bois. The immense park of over two thousand acres is filled with gay Parisiens. Surely all the world has come to watch the glorious pageant. Yet go to the Park Monceaux, the Jardin des Tuileries, the boulevards radiating from the Avenue de l'Opera, everywhere you will find thousands of people, walking, driving, seated at open air cafés.

In the public squares of the poorer quarters is another world,—always myriads of people, perfectly contented to sit still and be amused. And so little amuses a French crowd! This is the secret of the people's happiness, they are content with little. Go to the home of any of the tradespeople. What a tiny apartment with its still tinier salon, dining room, bed chamber! Small tables, small chairs, small ornaments—all so small except Madame herself, who seems to fill every nook and corner of the neat little rooms! As soon as these humble shop-keepers lay up a small sum of money, they are willing to retire from business, leaving a place for their children in the overcrowded Parisien commerce. To become a rentier and live on one's income is the ambition of the petit bourgeoisie. Then one has time to sit in the parks, to watch the grandchildren, to be amused! Better still, one can buy a home in the country, where the children of Jean, of Marie, may breathe the pure air, spending their young lives in the fields instead of in crowded Paris apartments. The economy of the city must now be transferred to this suburban home, where every foot of ground will be cultivated. France is a small country, but by economizing her resources, developing to the highest degree her industries, her soil, she has become one of the richest of European nations.

There is no better place to study French frugality than in the parks and open squares of Paris. Go to one of the second hand fairs held on the outer boulevards. What in other countries would be cast aside as useless is here exposed for sale, having been carefully sorted over by ragpickers, whose sole support is the rubbish which you see—broken china, bits of glass, pieces of stone, old nails, old pots and pans, old shoes, old combs and brushes. Does a woman need a cup? Has she broken a saucer? For two cents she can replace them. Is her lock broken, her key lost? Behold a thousand from which to choose! The poor students may find their books, mothers their children's shoes.

Each house in Paris is provided by the city with a large box. Into this the servants throw all that is not needed by the family, whether of food or raiment. Every morning the chiffoniers or ragpickers are privileged to search through these boxes before the contents are carted by the city to distant fields, where the refuse is employed in fertilizing the soil. From the homes of the wealthy, the poor receive many articles of real value. Fifty thousand ragpickers, say the statistics, realize ten thousand dollars daily from their pickings!

The chiffoniers of Paris are not beggars, they are self-respecting mem-

bers of society, and fill a necessary place in the economic system of France. Nothing of possible value escapes their vigilant search. Old bones are sold to factories for making knife handles; sardine boxes are converted into penny toys; corks re-cut for ink bottles; candle grease; false hair worked over by enterprising manufacturers; even dead cats and dogs can be sold for their skins, while all the odds and ends collected are disposed of to venders at the second hand fairs. The city, at certain intervals, permits these poor people to spread their goods on the ground of the public reservations. The working people flock to the open air fairs. Shoes which even they reject, will be sold later to those whose business it is to *unmake them!* The nails are carefully drawn out, as the copper ones are valuable, the leather is then soaked in water until it becomes soft, when it is cut into children's shoes. The smallest pieces are used for the soles of infants' slippers, or to cover the heels of the fashionable Louis quinze shoes. What is finally cast aside is much prized by the farmers to whom it is sold for fertilizing their fields. In the Gardens of the Luxembourg is a school where one may learn the use of these different fertilizers, also how to cultivate fruit trees in the smallest possible amount of soil. The pear trees raised here as object lessons occupy scarcely one foot of ground, their branches being trained over the iron fences that enclose this corner of the Park. These out door lessons are always largely attended by would-be farmers, contributing a new element to the varied life of the gardens. Perhaps the peas being shelled by that group of women have been raised by one of the scholars.

In our country household work is performed behind closed doors. In Paris those who are fortunate enough to live near the parks prefer to prepare their vegetables, to do their sewing,— whatever work is possible,— seated on benches under the friendly shading trees, where they can enjoy a little gossip with their good-natured neighbors.

Whatever else the parks of Paris may be used for, they are preëminently the homes of the children. Old and young, rich and poor, acknowledge them as their kingdom, and bow down in worship before the youthful sovereigns. No blasé Parisien but is charmed and soothed by their inocence, their clinging helplessness. Wherever French children congregate, there you find an atmosphere of love. The heroic devotion of parents to their little ones forms one of the brightest pages in the history of France.

Of the beautiful home life which exists in Paris little has been written. Strangers seldom penetrate within that charmed circle, but in the parks one can study this happiest aspect of French life. We hear much of the wickedness of this great city, yet Paris still has her infancy of innocence and purity, her youth of enthusiasm, devotion and religious ideals, as well as her sin-soiled old age. It is only those who know and love her who understand her holiness, her deeds of heroism, her striving after spiritual truth and light —that side of her which belongs to no nation, to no race, but to the kingdom of the children of God.

A LITTLE SAINT AGNES.

BY ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL.

When Gerard Foster consented to fresco the walls of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament it was as much a surprise for him as it was a surprise and a cause for chagrin to some others, and for the same reason:—because there seemed such a sad incongruity between his doing the work and a fact pretty well known in the village of Pleasant Valley, the fact of his absolute agnosticism.

It happened this way, his being asked to do the work and his consenting: the church, as far as its mere erection went, had long been finished; but when the time came for its interior decoration there was a pause. Father Bouchard was a man whose artistic sensibilities were as keen as his heart was holy. As a youth he had been about to enter the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts when he took the other resolution to enter a theological seminary. But memories and love of the old world treasures of immortal art still clung to him, and now that he had succeeded in having a fair tabernacle built to the honor of God, he did not intend to have his harmony in stone marred by such a discord as bad painting on its walls would make. Of course, there was no native genius in Pleasant Valley who could be trusted to realize the pastor's ideals. Nor was there money enough in the treasury to justify bringing an artist from New York or Boston, so the work was left undone.

When some of the impatient parishoners urged its completion by what meagre local talent there was, and a few grumbled and wondered if Father Bouchard did not have "some notions too high for us simple folk of Pleasant Valley," Father Bouchard smiled and said he was praying to that first painter, St. Luke, to send them an artist. (After he made arrangements with Gerard Foster to do the work, he reproached St. Luke for not sending him one with more of the grace of God in his heart.)

Whatever St. Luke had to do with it, Foster would certainly have explained his presence there differently. Two reasons, he would have said, drifted him thither. First, he went seeking health after his serious illness —Pleasant Valley was supposed to be a hot-bed of salubrity. Secondly, he was so thoroughly sick and tired of everything and place he knew. In Paris and every other metropolis where study or pleasure led him he had drunk to the dregs the cup of mad intoxication. At thirty-five he was suffering fatally from satiety. So when he heard of the little village, he went there endeavoring to get utterly away from the palling, unsatisfying old life,—that, indeed, had given him success, as far as the acknowledged skill of his brush went, but which had, he was beginning to realize, been so meagre in actual gratification. He was weary of it all. He scarcely hoped his spirits would heal there. But he hoped the body would, and in his desperation all he asked for his mind was a kind of forgetfulness which, in a sardonic humor he grimly promised himself, the monotonous and primitive simplicity of the village life would induce, —drugging him as it were. When he had been there about a month, at least one of his purposes began to be real-

ized. His strength began to return. After sitting there several weeks on the veranda, looking away over the fields and across to the hills, whose gentle, graceful uprise made the valley, he began to be able to take short walks over the meadows, and then tramps up the hills.

As for his mind, with his innate turn for psychology he derived much amusement from its condition. For he was gradually lapsing into that state of placidity which he and his old fellow-students used to characterize scoffingly as "bovine." There was not positive happiness, but the bitter discontent and unrest were being succeeded by a quiet indifference that amused him, while it soothed. He said to himself that he was beginning to comprehend the delightful insouciance of the lilies of the field. By his complete isolation, as well as his deliberate desire to forget, the burdens, worries and excitement of the old wild life were beginning to fall from him as unloosened fetters. Sometimes, as he sat there looking over the fine landscape before and around him, he would murmur to himself:

> "There is no world
> But this—of fields,
> Flowers and fields, and birds a-flit
> And clouds that soar
> Silently o'er
> The sunny infinite."

It grew to be so that he scarcely thought of the old times, save when Father Bouchard came to visit—as somehow he did more frequently since Foster had begun to board there. For beside the fact that the dear shepherd felt that every one in the village was in his flock—did not even the stray ones belong to his Master?—there were other reasons for his liking to stop there for a chat with Foster. For it was an old, sweet delight to hear some one talk again of the pictures and sculptures he loved and used to know. And then it was interesting to hear of the work of the new schools. Besides he felt that Foster must pine now and then to talk of these things, and there was not a multitude of the inner circle in Pleasant Valley, though ti was not sunk in primitive ignorance. So many an evening as Foster was sitting smoking, Father Bouchard would come along, and the two—the jaded man of the world and the great strong pastor—would sit almost till morning talking art, literature, and the material of both—life.

One evening when they were together and some one else had dropped in, the old thorn, the decoration of the church, came up for consideration. In a moment of generosity Foster offered to finish the walls. With his returning strength, the old desire to use the brush was beginning to tickle his fingers. He but voiced, said Father Bouchard, a wish that had been lurking in his heart ever since he heard that some one who had exhibited at the Salon was going to summer in Pleasant Valley.

As soon as he was able Gerard Foster began his work. It half amused him, because it was a departure from his ordinary themes. Ecclesiastical art he had known, but on other men's canvases. However he knew he could do what was required of him here, and he was glad to have an opportunity to repay the good Pére Bouchard, as he called him, for his many kindnesses.

So every day or so thereafter might be seen on the scaffolding Gerard Foster, sceptic and blasê man-of-the-world, working away on some symbol

whose value his artistic sense could apprehend, if his intellect did not approve. Often as he sat there working away, whistling some old snatch from the operas or a lilt of a student's song, he smiled at how the old comrades of the Bohemian days would laugh if they saw him—"to think old Foster would come to this!" By the end of the winter it was all finished, except a small shrine at the end of the church, to St. Agnes. Just as he was about to begin work on this an attack of his former exhaustion came upon him. He had to discontinue, and spend some time in a sick bed. When strength to be out returned, there did not immediately follow the power to work. In fact the weeks began to slip past without his feeling able to use arm and pigment, and mind, which is guide for both. And with this failure of energy to assert itself again, there reappeared the old depression, to which he used to be a victim, when it seemed so futile to hope to achieve anything worth while. All his former weariness with things haunted him again, till once more he was in that slough of despair from which he had hoped himself rescued—that bitter slough whence, if it were not for his mother, he would have actually gone deliberately down to the river and cast himself upon its breast to be borne forth upon the Life Beyond, of which he could formulate nothing, and therefore hope nothing. . . . . To cap his unhappy state, the elements were against him. The sun of spring, much belated, seemed to have been thwarted in its longed-for journey northward. Continual rains made nearly every day gloomy. The sun seemed to have forgotten how to break through the clouds. When his unhappy moods returned to him, he at first thought they came from physical exhaustion, and that he would shortly be able to take up his work where he left it off. But when the days went on and his mental indisposition intensified, he began to grow impatient. Besides he was compunctious about the shrine, which he promised for Easter.

During his several months' work, he had been amused at how much church history he had learned as he browsed around Father Bouchard's library for data and symbols. Now his attention had to be fastened on the character of St. Agnes. Foster had hitherto known nothing about the saints, and cared less. It seemed inconsistent that he was to portray something to edify those who did believe. It seemed almost a mockery. Again he laughed at how diverted the old friends would be at the situation.

However laugh as they or he might, the story of St. Agnes he had read and thought so much about that the poetry of her brief history had made an impression upon him. But he had not found the exact way he wished to present it.

One night after he had been making sketches, he went to sleep and dreamed that he saw her. The next morning, as he woke early, the sun was shining through his window, repentant as it were for its long desertion of the earth. Being unable to get back to sleep, he rose and started on a constitutional across the meadows. The morning was one of those first of spring, full of surprises and delights. Every thing seemed washed clean by the recent rains. New blades of grass shone as the sunbeams fell across them. The old

earth seemed to have had a bath in some fountain of youth, everything seemed so fresh and green. Foster had not felt so invigorated for ages,—as he walked along, he said half aloud:

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir,
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were."

He took a long run across the country, and on his way back he happened to pass the church. Since his several weeks' illness he had not been there. He thought he would look in and see how things seemed now. With the glow of his walk upon him, he said to himself: "By Jove, I feel so new and strong and benevolent, I could go in and sing the doxology. That tramp in the clean grass makes me feel almost like a catechumen."

Mass was being celebrated. It was the first early Mass he had ever seen, and the spectacle quite appealed to him. Here was, indeed a realization of that idyllic, primitive celebration Walter Pater makes Marius the Epicurean attend, and the beauty of it took possession of him as it had done of Marius. A deeper sense of what this cermony stood for came over him as in the quiet of the morning the priest in white robes went to and fro upon the white altar, where the pure flames of the candles burned, and the few devotees wrapped in prayer and worship paid morning homage to the God, their God, whom he did not know..... But somehow, it came over him that it was actually to a God, and that this solemn, yet sincere, ceremonial going on there at the altar, was not all mummery as the pomp and ceremonial on some of the great feast days in the old world churches had seemed to him.

As the intensity of his first impression cooled a little, he glanced about the building. His eyes passed a few seats in front of him; there near him, the publican and sinner, a young girl was kneeling. The sunlight coming in one of the windows fell upon her; it lighted her face and wove her hair into an aureole around her. Foster nearly threw up his cap and shouted—a little saint Agnes!..... It was a divine moment of inspiration! Wild projects streamed through his brain... If she would only kneel that way a little while, he could catch that expression, that pose.... Never had his hardened heart, full of unbelief as it was, conceived such an expression, so glorified by an aspiration, a love, he knew nothing about... Heavens! If he could only reproduce that pure fervor his shrine of the little St. Agnes would be famous, it would surely make people pray, it would—oh, if he could only get her to kneel there for him—perhaps Father Bouchard could persuade her —but what woman could keep or assume such an expression to order.... No he must get it distinctly into his memory and conjure it again with the aid of his imagination. He lingered till Mass was over, then he hurried home like mad and gathered what things he needed. He was at work in a short time.... That day more of the old glow of his first efforts in art's service was upon him than he had known for a long time.

The next few mornings he went to Mass. One morning, he met Father MacLean, the assistant, who said to him: "You don't get to work this early, do you? You know Mass is being celebrated just now." "I'm

going to Mass," answered Foster with a twinkle in his eye that baffled the young priest. "Aren't you afraid we'll make a Catholic of you, if you do such things?" "Not much afraid, wish you could," said Foster.

There in the same place, when he went in, was his unconscious model. There was a great charm about her face; simplicity and purity were its keynotes, a spirituality he had never seen before illuminating it, and adding to it a certain intellectuality he had not hitherto known, though his friendships had been with women whose mental calibre had undeniable distinction. That was the thing that first set him thinking—her unmistakable, cool intelligence about what she was doing and about what was about going forward on the altar. He began to meditate how strange it was considering all the ages, all the centuries piled on centuries between them, that there were two women, one far away in the first dawn of the religion of Christ, one in twenty hundredth year thereafter, apparently feeling the same exaltation, the same devotion to Him whom he had but vaguely known as the great man of Galilee. Product of an age, a locality, and a family which had drifted from the old moorings, Gerard Foster had come in contact but very indirectly with Christianity and its teachings. The story of Jesus Christ had been to him in his career, which he deemed a very real, intense life, but which was really but an undeveloped dream, the history of some mysterious, powerful philanthropist of unusual psychic power, interesting indeed, but the possible divinity of this force he scarcely considered—till now when it was thrust upon him, as it were.

What a strange thing it was that the persuasion to which Agnes had been a martyr in that old far-off time still endured, still had its supporters! . . . As he watches his "little saint Agnes" praying at the Consecration, he knew her devotion would not flinch from the severest ordeal for what she was worshipping there on the altar. It was the first ray athwart the darkness—what then did happen in Galilee? over and over he began thinking. It lent a grave quality to his work as he continued finishing the shrine, a reverence to his presentation of what he was just beginning to comprehend.

When the shrine was completed, and Father Bouchard was grateful beyond his expectations, he was also baffled beyond comprehension at how a man with ideas such as Gerard Foster had honestly confessed, had been able to grasp and depict with his brush that impalpable spiritual beauty born only of an exaltation, which he had felt sure was an unknown quantity to Gerard Foster. Yet there was a quality in his light and tone that Father Bouchard knew only too well came not from mere artistic composition, but from an innate spirituality—Raphael and others in "the day-spring of art so fresh and dewy" had worked it in with their pigments.

* * * * * * * *

About a year after this, Foster returned to Pleasant Valley. He had been abroad again, but had come back to Father Bouchard to be baptised. The morning of his first Communion he lingered in the church after every one else had gone. As he stayed there making a long thanksgiving, wrapped in the comfort and the joy of it, the sacristan came out to drape the church,—there was to be a funeral.

After a few minutes, the funeral procession came into the church. Very sweetly the organist was playing the Chopin march. Across the aisle and pews was borne to him the fragrance of flowers. It was the first service for the departed he had ever attended, and the beauty of it made a profound impression upon him. He said to himself: "you've come to the best port, old man, whence to embark for eternity." As the Mass went on, he grew a little exhausted, having had no breakfast, but he did not like to leave. As his attention flagged a little he glanced about the church, his eyes falling upon his own work, and he lived again some of his old life; then his coming to Pleasant Valley and his conversion came before his mental vision. As his eyes rested on the shrine of St. Agnes, spontaneously they passed to the pew whence he had received his inspiration—the "little saint Agnes" was not there. He thought again of how she had been not only his inspiration, but the sweet instrument, as it were, of his conversion, first revealing to him a faith he had not realized before. He felt that he would like to see her again. She was probably some girl of the village, but no matter, he felt he would like to see her, perhaps know her. Once again the tones of the Marche Funébre came plaintively from the organ loft, distracting his thought. He glanced at the cortage. It was apparently a young person there borne out under all the white flowers, perhaps....she?

One afternoon later he strayed into the church, thinking he would look over his work critically. It had been finished long enough for him to get the right perspective.

As he entered the church he saw an old man and woman standing in front of the shrine he had decorated. As he drew near, looking intensely at his own work, he was surprised at what power he had put into it. "I wish some of the fellows could see it; I believe it would convert them!" As he drew closer, he observed the aged couple. The woman was crying; he heard her say: "Isn't it like her? I feel as if I could just come here every day and almost have her back again."

Foster bent his head and passed into a pew...."O little Saint Agnes, my little saint Agnes," he prayed, "thank God that once at least my brush has been true, thank Him that you led me to His feet."

KEBLE AND "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

BY F. M. CATES.

"Numbers," says Cardinal Newman, speaking of John Keble, "revere and love [him] as the first author of the subsequent movement in the Protestant church toward Catholicism."*

That the author of "The Christian Year" should have been in his own time, if only through this one book, a mover of hearts towards Rome, can certainly be wondered at by none who are familiar with his poems:—with their real depth, not merely of religious feeling, but of religious principle; their high and pure standard of conduct; their full acknowledgment of human sinfulness and even of the need for penance; their apparently clear conception of the reality of a visible church and their preaching of dogmatic truths and of a belief in Sacraments and in the Sacredotal office. To those already longing for a fulness of Truth which they did not possess, and who found all this set forth in language of exquisite refinement and delicacy, of tender and harmonious verse—rising at times to a high pitch of poetic expression which hinted at a po er beneath of greater passion than the writer always knew how to use—"The Christian Year" must have been, in many instances, the final touch that sent them into the Church.

That this should have been so can, we repeat, astonish no one: the wonder begins when we reflect that the singer who could thus inspire his listeners to pass through the door that was to lead into the light beyond, himself remained to the end on the threshold; and this, as far as we have the means of judging, without a suspicion that he was wrong in so remaining. Whence came this apparent inconsistency? Is it, in fact, an inconsistency at all; or is a solution of what puzzles us to be found in a somewhat deeper examination into the principles underlying those very poems which at first sight cause the wonder? Let us see.

In his preface to "The Christian Year," Keble remarks that "next to a sound rule of faith," nothing is of so much importance, religiously speaking, as *a sober standard of feeling.* He expresses his dread of excitement; and adds, further on, that the "occasional services" of the Church of England constitute, from their "personal and domestic" nature, the most perfect instances of that *soothing* tendency of the Prayer Book which it is the special object of these pages to exhibit."

From the preface let us turn to one of his most beautiful poems—one of the many in this volume which will undoubtedly cause it to remain, whatever its religious defects, a minor English Classic:—the first in the book, called "Morning." Here, after a description of the early dawn not to be rivaled for truth and freshness; and an exquisite tribute of praise to the newness of God's love, and of the opportunity for well-doing, in "each returning day," we have the following stanzas:—

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

*"Scope and Nature of University Education." Ed: 1852, p. 257.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish *all we ought to ask:*
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

To the first of these stanzas, standing alone, of course no exception can be taken from the most strictly Catholic point of view; the Church having always taught that holiness consists in the doing of our daily work perfectly, and having, among the Saints raised on her altars, many who have won their crowns in the exercise of the commonest manual labor, or of family duties and affections. To find the key to that peculiar spirit of Keble which we wish here to bring out, we must take the two stanzas together, and especially the words italicised. "All we *ought* to ask," says the author, is "the trivial round and common task: it is not merely that the "cloistered cell" is not meant for all, but that any desire for it, any call to leave the daily round of domestic life for a higher state, is a thing that we are to shun thinking of —not to pray for.

Here, as we think, is a portion of the key that we are seeking. Can we find in Keble's own life the completion of the clue? Will anything in it serve fully to account for this dread of whatever was likely to shake that calm and sober acceptance of "things as they are" which should keep people safely grazing, in company with the Spirit of his poems, in what Professor Shairp has so acutely named "the Anglican Paddock?"

Keble's life as Vicar of Hursley was one which exhibited in perfection all the most attractive qualities of the high-minded Anglican—qualities which are perhaps never shown forth to such full advantage as in the person of a cultivated country parson; to which were added, in his special case, the qualities of a poet, if not of the first order, at least genuine. What was there in this life—morally speaking—to prevent its liver from pursuing his beliefs, as did many of his original followers, to their logical end, and rising to the height of submission to that Church most of whose doctrines he appeared to hold? There seems no reason to suppose, from what is known of his character, that any ambition for personal influence, or low clinging to social position in the established Church, kept Keble back. The reason of his blindness is further to seek than in such motives: it lies, if we are not mistaken, in something nearer the heart:—in the fact, namely, that his life was lived, not merely in the midst of peaceful and dignified outward surroundings—of cultivated occupations and easy circumstances—of the contentment always imparted by country life to the Soul of a true lover of nature —but in the enjoyment, added to all these, of *fully satisfied natural affections.* For not only was Keble married, but his marriage appears to have been one of those perfect unions, of mind and soul as well as of heart, beautiful and much to be desired in themselves, yet tending to make this life so satisfying and so dear to those who enjoy them, that true Faith alone can enable such people to see God clearly through their earthly happiness.

Now, we are in nowise concerned here with the directly theological aspect of Keble's position: whether, controversially speaking, his being married was, or was not, consistent with his other opinions, matters not to the view here insisted on. The significance

that we see in this fact of his life applies to him only as a moral and religious teacher through his poems, and affects a wider question than his personal consistency. To help in bringing it out more fully we will quote some lines from a sonnet of Cardinal Newman's, with which many readers must be very familiar, and which he names "Home."

"Where'er I roam in this fair English Land,
The vision of a Temple meets my eyes;
Modest without; within, all-glorious rise
Its love-encluster'd columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive-plants they stand,
Each answ'ring each, in home's soft sympathies,
* * * * *
The same, and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams! ten thousand shrines, all one.
* * * * what foreign culture bears
Such fruit? * * *"

In these lines we have on the surface merely a beautiful picture of an English home; but they are in truth the very description of a shrine on which is frequently placed, wherever man abides, a certain idol: an idol made out of what is good in itself; taking many beautiful forms—amongst the English-speaking race, especially, that of domestic life and family affection; worshipped in divers ways from all time, and whose name, under whatever special form its *cultus* may be practised, is "human love." We are not speaking here of love debased and desecrated, or in any sense sinful in itself; but of the purest and holiest affections, which may be safely adored in such a Temple as Cardinal Newman describes when their worship is kept in its right place, and practised by those who are called to it; and our point is that even such love as this may be, and, in England especially, often is, turned into an idol, which hides the highest truths from the noblest natures.

Had Keble been only a High Church country parson in the early days of the Oxford movement there would have been nothing of special interest in the cause of his stopping short, like many others, where he did in the controversy; nor had he been, on the other hand, merely a religious poet altogether outside the region of enquiry into Catholic truth and Patristic lore, to whom the very idea of a visible Church had never been intelligibly presented, would there be any subject for wonder in his remaining a Protestant. It is in the combination of the amount of light he had with the true poetic gift, and with his intentional use of this gift as a teacher of his fellowmen, that the wonder consists. How, we ask, could a man who was truly a poet have seen so close the treasures for heart and intellect held out to him by the Church, and never reached forth his hand to grasp them? This, we feel, needs accounting for; and though we would not accuse the author of "The Christian Year" of having wilfully turned his affection into a personal idol, we cannot but suspect him of having been led by the satisfied state of his own heart into that particular attitude towards the Church's teaching of *two* callings in life which is, to the worshippers of the idol we speak of, one of their chief stumbling blocks. Blindness to the teaching of Rome on this special point means blindness to the true spirit of all her ascetic teaching, and makes entrance into the high-

er side of her doctrines nearly impossible; and hence it seems not unfair to conclude that an all-too-perfect human bond was at least in great part the cause of a weak compromise and rejection of further light on Keble's part: that it may have served to keep him down, as it were, to the low level of dreading whatever might force him from the comfort of the domestic temple, up to the severer atmosphere of those "celestial mountains" which Professor Shairp tells us can be the true home of Imagination only in company with Truth.

Such bondage as this may exist without any wilful intention on the part of its subject of putting the human love that holds him enthralled between himself and his God. In Keble's case, indeed, there was a deliberate intention of the reverse, preached by his poetry itself. What could more beautifully express the spirit of detachment in the midst of human affection than these lines, taken from the poem for the Wednesday in Holy Week? (the writer is speaking of souls round whom floats a "rich spell" of "hopes fulfilled and mutual love"):—

"Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget;
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er they go:—
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child—
Such wedded souls our God will own
For faultless virgins round His throne."

And, again, where shall we find a more perfect description of resignation and loneliness than in the following passage from the same poem:—

"Oft in life's stillest shade reclining
In desolation unrepining;
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme—
Nor that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

No: looking upon the satisfaction of human love as the chief good here below, and the deprivation of it as solely an evil to be borne and sanctified like any other evil, there is no fault to be found with Keble; it is where something beyond this is in question that he fails—and falls short, to our mind, in the capacity of poet, as well as teaching false spiritual doctrine. With him, "Self-devotion" means constancy under *human* loss or disappointment:—faith, in the face of suffering inflicted on those we love; and "resignation" means submission to God's will in the deprivation of friends and happy earthly ties. Of a higher self-devotion, producing another state of the heart altogether; of the possibility of human love, not taken away by God lest it should blind the soul, but *voluntarily sacrificed*—the desire for it deliberately rejected—for a higher love; of the peace and joy brought by this sacrifice even in this world:—of all this he has no conception; or, if he have a conception, it is one purely theoretical, such as a man who has dwelt all his life in a warm, moist valley may have of a bracing mountain breeze. Had Keble been able to grasp this idea practically:—had he let that light of which he had caught a glimpse lead him on where he should have gone:—the "sober and soothing" devotion wooed by his muse must have been deserted for something sterner, because he would have learnt that the highest gifts cannot be enjoyed without the sacrifice of something that is good, if less high. He must have begun his

own upward path by himself sacrificing, as an equivalent for the enjoyment of his happy wedded love, that "priesthood" which he was fain to flatter himself he possessed:—he would have learnt, in short,—if the homely phrase is admissible here—that we cannot "eat our cake and have it," no matter how hard the genius of Anglicanism may try to prove that we can.

But to the facing of this he was not equal, as many men of lesser gifts than his have been; and hence he remained, religiously speaking,—if our view be a true one—a guide of others, to a region into which he himself never mounted; whilst even his poetry—sweet and true as it is, and powerful at times, within its own sphere—probably never attained to quite the greatness and freedom which his natural powers might have enabled him to reach, had he climbed those "mountain summits dark and high" of the true Faith, where they would have found full liberty of expansion.

TRUST IN GOD.

AMADEUS. O. S. F.

From the thorns of self-denial
  May the rose of virtue spring;
From each fierce and bitter trial
  May we wealth of merit bring;
May God's Love each conflict lighten;
May our Faith the future brighten;
May each struggle only heighten
  The confidence we sing.

May our Lord help each endeavor
  With the strength we long have known;
May we learn to trust Him ever,
  For He never fails His own;
May we see His mercy shining
Through the cares of life, close-twining;
May we feel His hand refining
  Each heart for Him alone!

A VISIT TO MATARYEH.

BY D. G.

In the first place what or where is Mataryeh? Mataryeh is a village in the suburbs of Cairo in Egypt, and is famous as being the spot where stands an ancient tree called "The Virgin's Tree"—the Virgin being our Blessed Lady. Tradition tells us that under the shade of this tree our Lady seated herself to rest after her arrival in Egypt with her Divine Infant. Since then both the tree and the spot have naturally been held in great veneration by the Christians.

The writer had the privilege recently of paying a visit to the spot. He felt it was a privilege not granted to many in this wide and busy world to stand and kneel beneath the shade of that ancient sycamore. What a flood of feelings and thoughts comes over one there! The Infant-God flying before the ferocity of His own creature—one He had come to redeem! And Mary, the young and gentle Virgin and Mother, far from her quiet home, amongst a strange and semi-barbarous people; Mary the descendant of kings, a princess of the Royal House of David, seated weary and sad, clasping close to her bosom the already persecuted "Son of Man." Who shall ever fathom the depths of the mystery that lies here, a mystery even to the privileged St. Joseph, their faithful companion and protector?

Here is what one sees. An ancient tree with massive trunk throwing out enormous arms not far from the ground. It begins to lean from the very root, so as to afford shade and shelter, and to inspire a feeling of confidence and security from its strength and massiveness. We have never seen any tree to be for an instant compared with it for signs of antiquity. If one looks closely at the trunk one finds every inch of its surface twisted and contorted. And yet some say it is not and cannot be the identical tree, under which Mary snatched a short repose. Two thousand years, leaving out the question of a miracle, is an almost unheard-of age for a sycamore tree, they say; some people declare, therefore, that the original tree fell in 1656, and that its last fragments are preserved in a convent in Cairo. But a tree that could live sixteen hundred and fifty-six years can well be imagined as living two thousand. And tradition holds that the tree that stands at Mataryeh is the original tree. Certainly its trunk speaks of a greater age than two hundred and forty-five years, although even that may seem a great age for a tree. Possibly the truth is to be found in the following explanation. The root of the sycamore like that of the olive is, it is said, almost undying. The trunk may be cut away or blown down, but the root remains and will send up another to take its place, possessing all the vigor of youth. It *may* be, then, that the trunk seen today is *not* the original trunk, but a younger one, or even the third or fourth successor of the first, claiming therefore scarcely less veneration than that which actually shielded and sheltered our Lady. The writer would find no difficulty whatever in believing that the trunk that stands there today is the identical trunk beneath which the Holy Family reposed, for, as he has said, he never saw any trunk of any tree bearing such

THE VIRGIN'S TREE, IN WHICH THE HOLY FAMILY FOUND REFUGE.

marks of age. As a mere natural phenomenon it would be well worth going a round to see. It is walled in to protect it, and as a sign of reverence and distinction. It stands in the garden of the Khedive, and is led up to by a short avenue of orange trees. By the way, this garden is on the site of the famous garden of Cleopatra, to which she transplanted the balsam-plants that had once produced the famous balm of Gilead. What mysteries are here! The unhappy Cleopatra robs the Holy Land of its treasure, hitherto used for the service of God and for anointing His priests and kings, that it may cater to her vanity. Afterwards there comes to the very spot to which the treasure had been brought that other woman, of whom it is said in the Book of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv. 20), *Sicut balsamum aromatizans*, etc.—"I gave a sweet smell like *aromatical balm*."

The full tradition concerning this famous tree is as follows. We quote from a letter of Père Jullien, S.J., published in the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, in the year 1882:—"It is said that the Holy Family, pursued by enemies, passed near a large sycamore and suddenly became lost to sight. The trunk opened so fully that the Holy Family, and even the ass they had brought with them, could enter and stay hidden, as the entrance closed upon them till their pursuers had passed by. The portion of the tree which had separated to afford them a refuge fell, it is said, in 1656, and was long preserved as a precious relic in the sacristy of the Franciscan Fathers at Cairo. Whatever may be said as to this tradition, the common opinion holds that this tree existed in the time of the Blessed Virgin, and it has always been held in great veneration by the Christians of Egypt."

The tree is, as we have said, a sycamore. But the Eastern sycamore, such as that which Zacchaeus ascended, resembles but little, if at all, the sycamore of Europe. Its trunk, at a certain height from the ground, and its principal branches, are covered over in autumn with a sort of rose-colored fig, more or less insipid, though nutritive. It is sold in great quantities in the streets of Cairo.

About twenty-five yards to the north of this venerable relic is a miraculous fountain, which is said to have sprung forth at the prayer of our Lady, and from which St. Joseph procured a drink for the Divine Infant.

The country house of the Jesuit Fathers is close adjoining, where there is a beautiful little chapel, dedicated to the Holy Family. The church and college in Cairo are also dedicated to the Holy Family. A site has been marked out in their grounds at Mataryeh, where it is hoped a church may be one day built to serve the pilgrims, who may, it is presumed, in days to come flock to this hallowed spot.

Close to Mataryeh lie the ruins of the ancient Heliopolis, to whose university the philosophers of Greece once came to be "instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians." Plato is said to have studied here. With these things, however, we are not at present concerned.

We trust that what we have said will be sufficient to excite the pious interest of our readers, and make them sometimes seek in thought this hallowed spot to pray for the more or less benighted country in which it lies. Our Blessed Lady will not turn a deaf ear to their petitions, mindful of even the little hospitality she received there in the days of her earthly sojourn, for even in Egypt are to be found kind hearts, and doubtless always were, even in the reign of the worst of the Pharaohs, of him "who knew not Joseph." God has His chosen souls everywhere, even in the benighted and luxurious Egypt, that land "where the sun shines for ever, and breezes blow soft from the sea." Alas! that there should be so many there who know of and wish no higher morality than that of the Koran, and who honor the sensual Mahomet as a prophet and saint—the equal, if not the superior, of Mary's Divine Son!—*From the Irish Monthly.*

BLESSING THE HARVEST.

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A PEASANT'S GRANNY.

A PEASANT'S GRANNY.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

A SKETCH OF LIFE IN THE DONEGAL HILLS.

Many a tide has ebbed and flowed on Inverstrand since Granny and I winnowed the hay and "rickeled" the turf, and cut the corn. Dun-na-Gall was old-fashioned enough, in all truth, in those days; the people lived simply, spoke truthfully, and acted honestly. Since then the quiet of the Tyrconnell valleys has been ruthlessly broken by the appearance of an ugly iron monster that has at last succeeded in connecting dear old Ballynapooka with the world beyond. Tourists in number trudge her moors day by day, the everlasting globe-trotters are as plentiful as hares, and the "sweet flowing tongue of the Gael" has been replaced by a hard, mongrel dialect. The young folks no longer believe in the fairy and the banshee, materialism and commercialism have replaced the superstition and spiritualism of the old days, and the people, struggling between the new order of things and the old, are like a penniless vagabond in front of an Irish workhouse—they know not whether to go back or forward.

There are events in nearly all our lives that had better be hidden away from the cold, critical scrutiny of outsiders, who sometimes misjudge because they do not sufficiently understand. Very few there are who could either understand or appreciate "Granny," with all her hates and loves, and the fine traits of human character that she could exhibit alike in her joys and sorrows. Because she was old-fashioned she was interesting; because modern education, habits, and manners had not reached her she was original—a thing always fresh from the Creator's hand, trained and instructed in that wonderful school of His, the world.

Granny was grey-haired before I was born, and there were deep wrinkles on the kindly old face that, knowing her life-story as I did, used to remind me of dried-up river ruts. She had bright blue eyes that looked at you steadfastly and long, and her teeth were white and regular. She always wore a long, flowing robe of home-made flannel that had many patches, partly because there were holes to cov-

A PEASANT HOME IN DONEGAL.

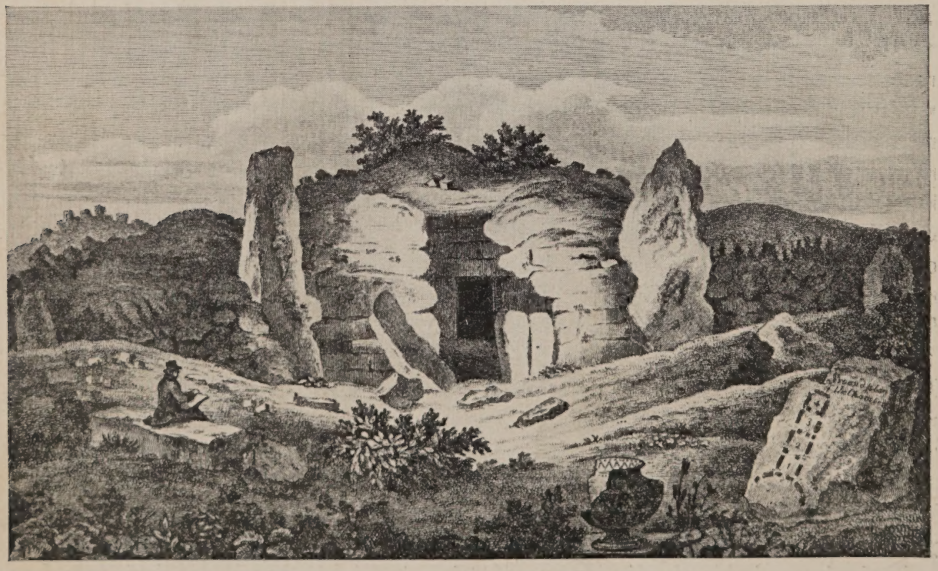
er, and partly because she fancied that the bright, irregular patches showed off the gown to greater advantage. She was very pious and very superstitious, and detested innovations, either in creeds, manners, or dress. Because it was customary to go barefooted in her youth she could never be persuaded to wear either boots or shoes. I well remember some one purchasing a pair of boots for her—I think it was my mother. She examined them intently for a few moments, then shook her head and said in her own sweet Gaelic: "Take them away, child, for I would only be spoiling the gloss of the purty brogues. I married Conor (peace to his soul!) without such figaries, and we lived as happy as the June day is long in the wee hut at the back of the hill there. Maybe it's pride and evil that such grandeur would bring me now."

She had married in the forties one of the youths of the district, who had followed the vocation of a hedge-schoolmaster. But fate soon laid a heavy hand upon the young couple, the husband contracting a cold which developed into consumption. In the succeeding years, when a great famine occurred, and when thousands of the people perished of hunger by the roadsides, Granny bravely struggled for a sustenance for herself and the poor consumptive boy, who was fading daily from before her eyes. She sat up in the night-time carding and spinning the wool that by-and-by she deftly converted into socks and shirts; and when she had knitted the full of a pack she would trudge off to the Glenties, a town ten miles away, and the minutes would seem hours, and the hours days, till she got back again to Dun-na-Gall.

But there came a day when the pale-faced girl-wife could not find a market

for her wares, for the people had no money wherewith to purchase food, much less clothing. There were "relief roads" in course of construction; but save to the sleek Government officials who did the "bossing" they were of little use to anyone. Sixpence a day, and Indian meal at tenpence a pound —that was what the Government "relief" meant. Granny, unable to earn a livelihood by knitting, took up a stone-hammer and went to work on the roads; and one weary evening, about six months later, as she was hastening homewards from her toils, some one told her that Conor had passed away. And raising her hand to Heaven, Granny thanked the Great God and His Holy Mother for the new manifestation of the Divine Love; for, loving her husband as she did, every hour of his silent agony weighed heavily upon her soul.

To Granny the supernatural was always the real, and the material or outward appearance of things the unreal. She seemed to have been cradled in a charming region of folk-lore and superstition, for Dun-na-Gall was such a place in Granny's early days. When the winds roared in the chimney-tops at night she used to tell us children that the "gentle folks" (fairy-folks) were in sorrow, or that there was a disagreement between the kings of the fairies of Connaught and Dun-na-Gall. It was an evil act to throw out dirty water after sunset: it might be cast into the faces of the invisible wee people, who were always on the move at that hour. In the summer time, according to Granny, the red folks used to lie under the leaves of the boughaleen-bee, on the moor; but you could not catch them, for their eyes, which were like the glistening dewdrops, were always open. The suffering souls in Purgatory used to walk the earth on All Souls' Night, and Granny never repaired to bed without igniting a large



BY THE CAIRN.

"A WILD BIT OF COUNTRY."

fire of peat, and leaving on a convenient table both food and drink for the "lonely travellers"; and she never once forgot them in her prayers. Up on the heathery knowl behind our little cabin there grew a great, gaunt, leafless tree. When or by whom it had been planted nobody knew; but my father decided one day to cut it down. I never saw Granny in a mad passion before. She stormed and cried and scolded, and solemnly averred that the cutting of the tree would be the commencement of our ill-luck. The tree still stands, leafless and lonely as of yore, and Granny is taking her last long sleep within the confines of the pretty little God's Acre outside the walls of which the waters of Inver Bay splash and sing and croon that mysterious, inexpressible requiem that mortal never yet learned. There are many events in our home-life so touching, so essentially human and beautiful, that it were impossible to forget them even if one were so disposed. Who can banish from memory the evening dance in the bawn, the harvest home-gathering, with the blind fiddler in the centre, and the groups of flushed and happy faces on every side; the cross-making* on the eve of St. Bridget's Day, or the hurling match on the village common. But standing out in bold relief to any of these is another and quite a different scene, to meditate upon which is to carry one away to a fancied realm of beauty and glory and love.

In the peasant homes of Donegal, when the whole family is gathered together at bed-time, they recite the sacred mysteries of the Rosary. Although most of us could read tolerably well, we were never permitted to offici-

*Rushes are plaited into the shape of crosses, and on being sprinkled over with holy water are hung over the doorways.

ate, i. e., to read the mysteries from the prayer-book. That was Granny's function, and nobly she fulfilled it: in low, melodious tones she would recite, in Gaelic, mystery after mystery, modulating her voice to suit the particular scene. There were special prayers said at the close, such as intercession for the suffering dead, the welfare of the living, and the touching request for a holy death.

It seems so long since I first left home that some of the incidents of my leave-taking are no longer remembered. The poor leave home at an early age in Donegal, and as God made many more mouths in our home than He sent anything to fill, I had to go, and, in the words of the folk-lorist, "to travel on before me and push my fortune as best I could." My father was not given much to sentiment, partly because the parental love and finer feeling common to his class had been crushed out of him years before by the unending drudgery that fell to his lot in rearing us. He shook my hand, wished me "Godspeed," and gave me two shillings—the last penny he had. I was only fourteen at the time, and even two shillings seemed a great deal to me. As I was about to disappear round a bend in the road I looked back for a last glimpse of the old home; my eyes were full of tears, and for a moment I failed to discern the figure that was pursuing me. It was Granny, her grey hair running riot over her shoulders and partly covering her face, which was wet with tears. "Child of my heart," she said, "I cannot bear to see you go, and you so young and foolish."

Then from her bosom she slowly

"WHERE THE WATERS SPLASH AND SING."

took a blue parcel, tied by many strings which she gradually unloosened: inside were four penny pieces—I remembered that she received them in payment of a pair of hose which she had knitted for a neighbor—and these she handed to me. In my after wanderings and vicissitudes I have been sometimes homeless, and frequently in dire distress, but Granny's keepsake pennies I have always treasured as something too sacred for the touch of other hands. We sat in silence by the wayside, the two of us, for when the heart is full the lips are dumb. After a little while, however, I went on my way, leaving Granny sitting motionless, her blue eyes looking into space—perhaps into futurity. That was how we parted.

When the turf had to be made in the summer it was to Granny and me that the task was assigned; father was busy at other work, and mother was delicate and had to mind the younger children. She used to tell me wonderful tales of the doings of kings and fairies, as we lifted the black mud squares and placed them in a slanting position to dry. About twelve o'clock, which we gauged by the length of our shadow, we generally partook of luncheon, consisting of bread and milk, and newly-laid eggs. Granny boiled the eggs on a fire of bracken, which we gathered in the boreens on our way to the moor.

They buried her amid the nettles and the weeds in Inver churchyard, and they went their way, and in time learned to forget her who so loved them all. Truly it is a sorry world when the only memorials of Granny's life and love are the tears of a wandering outcast, and the four penny pieces that are rolled in a rag and hidden away in the lining of an old jacket.

HOW CATHOLIC EDUCATION BENEFITS THE REPUBLIC.*

BY E. F. DUNNE.

I am not a teacher in a Catholic School or University, and I have never been. I have never been engaged in furthering the cause of Catholic Education in any way, but I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity of meeting so many eminent men engaged in furthering the cause of education in Catholic Schools, Colleges and Universities of the United States, and of expressing, as an American citizen, my admiration and high appreciation of the splendid work they are doing, both for the youth of the land and the Republic at large.

* * * * * *

I am much pleased to assert, that the Catholic Schools, Colleges and Universities of America are of almost incalculable good to the republic, and that in carrying on the noble work that they are engaged in, they are relieving the State of an expense amounting to millions of dollars annually, assuming this tremendous burden upon their own shoulders, and receiving neither

* Address delivered at the Convention of Catholic Educators, Chicago.

gratitude nor assistance from the Government.

Let us consider briefly the financial aspect of the question.

Statistics with reference to the nation at large I have not been able to gather, but statistics with reference to the city in which we dwell are available.

The last report of the Board of Education of the City of Chicago (1901), shows that the daily membership of the public schools of this city was 221,511. The number of children in private schools in the city was 84,737. In other words over 27 1-2 per cent of all children educated in the City of Chicago last year were educated in private schools, free of expense to the State. Now it is generally understood and conceded that Roman Catholics furnish a very great majority of the children who attend private schools. I believe that I am within the bounds of truth when I declare that at least 20 of the 27 per cent of children attending private and parochial schools in Chicago and elsewhere, are children professing the Catholic faith. The total school attendance of children in Chicago in 1901, according to this report, is as follows:

In Public Schools	221,511
In Private Schools	84,737
Total	306,248

20 per cent or 1-5 of which, is 61,249.

Turning to this same report, I find that the cost of educating a child in the public schools of Chicago "for all current expenses, not including repairs and permanent improvements," was about $30.19, per capita. The report does not show the total valuation of the permanent improvements upon which interest can be calculated, but it does show within the last *ten* years nearly nine million dollars was expended on school buildings, and I believe I am safe in concluding that the value of the land and buildings now used for school purposes, would be $20,000,000.00. Adding interest upon this investment to the other cost, would make the net aggregate cost of educating a child in the Public Schools of Chicago at least $40.00 per capita, per annum. At this rate it costs the Catholics of Chicago, who believe in teaching their children morality as well as mathematics, religion as well as reading, nearly two and a half million dollars per annum.

If the education of Catholic children in the parochial and private Schools does not cost the Catholics that amount, it does certainly relieve the city of Chicago of that amount of expenditure. This relief accorded to the city by the Catholic citizens of the community at the present time when its finances, owing to the rank dishonesty of its multi-millionaire citizens and corporations, are in a deplorable condition, its night schools and kindergartens closed, its teaching forces reduced in numbers and working for reduced salaries, ought to be doubly appreciated by the citizens of the city of Chicago.

If the private and parochial schools of the city of Chicago were not now, as they have been for years past, carrying on the splendid work of educating children whose parents desire them to receive some instruction in that code of morals and religion established by the greatest and grandest of moral teachers, Jesus Christ, in connection with reading, writing and arithmetic, eighty thousand children of the city of Chicago would have been gambolling

in the streets and alleys of this city during the year 1901, destitute of education of any sort.

Fortunate, indeed, has been this community in having in its midst during the years 1901 and 1902, a class of citizens so devoted to the teachings of the lowly Galilean and the principles of the Christian religion, that years ago they set aside from their scanty incomes and meagre salaries—for most of them are poor—sufficient to establish and maintain schools wherein the religion of Christ, as well as secular education is imparted to their children.

As I said before, I have not before me data with reference to the extent or magnitude of education in private or parochial schools throughout the United States, but if the condition of educational affairs in Chicago is a fair index of that which prevails throughout the United States, we must reach the following conclusion:

If among a population of approximately two million people in Chicago, education in the Catholic, private and parochial schools relieves this State of an expenditure of two and a half million dollars per annum, on a population of approximately eighty million in the United States, the different States must be relieved of a burden of forty times two and a half millions, or one hundred million of dollars per annum.

Have any of the carping critics of Christian education ever given serious thought to this practical financial aspect of this question? If they have they must admit that the Roman Catholic citizens who voluntarily submit to a most onerous burden, not required by law, are zealous and devoted followers of the religion of Jesus Christ, and if they do so without murmur, complaint, or protest against the system of education which makes it necessary, that they are loyal and faithful citizens of the republic. They are both devout Christians and loyal citizens. They pay their taxes for the support of the public schools, from which they derive no benefit, and they pay for the education the public schools will not give them, freely, voluntarily, and without protest. I admire their zeal and commend their patriotism.

They may entertain the belief that some day some broad-minded statesman may formulate some plan whereby no citizen shall be taxed to pay for an education contrary to his religious beliefs or belief, without compelling a citizen to pay for an education that he will not accept. But until that time comes, they are content to assume the burdens imposed upon them by patriotism and religious convictions.

Whether their religious convictions be right or wrong, wise or unwise, it must be conceded that Catholic education from the financial standpoint alone is of material benefit to the Republic. But does it stop there?

It is not from a financial standpoint alone that Catholic education is doing inestimable service to the State; it is doing service of a higher, broader and nobler character in that it is inculcating among the youth of the country morality as well as education, and the morality which is enunciated in the religion of Jesus Christ. Even men who profess no religion, and who deny the divinity of Christ, will concede that as a code of morals the Christian religion is probably the most perfect on earth. An education which is addressed to the intellect and not to the conscience, which tends to develop the

mind and neglects the soul, is incomplete and imperfect. No education can be completely successful which does not appeal to the conscience as well as to the intellect. The morality of Plato may be good, but the morality of Christ is better. The education and development of the intellect, accompanied by starvation of the soul, will inevitably result in creating a nation regardless of moral right and engage it in unjustifiable conquest, and devote its citizens to a ferocious struggle for individual aggrandizement. An education which eliminates morality will make its citizens selfish and grasping, and ultimately lead the nation from lofty ideals into paths of oppression and unjustifiable wars.

The father of our country fully recognized this when he declared, in his noble Farewell Address to the American People, "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. A volume could not trace all their connection with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for religion, for regulation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are instrumental in our courts of justice? And *let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.*"

That a lack of that highest order of morality contained in the religion of Jesus Christ is making itself manifest in public affairs in this country cannot be doubted. Within the last few years the American people, who were devoted to the principles laid down in our Declaration of Independence, that "All Governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed," have practically repudiated these principles and now insist, after the manner of the Roman Empire, in over-awing by bayonets and subjecting to American control millions of unwilling and protesting people, who are denied every right which is dear to the American citizen in the way of representative government, and who are brutally told that they have no rights excepting the right to live upon such terms and conditions as a government ten thousand miles away shall impose upon them as a price of living.

In another quarter too it is plain to be seen that a lack of moral teaching is making itself manifest among the citizens of this Republic. A large percentage of the jurors examined in our courts declare that they profess no religion, and the percentage is increasing year by year. From the standpoint of him who believes in the morality of Plato and Confucius, this may not be alarming, but to the American citizens who profess a belief in Christianity, it is not an encouraging symptom. Again, the increasing percentage of divorces granted in our courts is not a re-assuring sign. When the marriage contract becomes one of temporary character, easily to be repudiated, and the repudiation thereof quickly sanctioned by our courts, the influence of family relations upon public life will soon be lost, and the effect upon the morals of the community must be disastrous. Polygamy would not be tolerated in the community, and yet what essential difference can there be upon the morals of a community between a man having two or three wives at once, or a man having two or three wives in immediate succession?

If the Christian religion were more universally taught to the youth in the

country, in the schools, in the churches or at home there would be less agnosticism in our courts and in our public life, and the grist of our divorce mills would not be so plethoric.

The Catholic schools of this country do this. They tell the youth of the country that there is a God who participates in the affairs of life, and Who will reward the good and punish the wicked, and that in the taking of an oath they call upon that God to witness that he who takes the witness stand is telling the truth. They further tell youth that the marriage tie is a sacred, solemn and binding obligation upon them, not to be lightly discarded, but binding upon the parties "until death do them part." The advocates of divorce may find and have found arguments in favor of their position, that when a contract entered into between a man and a woman becomes distasteful to either or both, it should be annuled; yet there is not one of them who, in my judgment, will not admit that a nation in which divorce is not tolerated is in a better condition of morality than that nation which tolerates the putting on and putting off of the marriage contract like an old dress or an old coat.

Again, the Catholic schools of America have taught, are teaching, and will continue to teach, that infanticide is murder, and as long as they continue so to do they are doing an invaluable service to the State. Where abortion and infanticide are as rife as they are in the great cities of this country, any teaching, in any school, that would put a stop to this horrid infamy is of signal service to the State.

There is not a principle, tenet or a dogma of the Catholic Faith, that is inconsistent with or in opposition to the principles upon which this nation is founded. The Catholic citizen who lives up to the tenets and doctrines of his Church must be a loyal citizen and cannot be otherwise.

The Catholic educators in this country who are engaged in instilling into the young minds of its citizens the code of morality that Christ promulgated on earth—the religion of Jesus Christ—are not only upholding, supporting and promulgating the doctrines of the Church in which they were reared and which they love, but are molding these young minds into such shape as will make them loyal, faithful and serviceable citizens to the Republic.

They are doing this great work with infinite labor and with infinite trouble, for no reward or promise of reward from the State, doubly taxing themselves for the purpose of associating religion with patriotism and the love of God with the love of country. That they carry on this education at their own expense and pay for it out of their comparative poverty, without a murmur, is a tribute both to their zeal for religion and their love of country.

And because of that zeal for their religion, and because of that love of their country, they are doing a work which entitles them to the gratitude of the nation and the thanks of all citizens of all creeds, and which, in my belief, will redound to the well-being and future prosperity of the Republic.

O'NEILL'S BRIDE.

BY E. BECK.

Chapter I.

The scene was a brilliant one, for many of England's fairest and noblest were mustered where Elizabeth held court at Windsor. The Spanish fleet was strewn, shattered and torn, all over the coast of England and Ireland; and the nation had not yet ceased to rejoice over the fate that had befallen Philip's invincible flotilla. It had been rumored also that the Baron of Dungannon was to attend on her grace and do homage anew. He had been charged by the Lord Deputy with "treasonable practices," and had at once hastened to London to assure the queen of his unshaken loyalty. Years before, when the young O'Neill had been learning statecraft at Burleigh's side, many well-born maidens had noticed his stately presence and handsome face, and had smiled on the chieftain. Not a few of these, both matrons and maids, but were anxious to look again on the face and form which it was whispered that the queen herself had admired not a little.

"Now Mabel," a lady far past the prime of life said to a tall golden-haired girl by her side as the two stood in a window niche, not far from which the queen sat surrounded by her courtiers, "O'Neill comes."

"Ah!" Mabel Bagnal drew her breath quickly as Hugh O'Neill dropped gracefully on one knee before Elizabeth.

His red-gold hair fell in profusion over the rich cloak he wore. His keen blue eyes looked from beneath a broad grave brow, on the glittering throng.

"He is a likely man, aunt," Mabel said.

"Hist!" the elder lady answered. "Let us hear the twain," and Mabel moved a step forward.

The queen, bedecked like a young girl in her teens, had graciously extended a hand covered with rings to the Irishman, who kissed it with the air of a finished courtier.

"And so, Master Hugh, thou hast been giving trouble. Nay, man, deny it not. Wert thou ashamed of the mere English title of Earl, that thou must also be 'The O'Neill?' " the queen said.

"How she has changed!" O'Neill thought to himself. The beauty which Elizabeth had inherited from her mother had indeed almost passed. Her eyes were no longer bright, her hair was thin and scanty, and her figure, once commanding and graceful, was in its rich garments stiff and unwieldy.

"I must humbly beseech your Grace's pardon," Hugh said. "I but adapted it lest someone less loyal than I might possess himself of it."

The queen laughed shortly. "A good excuse, Master Hugh, a good excuse by my troth."

"The truth," O'Neill replied, "and I swear to it by your Grace's most angelic countenance."

"Hark ye, my good Burleigh," Elizabeth turned to the grey-haired statesman by her side, "the Earl of Tyrowen hath not forgotten how to flatter."

"I do not flatter, your Grace," O'Neill broke in. "I speak the truth."

"Well, be it so." The queen smiled graciously on the stalwart figure. Neither in youth nor age was Elizabeth Tudor inaccessible to even the most fulsome flattery. "And now, my lord earl, we forgive your crimes, intentional or otherwise. Arise."

O'Neill again pressed his lips to the queen's hand, and murmured a few words of devotion that reached her ear alone. Burleigh scowled darkly as Elizabeth laughed and tapped the Irishman playfully on the cheek.

"He was an apt pupil," the minister muttered to himself, "too apt. He will again fool that woman. Can she never withstand good looks in a man?"

He moved backward a few paces still scowling darkly. O'Neill at the queen's command had taken a seat by her side, and was busy answering questions concerning "the Irishy."

Mabel Bagnal, already tired of a scene that she seldom saw or wished to see, had retreated to the window, and was looking out on the broad, green meadows watered by the Thames. Her aunt had spied a kindred spirit, well up in all the gossip and scandal of the court and the two ladies had retired to an ante-room, where they might discuss their friends and acquaintances with more freedom. Suddenly the girl heard O'Neill's name spoken in Burleigh's cautious and lowered tones.

"He must not go back to Ulster. He is a man dangerous to the queen and realm."

"But why not inform the queen? She trusts you," another voice said in the same guarded tone.

"Aye, she trusts me so far as she trusts anyone. But we know her liking for beauty in a man, and this O'Neill is well favored and bold."

"Of a surety, and as thou sayest, good looks were ever a sure passport to her favor. Thou rememberest Robin, 'sweet Robin' as her Grace named him?"

"I remember. Well, as I said, this malcontent, this disturber of the peace must not return to Ireland."

"Dost fear him?"

"Do I not! I taught him. No, he must not go back. See to it, Shenstone."

The man addressed as Shenstone gave a short laugh.

"In what way?"

"In what way thou willest. At night it surely were possible to strike a blow, a deadly blow, in some corner."

"I dislike the sight of blood; and other means are less likely to attract attention. I have a packet or two of the powder the Italian gave me—"

"Hist! Speak low."

"We are safe." Shenstone laughed. "Everybody is occupied with the Irishman."

"O'Neill sups with the queen."

"Then he shall sup for the last time. A pinch or two of the powder in the wine, and the Earl of Tyrowen shall trouble William Cecil no more."

"And my reward?" Shenstone spoke, when Burleigh made no answer.

"Five hundred pieces of gold, and the queen shall hear of you."

"So be it."

"Thou wilt be careful?"

"None more so. Then that is settled."

Burleigh nodded. Already his conversation with Sir Percy Shenstone, one of the worst characters of a lax court, had attracted attention, and the great minister hastened to approach the spot where the queen and O'Neill still sat, and joined in the conversation going on with his usual urbanity.

Perhaps he played more with the dainty ruffles of lace that adorned his slender hands than at ordinary times, and once he failed to answer an observation of O'Neill's.

"Have thy wits gone wool gathering, Cecil?" the queen demanded sharply. "Or art thou so solicitous over State affairs that thou canst not answer a simple yea or nay to a plain question?"

Burleigh apologized meekly for his inattention.

"'Tis neither here nor there, thy opinion on hawking," Elizabeth said. "But my guest must be treated in fitting manner."

Burleigh bowed, and the queen rose to withdraw, for the noontide repose was now habitual to her. In a few minutes the great room was emptied of its occupants but one. Then Mabel Bagnal came forth from the shelter of the heavy curtain. Her fair flower-like face was paler than usual, and her hands shook as she opened one of the doors of the room. It led into a large hall from which many windows looked out on a terraced pleasure ground. At no great distance, O'Neill stood alone gazing gloomily around him. It took only a few minutes to bring the tall English maiden to his side.

"I crave thy pardon, good sir," she said nervously, "but I would fain speak a word of warning."

O'Neill removed his plumed hat, and bowed with finished grace.

"The honor wilt be mine in listening, fair lady," he said, his quick eyes taking in every detail of her appearance, and noticing that the fashionable ruff of the period shook with the trembling of her slight figure.

"Be careful of what thou drinkest tonight at the queen's board. Thy enemies—" Mabel paused.

"Say on, young mistress. Thou needest not fear. I shall never repeat word of thine," O'Neill said.

"Nay, I misdoubt not thy faith; but 'tis hard to tell that my countrymen have plotted thy death. I say again, drink not the wine. They mean to drug, maybe to poison thee, I know not which; but in any case thou art to die."

"I will be on my guard. And, lady, my best thanks, my deepest gratitude—"

"Oh, hush! I overheard Burleigh and another talking but now. I know not the other's name, but he said he had a powder, an Italian powder."

O'Neill smiled comprehendingly. "I know," he said. "Thou hast saved my life."

"For once it may be, but sir, fly from the danger. Go to thy country. The perils of sea, of warfare are less than those here."

"From my heart I thank thee. Wilt thou tell me thy name?"

"My name is Bagnal, Mabel Bagnal."

"The marshal's sister!"

"Even so." The girl turned away.

"Nay, thy hand, lady," O'Neill pleaded. He kissed it with a respect that he had not shown to Elizabeth.

"God bless thee, till we meet again, sweet Mabel," he whispered in tremulous accents. "And then, if fate be propitious, Hugh O'Neill will say words that would be presumptuous now. But, Mabel, give me a thought of thine at times, because—," he hesitated, "because I love thee. Yet am I mad to say so."

The girl had fled ere the last words reached her ears; but during the few days O'Neill was compelled to spend

at the English Court the two met several times, and when O'Neill returned to his own land, he carried with him a long tress of Mabel Bagnal's yellow hair, and her promise to be his wife in the near future if he could but obtain her brother's consent.

Chapter II.

It was an August evening, and a gallant party of gentlemen sat round the board of Hugh O'Neill. Almost two years had passed since he had visited the English queen at Windsor and returned, high as ever in her favor, to the seat of his family. During this time he had to all outward seeming conducted himself as a "Queen's O'Neill" should, devoting much of his leisure to the repairing and restoring of the old castle, whose ruins look down today on the market place of Dungannon. Great quantities of lead were obtained for the roofing of the building, but much of the metal was used for other and less innocent purposes. Already Hugh had made his plans. By and by, when Hugh O'Donnell, free of his English jailers, would take his place at the head of his clan; when the various minor chiefs should be joined with the one confederacy, Ulster would make a stand for faith and Ireland. Aid had been promised from Spain. O'Neill was cautious and circumspect, owing perhaps to his English training; and so he counselled and preached patience to the impetuous under-chiefs who would fain have found work for their battle axes and spears.

"Why does he wait, and wait, and wait?" Maguire of Fermanagh asked bitterly of the chief beside him. "Look ye, how he stands broodingly by the open window, watching the moon like a love-sick youth."

"And love-sick he is," young Felim O'Neill said. "Heard ye not of the fair English maiden to whom he has lost his heart?"

"Bagnal's sister, eh?"

"Aye, Mabel Bagnal. But the marshal favors not his suit."

"And why?"

"Faith, I know not. There are many more nobly born than she who would wed O'Neill."

Maguire growled, and O'Neill went on: "'Tis said the lady is not free to choose. Her brother keeps her a prisoner. Nay, at present, O'Neill knows not where the lady is, only that she is gone from Newry, where the marshal keeps garrison."

"Ha! That accounts for his moody brow. But, O'Neill, see! What does he with the bird?" Maguire asked as the great chieftain came toward the table, holding a tired-looking pigeon on his wrist.

"Have I kept the banquet back?" Hugh asked, an unwonted flush on his tanned cheek, an unusual brilliancy in his eyes. He took his seat, and soon the wine cup passed merrily. Suddenly in the midst of jest and laugh, O'Neill stood up.

"Who will ride with me to Dublin tonight?" he asked. "But wait, the errand is but a personal one."

A chorus of "I," "I," "I," answered him.

"It is well one and all should know the purport of this sudden journey," O'Neill said, addressing the men around him. "Know then that I have sought Mabel Bagnal for my bride, but her brother, the marshal, disdains my suit."

"A curse on the English varlet," Maguire muttered.

"He has sent his sister to Turvey in Dublin, and she is now Sir Patrick Barnwell's captive. I go to set her free; and to place my ring on her finger. Are you with me in this?"

"Aye, aye," a score of voices replied, and O'Neill smiled the rare smile that had helped to win the English lady's heart.

"I never misdoubted your fealty," he said in a voice that shook in spite of himself. "This dove on my wrist I gave to Mistress Mabel, telling her it would at any time bring tidings to me of her. She sent out the bird from Turvey but yesternight. Now to horse."

The young moon was setting when a gallant cavalcade clattered down the rocky street that led from the castle to the high road. Long ere midnight they had crossed the Blackwater and by noon of the following day were on the confines of the Pale. Here they rested their tired horses. Turvey was but a few leagues away; and in Turvey Mabel Bagnal waited half in hope, half in despair, for her lover's coming.

"He will come. He will not fail," she said to herself as she looked out of one of the narrow windows of her room. "Oh, I would he were here!"

"With whom dost thou hold converse, sister?" a cold voice asked, and Mabel turned. Her sister, Lady Barnwell, had entered the room unperceived.

"With a spirit, if thou must know," Mabel answered lightly. "With a spirit from the briny deep out yonder."

"Sir Patrick hath sent me to thee to again ask if thou wilt not consent to wed the English baron."

"Sir Patrick hath naught to do with my concerns. Tell him there is no answer."

"Nay, Mabel, why so wilful? We have thy welfare at heart."

"I have my own welfare at heart too," Mabel retorted. "And it is needful for my happiness to wed Hugh O'Neill."

"An Irish rebel!"

"An Irish prince!"

"Fie, sister, fie! A maid should not lack modesty."

"Nor a matron sense. Hark ye, Jane. I love O'Neill and he and I have plighted our troths. I wed him or no other. Is not that sufficient?"

"Henry will not permit it."

"Henry cannot prevent me acting as I think best. I am old enough"—the girl drew herself up to her full height—"to act for myself."

Lady Barnwell began to cry, and Mabel kissed her softly. "Get away to thy babies, Jane, and leave me alone. I am resolved."

"Henry will blame me," Lady Barnwell sobbed, "and I can do nothing."

"Nothing, nothing," Mabel repeated. Now, away," and she hurried her sister from the room. Her quick ear had heard in the woods outside the words of a song O'Neill had taught her. When the key had turned in the lock of the door and the sound made by Lady Barnwell's high-heeled shoes had died away, Mabel threw the window open.

"My queen!" a voice far below whispered questioningly.

"Hugh!"

"*Mavourneen*, 'tis I. Canst hear?"

"Yes, yes."

"Make ready for flight at once. In two hours' time I will come for thee."

Mabel closed the window, and began her preparations. They were easily

made. She changed the ordinary everyday robe she wore for one of white silk ornamented with silver, and laughed softly. "I must e'en be wed in white, though my bridal be shorn of some of its glories," she said when arrayed in her glistening garments. "And now to hide the whiteness."

She wrapped a heavy cloak round her and drew the hood well over her golden hair. Then she sat down to count the minutes that passed so slowly. She started to her feet when Hugh, wearing the costume of an ordinary peasant, opened the door, and gave a faint cry.

"Did I startle thee, *aroon?* Listen. Sir Patrick and his lady are at supper. My good friend, Will Warren, is with them. He managed to steal the key of the door from Sir Patrick, and passed it to me. The way is clear; and Felim O'Neill, my kinsman, hath engaged to have a clergyman at Drumcondra Castle to make thee and me one for evermore. Nay, my white rose, no tears. They bode ill to a bridal."

"Then they shall not fall." Mabel dashed the pearly drops away, and laid her hand in her lover's. And so they passed softly down the long staircase, and out into the soft August night, and across the drawbridge to where O'Neill's mounted followers waited. A low cheer greeted their approach. O'Neill laughed, though he chided their lack of caution.

At Drumcondra the Bishop of Meath and Felim were in waiting, and by the close of the second day the newly married pair were in O'Neill's land. Far away on the northern horizon Mabel saw a ruddy glare.

"What does that mean?" she asked anxiously, and Felim O'Neill replied,

"It is Dungannon's welcome to O'Neill's Bride."

CHARLES DICKENS' VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

BY W. G. D.

During a vacation, Mr. Thomas Hill, afterwards President Hill of the University; Mr. A. M. Thayer, and myself, were drafted, being resident in town, to take turns by day and night in making magnetic observations at the Observatory. During the free spaces of time we could talk or read. Mr. Hill had a special liking for Charles Dickens, and so had Professor Benjamin Pierce, the eminent mathematician, who pursued the highest mathematics with poetic ardor, and was so absorbed in the highest flights of his science that he could not appreciate the difficulties of students, trying with weaker wings to follow him.

The fact that two such fervent disciples of exact and exacting science as Pierce and Hill had a great admiration for the writings of Charles Dickens is a strong proof that the works of Dickens belong to genuine literature, and are not mere flash, trash, buffonery, gabble and gossip as some very classical but very prosy people regard them. Every one who knew Thomas

Hill remembers with what ardor he threw his soul into whatever he did, whether it was solving a problem in the differential calculus or reading the Pickwick Papers. To see Thomas Hill read Dickens was like seeing an actor who lost himself in his personation. Laughs and tears came not because they were sent for, but because they could not help coming.

One day Mr. Sibley, afterwards the Librarian, rushed up to the door of the Observatory, then on the College grounds, and told us that Charles Dickens would soon be at Gore Hall. If we wished to see him we had better go down. Down we went. Sure enough, in a few minutes the door of Gore Hall opened wide, and heralded by President Quincy, Sumner, Longfellow and Felton, flashed into sight the brown waving locks, the pearly face, and the red waistcoat of Charles Dickens.

During the visit of Charles Dickens to America some super-cultivated Americans, worshipers of æsthetic elegance and scorners of ideals outside of that exclusive domain, seemed to think that it was not in "good form" to make so much of a writer like Dickens, who had so much to say about common people. Their idea of literature was of baronial castles, knights in armor, druidic conflict and East Indian idolatries. There was and is far more of this feeling in America than in England, probably because, there being no baronial castle in America, the æsthetic imagination has full sway without any material obstacles. No English nobleman, though his coat of arms is a thousand years old and his ancestral record is blazoned with heroic deeds, has such an intense horror of common people and of humble life as the rich and arrogant American whose grandfather cobbled shoes and whose own heart, hands, and feet are fast bound in the stocks. It was an æsthetic Bostonian who exclaimed in devout ecstasy when he saw a well-wrought Oriental figure, "What a beautiful Buddha!"

President Quincy, Sumner, Longfellow, and Felton were not men of that stamp. Longfellow has many chivalric illustrations, but they are illustrations only. He had but one theme—the soul of man. Quincy, Sumner, Longfellow, Felton knew that the great theme of all genuine literature is the soul of man, whether lofty or lowly. To them Dickens was as truly an idealist as Walter Scott or Tennyson. Little Nell was as ideal a character as Diana Vernon, Sam Weller was as ideal as King Arthur. Beauty may climb the ladder of the working man or the steps to a royal throne. Hence they welcomed Charles Dickens to the University, to the delight of those who met him there, and who recall the incident as one more pleasant memory of old Cambridge days.

THE COMPASSIONATE GHOST.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

Last night the spirits were all abroad,
Travelling out by the ghostly road
Of the Wind that blows from the doors of Death.
I woke of a sudden, and held my breath!

I heard a hand by my window-pane,
Over the drip of the falling rain,
And over the Wind that blew its breath
Chill and chill from the doors of Death.

Why did you fare from Heaven so far
Through the black night showing nor moon nor star?
Who was it troubled the soul of you,
That you came in the dark, O, Mauryeen Dhu?

Your spirit lives in the Holy Place
With the King of Mercy and the Queen of Grace,
With the heavenly hosts of the Angels white,
And the kith and the kin of your heart's delight.

Sorrow on sorrow! I heard you cry,
Like a bird forlorn, from the bitter sky.
'Twas myself was troubling the soul of you
When you came in the dark, O, Mauryeen Dhu!

For my father's daughter has cause for moan,
And my mother's lamb, it is lost and lone,
And Mauryeen's sister is grieving sore
For the grey, grey eyes she shall see no more.

I turned my face to the cold stone wall.
I made no answer to you at all.
You went away, and you wept in your flight,
As the black cock crew for the morning light.

On the morn of the morrow, the black cock crew,
And the Lark arose in the blesséd dew.
There is joy with the Angels for your soul's sharing,
But I keep my burden for my own bearing!

ON THE CHAPEL GREEN.

BY M. J. O'NEILL.

It was a bright Sunday morning, such a bright Sunday morning as is seen only beneath soft skies of Ireland, and felt only in that peace and calm which rest in her green valleys. All nature seemed to proclaim that the Lord's Day had come and that men should glory in His name.

The notes of the sky-lark swept down with a clearness and softness which seemed to have something of a purer strain than on other mornings; the "caw, caw" of the old jackdaw sedately seated on a green-white birch bough, seemed more solemn than usual; the scarcely stirring air was sweet with the lavish perfume of the hawthorn and new-mown hay; and the green robe of glistening verdure ever worn by the Emerald Isle seemed to wave, nod, and rustle more softly than it did yesterday.

The browsing kine in the high grass of the meadow, beneath the spreading limbs of yew and elm, as well as those knee deep in the brook, slowly lifted their heads, their black noses straight out-pointed and soft watery eyes half-closed, and listened to the sonorous "ding, dong, dow-w," "ding, dong, dow-w" of the chapel bell calling the pious peasant from his humble cot to the altar of his God. A summons (let us breathe it thankfully) which seldom goes forth unheeded in Ireland.

Full soon the peasants come, alone, in couples, and groups, here and there in valley and on mountain side they are seen. Here along the smooth, white road with its green ditches and white walls on either side, with meadow-sweet and wall-flower in profusion, come rollicking, tow-headed urchins—barefooted, red-cheeked creatures,—glowing laughing and shouting, but not immoderately so, because of Sunday. Behind them with elastic and measured step come the father and mother, he in his corduroy shorts, grey worsted stockings, knitted by his own Maureen, low cut ankle shoes and the cone shaped felt hat so much in vogue in the interior of Ireland.

She with a Limerick shawl, tanin gown, and white straw bonnet, with a halo of flowers above her smoothly-parted hair, and cherry ribbons tied in a bow beneath her matronly chin.

Behind them again comes grandmother in her faded but clean, blue, cloth cloak and plain, black skirt, her loving old face hidden by the borders of her white-frilled, muslin cap, the bow of which is so neatly tied beneath her drooping chin that any one would know at a glance her nerveless fingers never tied it. Yet, it is easy to see who had tied it, for supporting grandmother, and lightening every step with gentle voice and look, is a girl scarce eighteen, tall, statuesque, fair as the Sabbath morn, with a rounded form, every curve of which is a perfect grace, an oval pink-white face, the merriest pair of cherry lips that ever formed a Cupid's bow, and eyes; oh! Irish eyes, as blue and soft as Irish skies, and as merry as youth itself. Black luxuriant hair thick and glossy, and of such length that it should be laid coil on coil, is deftly caught up and tied.

The arm of the aged woman was

passed under that of the girl, and the soft, white hands of the latter, encased in fingerless black lace gloves, were clasped together before her on her plain, black cashmere dress, which she wore without other ornament than lace at neck and wrists. The cross and a few decades of her white beads swung gently where they had strayed from between her fingers. Thus with eyes cast down and graceful step Norah Whelan made a picture. But why does old Prince, the house dog, stop to sniff the morning air, and blink his watery eyes at his mistress? Suddenly he turns tail and goes bounding forward to a little boreen, reaching it just in time to leap bodily upon a young man as he emerged from it upon the highway.

Surely there is no need for Norah to tremble, the dog means no harm. There is no need to hide the blue eyes beneath the silken lashes and become threefold attentive to grandmother now as Norah does.

And as to the newcomer, the lad himself, well, 'tis simply wonderful how much trimming and carving the newly-cut whitethorn in his hand requires, until the Whelans, young and old, have caught up to him and bade him a cheerful "God save you, Ned."

Ah, but the rogue has bright eyes, and the way they steal looks at Norah, the way they fall and look again, the joy that fills them, and the love-light that swims in them! He lifts his hat to Norah as she passes, and she lifts him to Heaven with a most angelic smile. He drops behind, and into her very footsteps, wondering at the smallness and neatness of the imprint beneath his bluchers, as, tall and well-built, with crisp, curly hair, regular Milesian features, and those eyes, he in his "decent Sunday suit" brings up the rear. And in this order, before the first bell has ceased to toll they arrive on the chapel green.

There may be a more attractive spot than an Irish chapel green "Airly on a Sunday mornin'," but if there is, it is difficult to find. The emerald carpet is brightened by the cowslip and the daisy which sprinkle it in such profusion, and grouped here and there upon it are the "frinds and nabors" discussing the workings of their simple little world; the colleens in bright gowns and ribbons and the boys in smart clothes and clean brogues.

The arrival of the Whelans on the green occasioned a temporary breaking up of their party, the children ran to play with other children in the adjacent churchyard, to romp and hide and bound and laugh among the silent homes of their ancestors. Whelan joined a party of neighbors; his spouse, who was earning an indulgence, entered the chapel to say a few "paters and aves" before Mass would begin. The good old grandmother, as was customary with her, slowly entered to "do" the Stations of the Cross and say her rosary. As it was a physical impossibility for her to complete the fourteen on any one Sunday, no matter how much she desired, she did them in sectional consecutiveness, beginning each subsequent Sunday where she had left off the preceeding one, and usually doubling back one or two stations to make sure she would miss none. By this means she had instituted for herself a system of perpetual devotion so touching in its simplicity and so heartfelt in execution, that the tears of the recording angel, looking down, must have washed old grandmother's page to a state of sinless purity.

Norah shyly joined a group of gossiping village maidens, at the shady side of the chapel, which looked out over the valley, that little valley, which, like so many vales in Ireland, enbraced many varieties of natural scenery, the pastoral, the mountains, the romantic,—cheerful and desolate—for the last two must remain whilst the round towers and ruins of ancient Erin defy destroying time, and continue as habitations for the pale ghosts of history and tradition. No where else on God's great world are the glories of the past so entwined with the sunlit hopes of the present.

The white-thorn, under the hands of Ned McCarthy, had evidently reached the stage of completion. It was no longer undergoing the carving process, and had actually been thrown aside into the pitch. The knife had been returned to the pocket of its owner, and Ned—well,—there was a half hour before Mass would commence, so he made up his mind he would "walk about a bit." Passing by the group of men, he had a hearty shake hands from Norah's father, and in response to his "God save all here this mornin'," a cheerful "An yourself kindly, Ned" from the remainder.

The chapel green was an unenclosed eminence, which, as we have before hinted, gave an undroken view of valley and mountain. But it was not the peaceful vale that caught Ned's eye, not the league long line of purple heather and golden gorse, nor the ruined castle, perched high upon the mountain's brow, desolate and dark. He had eyes but for one sweet picture, and that was Norah Whelan. Now, whether the gossip was uninteresting to Norah, or she was desirous of looking after her little brothers to see that "no harm would come to 'em," or,—or, —well, no matter what the reason was! she left the group, and stepping over a stile found herself in a secluded portion of the green. Ned retraced his steps also, and behind the sacristy, "where the ould ones wouldn't see," he passed two or three groups of "jackeens" tossing half-pence, and further along a younger group, engaged in a like inspiriting disposal of buttons. One of the last named embyro financiers holding aloft one of his winnings, exclaimed as Ned passed him, "Who'll give me five ould bones for rale ivory?"

Oblivious of all this, he too stepped over a stile and found himself in the outlying chapel green, and there in a secluded spot,—away from the noise of the female gossip of Skirumdearg; away from the owners of the corduroys and the snuff-colored and bottle-green coats of the men of Skirumdearg, who talked of the "crops," "the cause" and that ever fruitful theme "the rint," and away from the younger gathering of stalwart fellows, who were arranging a game of hurly "wid the boys of the next townland"—he came face to face with the subject of his thoughts, sweet, blushing Norah Whelan.

POTPOURRI.

"There is something very pleasant in opening an old China jar to find it filled with potpourri, even if the scent has wholly faded. It tells a story of a day when people had time for such things. I read in a letter a century and a half old, of a happy group of people riding out to the house of the provincial governor of New York; all gathered rose leaves in the governor's garden, and the governor's wife started the distilling of these rose leaves, in her new still, into rose water, while all drank syllabus and junkets —a pretty Watteau-ish scene."

From Old Time Gardens.

AS YOU CAME THROUGH THE HEATHER.

(An Irish Love Song.)

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

As you came through the heather, Denis dear,
I stood, I never dreamed that you were near.
There was a singing lark
Above the bogland dark,
It was that singing lark I stood to hear.

You crossed the quaking moss, I never knew—
My eyes still sought that songster in the blue,
Until the sun's bright rays
So out-shone my gaze,
That I looked to earth, and Denis, there were you.

And since that time, oh *Bouchal a stoir!*
To singing birds I do not listen more,
For sweeter than the notes
Of their speckled throats,
Are the love words that you whisper o'er and o'er.

GIRALAMO MARIA GOTTI. JOSE CALASANZ DE LLEVANERAS VIVES Y TUTO.

SERAFINO VANNUTELLI. GOVERNOR TAFT. MARIANO RAMPOLLA DEL PINDARO.

THE COMMITTEE OF CARDINALS AND GOVERNOR TAFT, WHO DISCUSSED THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CHURCH QUESTION IN THE PHILIPPINES. CARDINAL GOTTI HAS SINCE BEEN APPOINTED SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI. (See next page.)

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

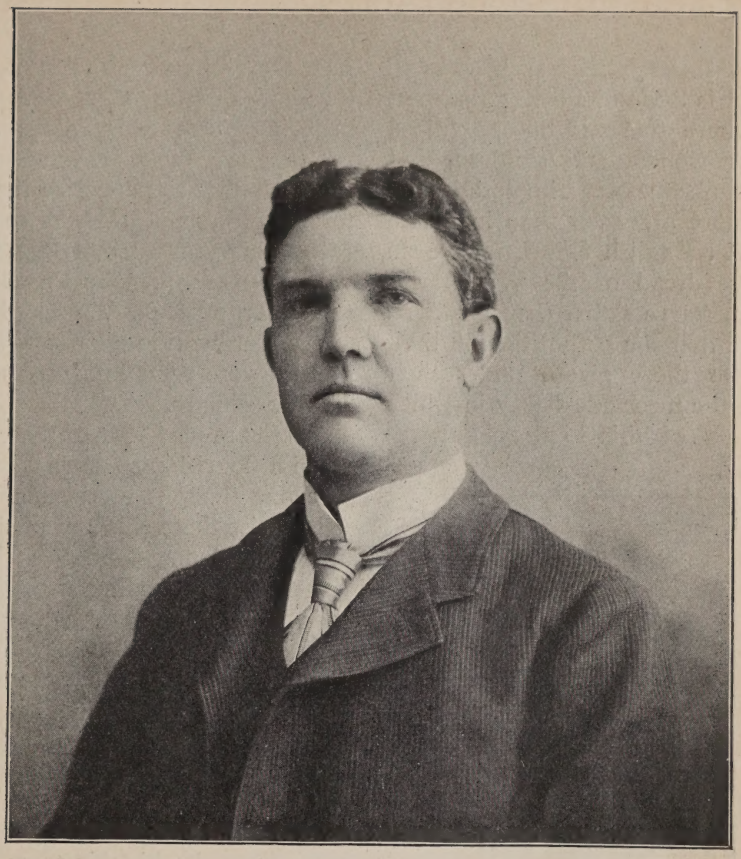
Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of the Regular Discipline, was appointed prefect of the Propaganda to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski. Jerome Maria, Cardinal Gotti, is an Italian. He was born at Genoa on March 29, 1834. His father was a dock laborer in the city of the future Cardinal's birth. He seems to have inherited his devotional tendency from his mother. Thanks to her and to the interest of some friends of hers, the youth was enabled to prosecute his studies at Genoa, at Rome, and, it would appear, at Petra. At any rate, he applied himself in the seminary to moral theology with avidity from the moment he received the tonsure. This department he has practically made his own. He is deemed one of the greatest living authorities on probabilist theology or the body of precept associated with the name of St. Liguori. As a Thomastic scholar Cardinal Gotti also ranks high, being surpassed in this respect, if at all, only by Cardinal Satolli.

Cardinal Gotti in his priestly calling attached himself to the Carmelite body. This order of mendicant friars is not only very rigid in some of its branches, but it has peculiar attractions for those of devotional tendency. Thus one branch of the order is famed as the barefooted brethren. Long before his selection as Archbishop of Petra, Friar Gotti was known as an ascetic of ascetics. He lived on the coarsest and simplest fare, dispensed with shoes, and spent weeks at a time in the seclusion of the monastery. His Carmelite brethren were the first, naturally, to discern the merits of the man, and he was gradually promoted in the

FATHER BERRY.

order until he was at the head of his own priory. He studied, taught, preached and practiced for twenty years, however, in comparative obscurity.

In 1870, he attended the Council at the Vatican, and two years later became the General Procurator of his order. While filling this office he rendered many decisions which are regarded as models of logical thought



JAMES E. DOLAN.
National President of the A. O. H.

and clear expression. In 1881 he became the general of his order.

In 1892, the Pope sent him as his special agent to Brazil for the purpose of reorganizing the Church there. He spent three years in Brazil, and on his return to Rome was created a Cardinal, taking for his title Church St. Marie delle Scala, which is the property of the Carmelite Order.

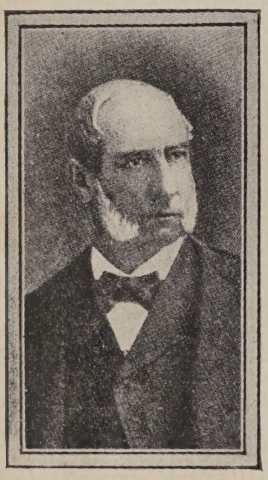
Cardinal Gotti's ability as a diplomat is well known. His knowledge of canon law is asserted by many to be superior to that of any other member of the Sacred College. He is a distinguished orator and speaks French with perfection, and Latin with as much grace as Leo XIII.

Cardinal Agliardi was appointed Prefect of the Economy of the Congregation of the Propaganda, in place of Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli.

Cardinal Vannutelli will replace Cardinal Gotti as prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of Regular Discipline.

Outside the Industrial Schools and the workhouse, there is no state or municipal provision in England for the boy or girl cast destitute and homeless on the pitiless streets. That there

are many thousands of such cases in Liverpool is due to its being a seaport town, where there is no organized labor for women and children, and where drunkenness and immorality are always more prevalent than in inland cities. All English children have an instinctive dread of the Workhouse. They will starve rather than go there. It is true that the authorities do their utmost for those placed under their care, yet the mechanical way in which institutions of this kind are always



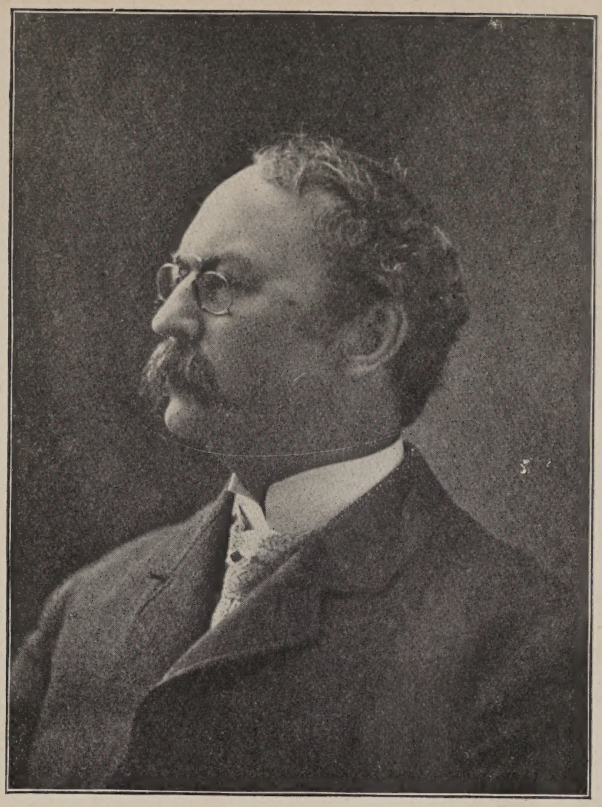
JOHN M. BURKE.

managed, the iron-clad rules deemed necessary for the control of the class which they harbor, make it impossible to regard the Workhouse as a favorable atmosphere in which to rear the future men and women of any country. About 1892, Father Berry opened St. Philip's House for Street Trading Boys. It was nothing more than an empty barn furnished with sixty beds. An attendant remained in charge all night, that at any hour boys could be given shelter. In the morning, after a good breakfast, they were required to chop kindling for half an hour, Father Berry believing that this assisted them to preserve their self-respect. His theory is that to pauperize the poor is to degrade them. He was so successful in this first attempt that the next year he was asked by the Bishop to take charge of St. Vincent de Paul's Home for working boys. The two houses were soon known as *Father Berry's Homes.*

There are now four of these Homes, all in a flourishing financial condition. The one thought of the management is to assist these children of the slums in the development of their character. Experience in dealing with them has shown that nothing is so helpful as a feeling of independence, while in St. Philip's everything is done for their physical and moral well-being.

The new national president of the A. O. H., James E. Dolan, of Syracuse, N. Y., is the son of Irish parents who came from the historic town of Athlone, in the County Westmeath, famous in Irish history as the place where William III, of England, with his mighty army, was driven back by the Irish. Mr. Dolan was born in the town of Marcellus, N. Y., where he spent his boyhood. He went to Syracuse in 1881. He sought employment in a clothing store and worked his way up gradually until the present time, when he is a travelling salesman for one of the largest wholesale clothing houses in the country.

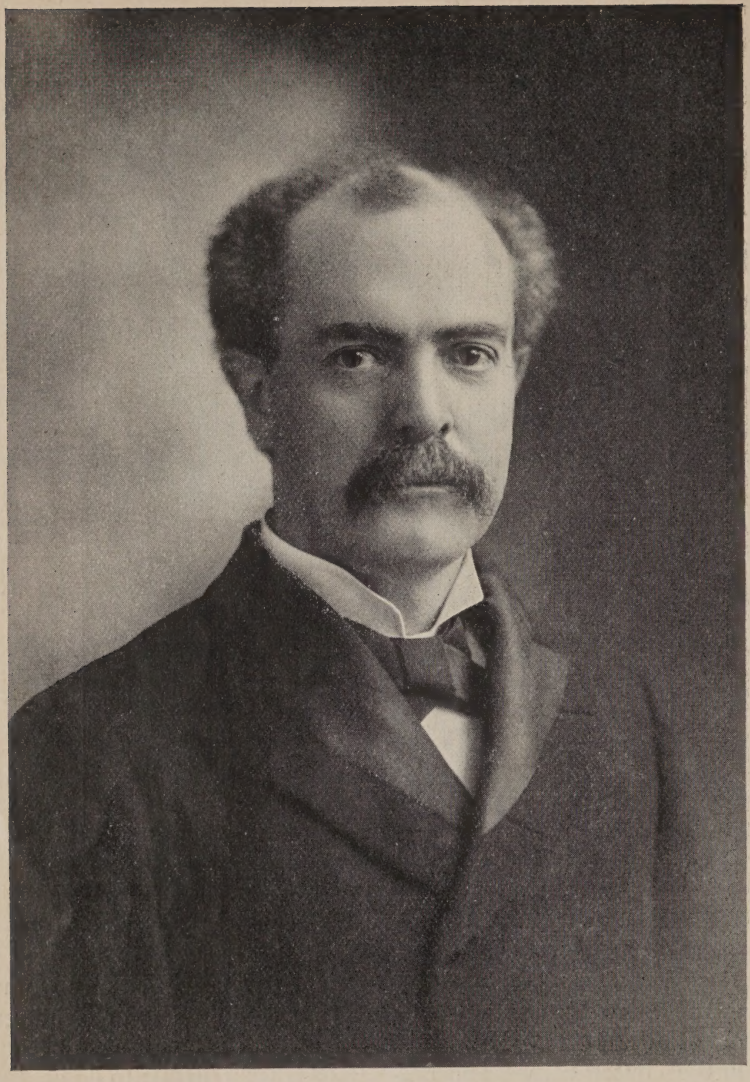
Mr. Dolan was the national vice-president of the order and county president of Onondaga county, N. Y., where he is held in the highest esteem. He is an able orator, and is always in demand among his people in northern



HON. JOHN T. MC DONOUGH.
Secretary of State, N. Y.

New York. His interest in the Irish cause is deep-seated, and he is ever ready to advance it by voice and pen. He is one of the best known Hibernians in the United States, and has made a most efficient national officer during the years of his incumbency, besides doing admirable service in the interest of the order in New York state.

Mr. John M. Burke, an aged, retired merchant of New York city, who has for many years been quietly spending much money for charitable purposes, has now openly given away the bulk of his fortune. Mr. Burke has placed in the hands of four trustees property worth $4,000,000, to be used for the relief of worthy men and women who, notwithstanding their willingness to support themselves, have become partly or wholly unable to do so, by reason of sickness or misfortune, or who have been discharged from hospitals before regaining sufficient strength to assume their regular employments. This is the largest sum ever given by a single individual for the specific and excellent purpose quoted. The need of such a fund is admitted by charity workers, and there is no doubt that the trustees, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Edward M. Shepard, Frank K. Sturgis and William Hubbard White, will administer it in the wisest way possible.



JUDGE E. F. DUNNE.

They have formed a corporation entitled, in honor of the donor's mother, the Winifred Masterson Burke Relief Foundation, and will proceed to associate with themselves a committee on plan and scope, and to establish a convalescents' home. Mr. Burke, who is eighty-five years old, was born in New York city, and made his money in trading with the West Indies and South America. He is unmarried, without near relatives, and lives in a modest house in New York.

John T. McDonough, the newly-elected secretary of state for New York, is a man whose character must be a constant inspiration to young men struggling against the odds of the world.

Mr. McDonough was born in Ireland in 1844, and when he was six

years of age his parents decided to try their fortune in America, bringing with them two sons and three daughters. They finally settled in Dunkirk, N. Y.

As soon as he was old enough he obtained employment in a grocery store. After working hard, early and late, he managed to save a small sum of money; then he arranged with his employer to work morning and evening, and thus enable him to attend school through the day. His desire for still furthering his education was so great that he organized a night school, for the employes of the Brooks Locomotive Works, where he was at one time himself an employe. He also worked as a train boy, between Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

When he had reached his twentieth year, he decided he would go to college, so taking his earnings with him he started for St. John's college, at Fordham, N. Y. He told the president of the college that he wanted an education; he did not have money enough to pay for more than a half-year's tuition, but he so impressed the faculty with his earnestness, that his experience as a teacher was utilized, and he was enabled to pursue his course of studies. Thus began his college career.

After leaving St. John's college with the degree of LL.D., he began the study of law. For four years he taught in one of the public night schools in New York City, did clerical work in a law office a portion of each day, and kept up his studies at Columbia College. In 1869, he graduated from Columbia and returned to his home to begin the practice of law. His career was watched with interest by his old friends, and all welcomed with pride the young man who had at last achieved the one desire of his heart—that of becoming a lawyer.

In 1880, Mr. McDonough moved to Albany, where he has since resided.

Of deep interest to thoughtful Catholics all over the country were the subjects discussed at the conference of the representatives of Catholic colleges, in Chicago. Those present typified the best Catholic thought, and the best Catholic educational ideals. Bishop Conaty, Rector of the Catholic university, presided.

Among the prominent speakers was Judge E. F. Dunne of Chicago, who spoke on the "Benefits conferred upon the Republic by Catholic Education," in the immense financial saving to the state; the lessening of public crime and divorce; the high standard of intellectual attainment, of social and civic virtue and the value to the nation of citizenship based upon the supernatural principles of Christianity, upright character, integrity and self sacrifice.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

(Continued from page 236.)

because it is believed, that such was that used by the Saviour at the institution, which occurred at the Paschal time when it was unlawful to have leavened bread, or to keep leaven in the dwelling, yet though the great majority of the Catholic world follow this discipline, which they have preserved from the most ancient times, they do not condemn the few churches which, following the very early practice of their ancestors, use leavened bread for the same purpose. A small card, called the pall, covered with cloth, or the cloth itself made very stiff, is placed over the bread, and the whole is covered with a rich silken veil. Upon the same table are cruets which contain the wine and water, the books of the Epistles and Gospels, basin and water for the washing of the celebrant's fingers, and also a processional cross with a pair of candles and a burse or silk case, which contains the corporal or cloth that is placed over the Altar linens and upon which the chalice and Host rest. The name of this cloth is derived from the word corpus, which signifies a body, for upon it reposes the body of the Lord after consecration.

III.

The bishop or other prelate entitled to use the pontifical vesture when he officiates wears not only the vestments of a priest, but also the tunic and dalmatic, to show that he possesses the orders and powers of the sub-deacon, and that theirs are derived from him as their source. Besides it was usual for those who wore the trabea in the days of the emperors, to wear on state occasions a tunic and frequently a dalmatic under it. The bishop does not bring the stole across the breast, because he wears a golden cross depending in front, the hollow of which is filled with relics; for he is one of the patrician order of the Church and this ornament is substituted by him for the bulla worn by the nobles of ancient Rome, which was a golden ball, in which were kept the family memorials, depending from their necks. If we accept this explanation we acknowledge that the family is the household of faith, and that they preserve with pious veneration the relics of the Apostles, the Martyrs, the Confessors, the Virgins, and other sanctified beings whose religious achievements fill the brilliant ages of history.

The bishop wears sandals corresponding in color with the vestment of the day. These are put upon his feet by his attendants whilst he reads the preparatory psalms, after which he is robed for the holy sacrifice. Previously he washes his fingers, chiefly to remind him of the purity of soul required for the occasion. He entreats the Lord to bestow upon him the aid necessary for this purpose. He wears gloves, on the putting on of which he prays that his iniquities may be hidden from the face of the Lord by the merits of the Saviour; so that like another Jacob, having his hands covered with the skins of kids, he may in the person of the first born receive by his father's benediction an everlasting inheritance.

His mitre, which is clearly from its shape and name of eastern origin, has

depending from its back two fillets by which formerly it was secured on the head, they being for this purpose brought round and tied under the chin. Being open and pointed at the top, it has been usually considered emblematic of the intellectual decoration of the prelate's head, the rich knowledge of the pages of both testaments in which so many examples of varied virtue blend their lustre with the tissue of the Sacred History. It is not only a protection to him who is thus decorated, but also renders him a formidable adversary to the enemies of truth.

The ring with a precious gem, which he wears on the third finger of his right hand, is the token of the purity which he owes to the chaste spouse of Christ, and of the obligation by which he has promised to protect the purity of her doctrine and the sanctity of her morality, with a holy zeal and an unceasing vigilance. When the bishop officiates within his own diocese, his cross is exposed and he carries his crosier, which is not merely a staff to exhibit divine aid upon which he relies for support, but is also a shepherd's crook, to testify that he is the pastor to whose care are confided those sheep which he is to feed with the food of heavenly doctrine and sacramental grace on earth; that so prepared, they may be brought within the fold of the Great Shepherd, whose humble representative he is here below.

When the bishop officiates solemnly, a priest wearing a cope over a surplice, assists him. This cope is peculiar to no order; it is a large mantle, generally of silk, having a deep cape behind; this part is usually trimmed with a heavy ornamented fringe; the cape is fastened on the breast with clasps, and is sometimes embroidered on the edges after the manner of the ancient Romans.

IV.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the strange notions sometimes entertained respecting the vesture of the Catholic clergy, by those, who, knowing absolutely nothing of its origin or object, censure it as having been irrationally and capriciously introduced by folly or despotism, for the purposes of superstition or of fraud. When such writers as Addison, Butler, Archbishop Whately, Hume, Macaulay, and a host of lesser lights, so egregiously exhibit their total want of information upon topics of which they venture to treat even with magisterial authority we cannot but regret the absurdities into which they have been led. It has been the misfortune of many such men that they were too proud to learn, and too poorly informed to understand our ceremonial. They were too self-sufficient to suspect their want of knowledge, and too well convinced that the great bulk of their readers had no opportunity of detecting their errors. The spirit of their age and country in regard to every observance of the old Mother Church was that of arrogance and contempt; no matter what was its origin, what its venerable antiquity, what its classic illustration, what its religious instruction, what the lessons of piety, that the practice or the vesture inculcated, or the devotional feelings it was calculated to excite, it was to be decried and depreciated. Every one knows that ridicule costs less trouble than does critical or antiquarian research and literary investigation; besides ridicule is equally powerful against truth as against error, and produces its effects more

rapidly upon the minds of the thoughtless and uninformed. Thus it was an easier task for the enemies of our Church to cast obloquy upon our ceremonial than to disprove its claims to veneration.

In the first centuries it will be observed that there was little difference between the sacred vesture and the popular secular dress. That used in the churches by the ministers of religion was of a finer texture and often decorated with rich ornaments. The varying fashions of capricious taste wrought hundreds of changes throughout the centuries in worldly dress; whilst amidst all these fluctuations, the Church, desirous as far as possible to assimilate the sameness of her customs to the unchangeableness of her doctrine, retained around her altar her clergy in their scarcely changed costume. Thus today in her ancient temples, the eye of the observer will detect the most striking resemblance between the representatives of her ancient hierarchy, in the mosaics and tapestries which decorate their domes and walls, and the garb of their successors, who now occupy their places. In those choirs which resounded with their voices so many centuries ago, the same praises are now heard in the same language, to the eternal God, consonant to the ancient faith, which has been thus transmitted changeless itself through so many changing generations. The doctrines of God are not like the opinions of men that they should change; His institutions are not like the devices of men that they should need amendment; the preservation of the ancient ways is the avoiding of these novelties against which the great Teacher gave such emphatic caution. The founders of our Church raised its superstructure upon the basis of the Gospels, and though an angel from Heaven should offer us another, we, as Catholics, should reject the proposal.

WHERE MAXIMILIAN FELL.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

"Triste, muy triste, y muy feo," was the description given us of Queretaro when we were leaving beautiful, fascinating Guadalajara, and very sad and very ugly did we find it. As a city it is essentially doleful! Things move slowly in Mexico and the gloom that shrouded Queretaro at the tragic death of Maximilian and his generals, Miramon and Mejia, in 1867, has not yet had time to lift itself: thirty-five years are as a day down in this old-fashioned town of which some writer has asserted that it is always the sixteenth century and always four in the afternoon. No longer the sixteenth century, let me state, for Queretaro now boasts of two street cars, each drawn by two mules. And who can cavil at such a spirit of progress?

To the tourist the city is indissolubly associated with opals and the

story of Maximilian. Not that there is any connecting link between the two for even the most superstitious cannot attribute the fall of the Austrian Archduke to these beautiful, but proverbially unlucky stones; but it is here that the finest opal mines on this continent are found and the unfortunate traveler is assailed at every turn by venders who offer the stones at very low prices. Unlucky in truth is he who buys from these itinerant dealers, for their stones are always worthless and usually crack in a few days. This is why the plausible and oily-tongued señor who sells them rarely approaches the same victim a second time.

Leaving aside its historical interest Queretaro possesses few other claims to distinction, being a decidedly "back number" even in this land of the hasta mañana. True it has a climate, the finest, they say, in the republic, but the same thing is said of Silao, and I have remarked that whenever a place has no other earthly recommendation the inhabitants thereof invariably advertise its wonderful climatic superiority.

Once the stronghold of the royalist party, the city has been always a conservative one, not inviting the presence of foreigners, and it is generally acknowledged that the Anglo-Saxon meets here a cooler reception than anywhere else in Mexico. For my part, I can see no reason why any English-speaking people of sound mind and body should want to select it as a permanent residence, nor do they, for at present there are but two Americans in the city, and, to perpetrate an Irish bull, one of these is a German! To use that delightful Mexican phrase for which we have no equivalent in our language, one does not find Queretaro simpatico, and if I had to choose between life in the little, narrow-minded, narrower-streeted city, and death on the Cerro de las Campanas, I should unhesitatingly accept the latter; but my views of the place are possibly prejudiced, for it was here that misfortune overtook me—my trunk failed to materialize, and it does not require a student of psychology to grasp the perturbed mental condition of a woman whose baggage has gone astray. Hence my recollections of Queretaro will ever remain painfully associated with frequent and frantic rides to the Estacion del ferrocarril, through dusty highways and over roughly-cobbled streets in search of the missing equipaje which was only returned to me after much expenditure of time, telegrams, and mental worry.

One can, however, spend a few very agreeable days in this quaint old town for it teems with historical reminiscences; from this standpoint, indeed, it has no peer in the republic. But one must be melancholy—that is the spirit of the place. Even here in this sunny corner of the plaza there are signs of winter's blighting touch, and the dead leaves are falling to the ground with that peculiarly mournful rustle that only autumn leaves possess. In Guadalajara, even in "chill December," nature retains all the joyousness of summer: the delicious fragrance of orange blossoms meets you everywhere, and the lovely plazas are radiant with bright-colored flowers.

Being one of the great religious centres of Mexico the churches of Queretaro are numerous, and some of them contain fine paintings; it was here that Tres Guerras lavished the wealth of his architectural genius, and

there remains to him a lasting monument in the beautiful church of Santa Rosa with its imposing dome and quaint flying buttresses, striking in effect and the pride of every citizen of Queretaro. The original main altar of this picturesque iglesia has been destroyed, but its side altars are adorned with a series, if I may use the term, of paintings by the great Mexican master, Cabrera, who occupies in the hearts of his countrymen the place accorded by Europeans to the immortal Raphael. On the right hand altar is represented the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, the Birth of Christ, the Flight into Egypt, and the Death of Saint Joseph; to the left is an altar to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe without which no Mexican church is complete, for she is patroness of both church and state, and her miraculous image is seen everywhere, in the humblest chapel as well as the most gorgeous cathedral, the busy mart and quiet home.

There is a hospital adjoining the church of Santa Rosa which is also the work of Tres Guerras; in former days it was a cloister, but the liberal party has abolished all convents and monasteries. It is eminently fitting that this one-time abode of a religious fraternity should thus continue its works of charity. The most modern, and, in certain points of detail, the most attractive church in Queretaro is la Iglesia de la Congregation. It is built on a hill in the eastern part of the town and from its portals one has a fine view of the surrounding country. The churches of Santa Clara, San Augustin, San Felipe and San Domingo are all well worth a visit; the last, a splendid old pile, looks as if it might count as many centuries as the city, and Queretaro was founded in 1531. La Teresitas, in whose convent Maximilian was first immured, will always be interesting to the tourist because of the silent part it played in that sad political game of '67, and that of the Capuchins for the same reason; from its gloomy walls the unfortunate Emperor was led forth on that bright June morning to execution.

There are few more tragic or pathetic events in History than the story of Maximilian and "poor Carlota." In the case of most of the leaders of empire they voluntarily choose the thorny paths that lead to glory or to death—the Archduke's fate was thrust upon him! He was the victim of a woman's ambition and a Bonaparte's treachery. His unhappy wife has bitterly paid for her short and troubled reign over an unwilling nation; for thirty-four years she has been banished to an oblivion worse than death. Daughter of Leopold the First of Belgium, related by ties of blood and marriage to half the crowned heads of Europe, her name is an unspoken one in her girlhood's home, and in a palace on the outskirts of Brussels she has passed all these weary years as one already dead, waiting her soul's release. It is generally believed that hers was the spirit born to rule, and that her husband was but a dupe of unwise advisers and a pawn in the hands of the wily, selfish Napoleon III. To my mind there is nothing sadder than the picture of this youthful, imperial wife—she was only twenty-six—pleading with the European powers for money and soldiers to save her husband's empire when that brief dream was already a thing of the past and Maximilian had been tried and

condemned to death by the martial laws of the party he had vainly endeavored to suppress. For Mexico wanted freedom, not the reign of foreign imperialism, and when a nation wakes to the knowledge and the desire of liberty there is no earthly power strong enough to defeat its aim!

Briefly the history of Maximilian's reign is as follows:—In 1861 the Mexican Congress decreed a suspension of payment on foreign debts. The principal creditors were England, France and Spain; these three nations united in a hostile demonstration for the purpose of enforcing a repeal of the decree. Mexican agents of the party opposing Juarez and the Liberals, urged intervention, and the foreign forces were sent to Vera Cruz in January, 1862. Commissioners came with the troops and an agreement was made with Juarez that, when satisfaction was obtained, the forces should be withdrawn. A treaty was then made and approved by all parties; the English and Spanish troops returned home, but France withdrew approval of the treaty, kept her soldiers in Mexico, and sent others to reinforce them. In May of the same year the French army marched towards the Capital: at Puebla they were held in check by General Zaragoza, and by this repulse President Juarez was enabled to remain in the city of Mexico a year longer, in which time his cause was greatly strengthened. But Puebla fell in May, 1863, and Juarez with his cabinet was obliged to leave; the French took possession the following month. Juarez, the patriot, had his capital wherever night overtook him; he camped all over the country with the government: Vera Cruz, Guadalajara, San Luis Potosi, Paso del Norte, now called Ciudad de Juarez, and other places, were at various times "the capital" during Juarez' checkered administration. On the 16th of July, 1863, a convention of the leaders of the Conservative party declared that Mexico should be ruled by a hereditary monarch and that the ruler should be a Catholic. They offered the crown to Archduke Maximilian, brother to the Emperor of Austria, and he accepted it upon two conditions, first, an election by the people of Mexico; second, that Napoleon III should support him by a military force so long as such a support was necessary. In the June of '64 Maximilian and Carlota were crowned Emperor and Empress of Mexico. The sequel to the story every one knows; bad advisers made trouble; the Emperor speedily found that his policy of reconciliation pleased neither party, and, as a climax, the United States notified Napoleon the III that there was neither occasion nor room on the American continent for a monarchy. This was practically a command to withdraw, and Napoleon so interpreted it. Poor Maximilian was left to his fate; he made a feeble defence, but was captured in Queretaro and, in spite of all efforts to save him, it was a political necessity that he should be executed.

While in Mexico I met two gentlemen who had been personal friends of the Emperor; one, an Englishman, has lived in the republic more than thirty years and has watched with alien eyes the rise and fall of royalty and the vicissitudes of the nation in its struggles for liberty; the other, a man still in the prime of life, holds the rank of colonel in the Mexican army. Although their personal sympathy was with Maximilian, both agreed that his death was inevitable, and, tragic though it was, there was no other

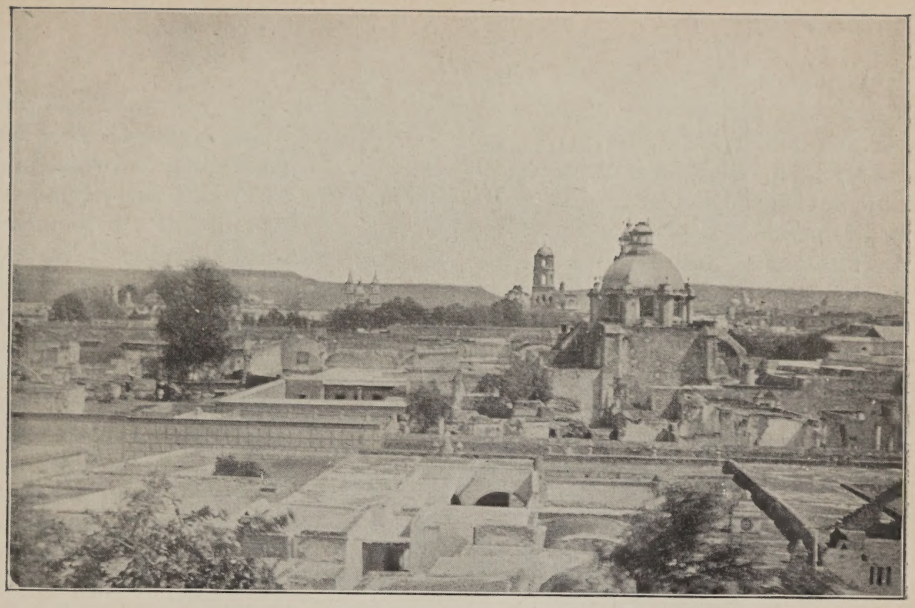
course for the Government to pursue. Had the Archduke possessed a stronger character, history might have had a different story to tell; as it is she can only point with mournful gesture to the "Hill of the Bells," where, after all these years, a tiny chapel is being erected—it is said by the Emperor of Austria to his brother's memory.

Whatever his creed or nationality no visitor can enter the Memorial Chamber of the Palace wherein are kept the relics of the unfortunate Emperor, without feeling a pang of sorrow. On the wall hang execrable crayon portraits of the three victims and their military Judges. There also is Juarez, who was then the ruling power in the republic. The stools on which the three men sat during their trial and the coffin in which Maximilian's body was carried from the field are there, gruesome objects all, and the big brass inkstand used by the Judge in signing the fatal sentence. There, too, is the furled flag of the Royalists, truly a "conquered banner drooping sadly." We signed our names in the huge ledger, which is filled with autographs of persons from all countries; visited the state dining-room which has all the melancholy of a banquet hall deserted, saw the city from the top of the Palace, tipped the smiling and courteous mozo who had acted as our cicerone and took our leave feeling decidedly mas triste than before. I must not neglect to mention another portrait that hangs on the wall of this gloomy chamber; it is that of the famous Corregidora (chief magistrate's wife) Doña Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, and beneath it is a large and cumbersome lock with a gigantic key. That lock and key has a history as well known to the niños of Mexico as is the story of Bluebeard and the luckless Fatima to our young generation, only in this case, the tale is a true one.

Doña Josefa was a woman after Napoleon's own heart, for she had thirteen sons and she gave them all to the army. Unlike most Mexican wives, she had a mind and will of her own and while a prisoner in her husband's house—she was a patriot and he a royalist—she sent through this very keyhole a whispered message to Hidalgo that his plans were discovered; this warning led to the "Grito," the cry of Mexican Independence, and thereby precipitated the revolution. There is something very noble and daring, to my mind, in the action of the brave, old priest, disdaining flight when warned of his danger, and climbing to the belfry that memorable night to give the signal, the grito that assembled the patriots of Mexico to strike an almost hopeless blow for their country's liberty. It is not strange that every city has a statue erected to Hidalgo's memory, and that the people of every state delight to do him honor.

A dusty and extremely unpleasant drive brought us to the Cerro de las Campanas, where, on the spot where Maximilian and his two generals fell, a small chapel is in process of erection. Standing on the ground once stained with the life blood of an Archduke, an Emperor, and, above all, a gentleman, I watched the sun set in golden glory behind the lofty spires and low, flat roofs of the city and thought of the mutability of this world's promises and of—Carlota! Then entering our rickety carriage we drove off, convinced that of all places in the sunny land of Mexico, Queretaro is in truth the most melancholy.

It is noted historically for other



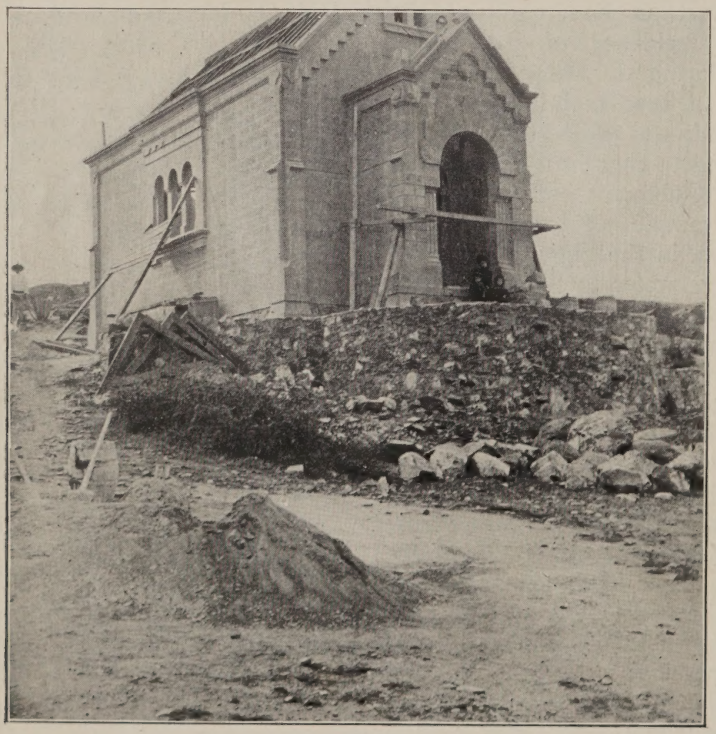
VIEW OF QUERETARO FROM THE NATIONAL PALACE.

events than this short drama of Franco-Austrian sovereignty, for it was the residence of the Federal Powers during our war with Mexico in 1847, and in a small house on Calle San Antonio was signed the treaty that put an end to that little international episode. Queretaro boasts of a wonderful example of engineering, for those days, in the gigantic acqueduct that brings water to the city; to appreciate its utility one should see it by day and note its seventy-two arches, the centre one more than sixty feet high, but to get an idea of its picturesque beauty visit it on a moonlit evening when the long shadows of the arches fall across the quiet valley and the giant cacti make strange figures on the bleached ground. There is a ruined hacienda in the distance which adds to the effect, and if you go you will be repaid for your drive by finding something altogether beautiful in Queretaro. The city owes this acqueduct to her public benefactor, the Marques Villa del Villar del Aguila—I think that is all of his name—who gave $88,000 from his own purse towards its

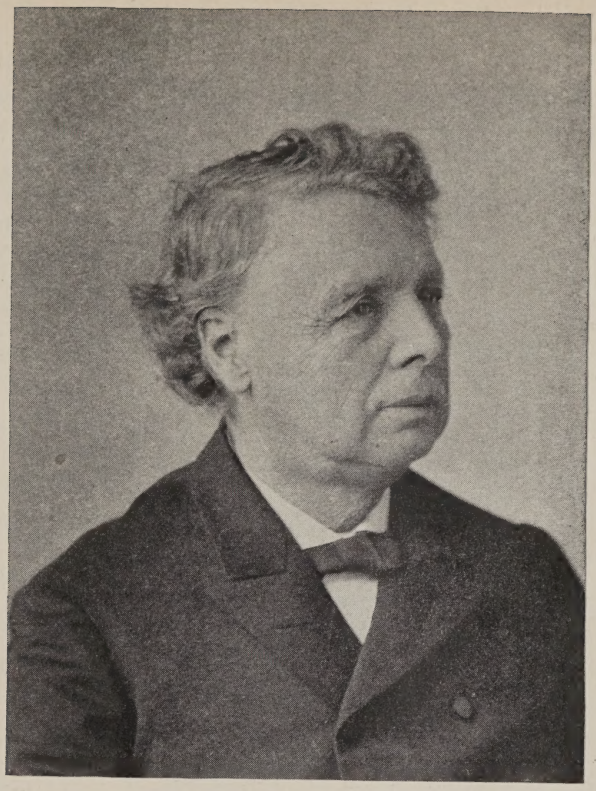
SOME MEXICANAS.

construction, and seventy-seven years later had a fine statue erected to his memory by his grateful fellow-citizens. While in Guadalajara we had the pleasure of meeting a great-grandson of this illustrious Marquise, a rather cheerful little man, who told us with evident pride of his noted ancestor, of his uncle, the present direct heir, and of himself, giving the various ramifications of his family tree with such apparent enjoyment of the theme that I quite fancied myself back in old Virginia.

In spite of its air of gloom and tragic reminiscence, we actually left Queretaro en fête. The night of our departure was one of general celebration, for it is a custom throughout the state of Mexico to send a delegation of leading citizens to the President, whenever the latter's term of office has expired, petitioning him in formal, and we may rest assured, flowery Spanish, to resume the reins of government. This little farce is religiously carried out every four years, and so the Plaza Publica was gay with thousands of Chinese lanterns—of Queretaro manufacture—there was music in the Zocala, all the houses were lighted and decorated, and the air was rife with festivity. It was hard to believe oneself in Queretaro. The plaza was really very beautiful, the music most alluring, and so with the echoes of La Golondrina ringing in our ears we left the quaint old city with cheerful spirit, but with hearts still filled with memories of Maximilian.



CHAPEL ON "THE HILL OF THE BELLS," IN MEMORY OF MAXIMILIAN.



THE LATE HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

AN HONORED BAY STATE NAME.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

Among the names indelibly impressed upon the political, legal, business and social history of Boston and Massachusetts is the honored one of Gaston, distinguished as it has been as borne by one of the venerated executives of the state, and a man who, in addition to the political distinctions he achieved during his splendidly fruitful life, held rank as well as one of the ablest lawyers of his time, and a gentleman representing the very highest type of courteous, chivalrous, intellectual manhood. Those who had the good fortune to be brought in close contact with the late Hon. William Gaston, will always remember him as an exalted exponent of the best American citizenship, a gentleman of the broadest culture, and one of the most genial and approachable of men. Catholics may well hold his memory in veneration as one who was their friend, counsellor and defender, when the illiberalism and bigotry of knownothingism was rampant in the state, and when the interest of such an able, broad-minded and influential man counted

COLONEL WM. A. GASTON.

for much in stemming the tide of intolerance. His fine intellectual face, his scholarly diction, whether exhibited in a state paper or legal argument, his invariable courtesy and fine equipoise of character have left a legacy of memory of the happiest kind.

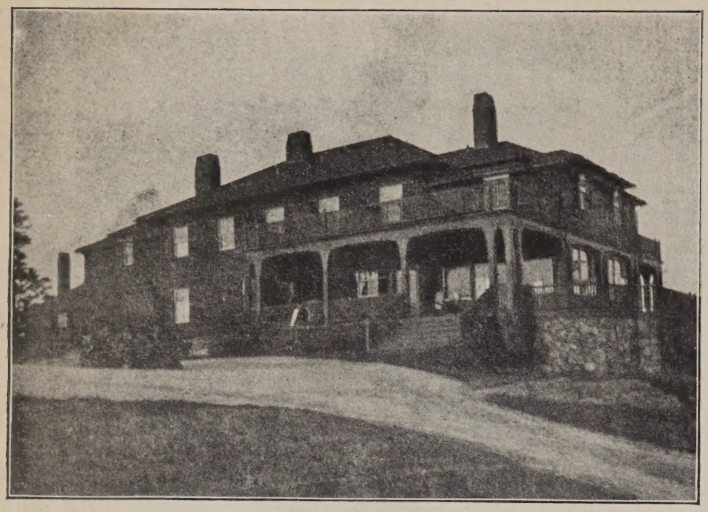
William Gaston was born in South Killingly, Conn., Oct. 3, 1820, and was the son of Alexander Gaston and Kezia Arnold, his mother being of the Arnold family so prominent in Rhode Island. The Gastons trace their lineage back to Jean Gaston, a French Huguenot, who left France about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in Scotland. Sons of Jean went to the North of Ireland, and there was the family home for a generation. John Gaston, 3d, emigrated to this country about the middle of the eighteenth century. This John was the father of Alexander and grandfather of the late governor. Another member of the family settled in North Carolina, and thus was introduced here a Catholic branch still prominent in the South. Its most distinguished member was the Hon. William Gaston, who made a brilliant record as a United States senator, and was one of the most prominent men of his time in his section of the country. This Senator Gaston of North Carolina was the second cousin of Alexander.

William, who was destined to attain the highest office in the gift of the people of Massachusetts, attended school at Brooklyn Academy, Conn., and Plainfield Academy, and later entered Brown University, graduating therefrom with the degree of A.B., in 1840, and later receiving that of A.M. from his alma mater. Coming to Boston, he took up the study of law

in the office of C. P. and (Judge) B. R. Curtis, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. From his home city, Roxbury, then a distinct municipality, he was returned to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and later to the Senate, and was city solicitor and mayor of Roxbury. He was mayor of Boston in 1871 and 1872, and in 1873 was the the democratic candidate for governor, but was defeated by Governor Washburn, receiving the nomination again the next year, and at that election winning a triumph, being the first democratic governor chosen in the state for over a generation. This victory was a splendid tribute to the worth of the man, for it was achieved when the democratic party was far more of a minority than is the case today, and it required the magic of a man whose personality was capable of overcoming the partisanship of a sufficient portion of the opposition to yield him the palm of victory. No lawyer in the state held higher rank and his presidency of the Bar Association was most emphatic recognition of this fact. Mr. Gaston married on May 27, 1852, Louisa Augusta Beecher, of the well-known Connecticut family bearing that name. He died Jan. 19, 1894.

MRS. GASTON.

As in the case of the other men who have left the impress of their splendid individuality upon the history of their time, the family name's place upon the roll of honor is not to end with him. He has left more than a legacy of memory in a son who holds true to the family traditions for ability, culture,



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM A. GASTON, NORTH HAVERS, MASS.

and legal and political prominence, and one who has already distinguished himself as a man of infinite business powers and the object of limitless confidence in matters of the highest integrity and ability of stewardship. To him, as to his distinguished father, the highest office in the gift of the people of the state is inevitably to come, and thus the family history is bound to repeat itself and receive an additional accession of honor. In the son, as in the father, there is the same exalted standard of character, ever-broadening mental vision, and warm, humanizing courtesy and geniality.

William A. Gaston was born in Roxbury, May 1, 1859. His earliest education was received at a private school from which he entered the public schools, passing eventually to the Roxbury Latin School, from which he graduated in 1875. He graduated from Harvard in 1880, in the same class with President Roosevelt, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Robert Winsor of Kidder Peabody & Co. and Robert Bacon of J. P. Morgan & Co. He was admitted to the bar in 1883, and the next year became a partner with his father, the firm name being Gaston & Whitney. C. L. B. Whitney retired in 1890, and Mr. Frederick Snow was admitted. About 1892, ex-Governor Gaston retired and the firm name was changed to Gaston & Snow. Richard M. Saltonstall became a member of the firm in 1898, and Gaston, Snow & Saltonstall it has remained ever since. The firm has a staff of fourteen employees, the largest of any law office in Boston, a fact testifying to the vast volume of legal business committed to the firm's care. Mr. Gaston was a member of the staff of the late Governor William E. Russell; but has never held an elective political office. Last year he was prominently mentioned for the democratic gubernatorial nomination; but retired in favor of Josiah Quincy. This year this nomination is to be his, as he is the strongest candidate in the field, and the one whose name carries the greatest assurance of election. He has established a reputation as a man of vast business, professional and political possibilities.

Col. Gaston in order to protect the interest of his clients was forced to

CHILDREN OF COL. WM. A. GASTON.

assume the Presidency of the Boston Elevated Railway. His genius here displayed itself. He found the concern disorganized and bankrupt, unpopular, too, to some extent; he left it in a sound financial condition, its property more valuable than ever, and its 8000 employees the most contented corps of men working for any one firm. He has been trustee of Forest Hills Cemetery since 1890, and trustee of a dozen estates, one of which represents $10,000,000. He is a member of the Somerset, Country, Algonquin, Curtis and Racquet clubs; Bostonian, Horticultural Hall and Roxbury Improvement Societies; the Harvard Club of New York; and has been an officer of

the Bar Association. Only a man of inexhaustible energy could meet the demands of such vast professional and business interests as are committed to his care, and his perfect grasp of all details, his thorough appreciation of all public requirements, his devotion to the interests of the old Bay State, are qualifications that promise the highest public usefulness in a state executive. One thing is certain, no man can more thoroughly command the suffrage of his own party than can William A. Gaston, nor could any other democrat be selected as a candidate for the governorship who enjoys more generally, without distinction of party, the respect of the voters of the state.

Mr. Gaston married in 1892, Miss May D. Lockwood, and has a beautiful city home at 97 Bay State road, where with his wife and four children, Ruth, William, John, and Hope, the time not demanded by business cares is happily spent, the recreation period of each year being passed at the family's delightful island retreat at North Haven, Me.

A GREAT DAY IN NAPLES.

BY REV. ALFRED SINNOTT, D.D.

No festival in Naples, national or municipal, can compare in point of universality or enthusiasm with the feast of St. Januarius. He is the patron of the city, the penates of the home, the idol and centre of the emotional and intermediatory worship of every Neapolitan. It is alike a festival for the good and bad. In it the pious see an indication of divine favor; the merchant finds proof of prosperity or misfortune; the gambler seeks signs and numbers for the next lottery, and the evil-doer reads insecurity or peace of conscience for another year. And it all depends upon the fact whether the miracle eventuates or not.

We had risen early on the morning of the 19th of September to see the sun rise over Mount Vesuvius, and at the same time to be in readiness for an early departure for the Cathedral. For the 19th is the day of the semi-annual miracle—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and all Naples is awake early on that day. As only the prompt can gain admittance to the church, unless you bestir yourself an army of pious old men and women will have preceded you.

It was not seven o'clock when we descended into the street, and even in noisy Naples an extra bustle and activity were evident. True the shops and places of business were closed, but all over the streets there was a special and somewhat ingenious method of making money without displeasing the saint. Here on the corner is an old man carrying a pack, containing busts of St. Januarius in cope and mitre. They are only two *soldi* each, and as he advertises his presence he asks you what better *ricordo* of Naples could the stranger have or what surer entrance into the affections of the saint for the Neapolitan? As you stand to inspect the rude sculpture another passes you with pictures and medals bearing the effigy of the man of God. Across the way is a stand where a hundred different articles with the face and form of Januarius stamped upon them are sold at lowest prices. And they all do a thriving business, for Neapolitans are good-natured today and everyone must carry home some reminder of the feast.

As you approach the Cathedral you will be persuaded that it is a market place, for there before you on the high steps of the Duomo are congregated half-a-dozen specimens of every variety of business we had seen along the way. And how they shout their wares and try to press them upon you! But you have only to raise your finger in the peculiar Italian way, and they will make room for you and allow you to ascend to the door of the Cathedral.

By the extreme kindness of a sacristan we were allowed to enter the sanctuary of the chapel where the relic is kept—one could say *guarded*—for it is placed always in a safe with three locks, of which one key is retained by the Cardinal Archbishop, another is given to the acting mayor of Naples, and the third is in possession of some prominent layman or ecclesiastic.

Just here a line of history may not be out of place. Januarius was the Bishop of Benevento—a town near Naples—at the opening of the 4th

century. In the time of persecution he was seized by the Governor of the Province and cast into prison. Shortly afterwards with many companions he was exposed to the wild beasts in the immense amphitheatre of Pozzuoli. But God preserving His servants from such a death they were immediately condemned to be beheaded. Their relics were safely guarded by the pious Christians and the body of Januarius was placed in the Cathedral at Naples. As was customary in those days of Faith some religious person zealously collected the blood. That same blood can be seen in the Treasury of the Cathedral unto this day. It is contained in two small vials, is of a dark brown appearance, and very dry and hard. But twice a year, in September and May—the first the day of the execution and the second the translation of the relics from Pozzuoli—when the blood is brought within sight of the head of the martyr it melts gradually and becomes a flowing liquid.

We had not long to wait before a Monsignor, accompanied by several Bishops, among them the Bishop of Scranton, Pa., appeared upon the altar. The Monsignor held the reliquary turning it upside down from time to time to see if any liquefaction had taken place. All the while the clergy and people were reciting litanies, and beseeching St. Januarius to once more bestow upon Naples this mark of his favor. The chapel was crowded and the air warm and suffocating. Old men and women shouted in harsh notes at the top of their voices, putting all faith and earnestness into their petitions. The people jostled one another in their efforts to be nearer the altar. Through faith or curiosity everyone was anxious to see the miracle. Amid the awful din there was a general hush—all at once silence prevailed! A drop—more! a flow of liquid, was remarked within the vial. In an instant a tremendous cheer filled the Cathedral. In spite of itself every voice in that congregation gave utterance to an exclamation of wonder or thanksgiving. At the same time from the top of the Duomo a signal was given. Cannons boomed from St. Elmo, the bells rang in all the churches, and every factory whistle blew its loudest. And all Naples was happy.

No one can leave the Cathedral on the 19th of September, or on the May feast, without being impressed by the faith and piety of the people of Naples and carrying away the solemn thought that God does show His wonders among the sincere and pure of heart.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Timothy, or Letters to a Young Theologian. By Dr. Franz Hettinger. Translated and adapted by Rev. Victor Stepka.

Friends of seminary students should provide them with a copy of this excellent book before they return to their studies in the autumn. In twenty-seven letters, the learned Dr. Hettinger discusses the calling to and the preparation for the priesthood. The Study of Philosophy, The Philosophy of St. Thomas, Theology, Dogmatic and Moral Theology, and the Natural Sciences, Canon Law, Art Studies, Biblical Studies, Church History, the Fathers, Catechetics, Homiletics and Liturgy, are all treated with that wealth of knowledge, that breadth of mind and that exquisite style which are characteristic of this giant theologian. His remarks are worthy of constant reflection. Take, for example, his views upon the History of Philosophy: "Never suffer yourself to believe that you have mastered scholasticism or philosophy, by simply hearing a course of lectures on the History of Philosophy. It is downright folly to believe that one can cover the very large territory of the History of Philosophy in one short term of six months, as is really attempted nowadays in so many schools; this results in the maltreatment and intellectual torture of our young men, and in a degradation of philosophy itself." Listen to what he has to say of the study of church history: "The Incarnation of God alone makes a history of the world possible; for in Christ mankind became aware first of its *unity*, and therefore church history is so intimately connected with universal history that it becomes the soul and active principle thereof. All attempts to obtain a harmonious, world-view are futile, if we close our eyes to the *inner* side of general history; exclude this and general history will remain a book closed by seven seals."

Nor does he neglect the spiritual training of the aspirant for the priestly dignity. "Jesus Christ is the model of the interior life, the life in the eternal, in the lasting, a life escaping the vicissitudes of time, viewing everything in the light of eternity."

The book is full of true knowledge, of sound suggestions and of practical directions. It will prove a blessing to the seminarian and a help to the seminary director. May it find many friends among clergy and laity!

Herder, St. Louis. Price, $1.50.

Forty-five Sermons, written to meet objections of the present day. By Rev. James McKernan.

It is a cause of pleasure to meet a writer who turns his energies to the difficulties of the present. A great deal of force is sometimes lost in combating errors, which have long since ceased to worry the minds of our fellow-citizens. But there are many, very many, problems which trouble the modern thinker, and which claim the attention of the sincere defender of a revealed religion. We hope that many spiritual leaders will follow the example of the earnest Father McKernan, and take up the weapons of attack against the venomous errors of the day. Father McKernan is clear, direct, and impressive.

Some of the sermons in this collection could be improved by development. Thus a non-Catholic would, probably, find the argumentative portion in some of the discourses somewhat too brief for satisfactory conviction. We should also like to see a sermon or two added on the nature and the scope of the *supernatural*. Modern life is so completely wrapped up in the *natural*, that we need to insist, with ever-increasing emphasis, upon the meaning and the reality of the *higher*, the *supernatural* life.

Pustet & Co. New York and Cincinnati.

The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century. Translated from the German of Rev. M. J. Scheeben, D.D. Edited by Rev. John P. M.Schleuter, S.J..

This little pamphlet makes the heart glow with renewed fervor, and swell with expanding joy over the triumphs of faith. We see from these pages that the age of sanctity has not, as some thoughtless writers assert, passed, but that in every land and under varied conditions, the Catholic Church, the mother of heroes and of saints, is still showing forth to the world saintly children, models of every virtue, the glory and pride of every one who pays allegiance to that universal Church, the war-cry of which, no matter how disloyal some of her children have been, has always been a rousing summons to mount the rugged heights of Christian virtue. Our confraternities and sodalities ought to scatter this brochure broadcast over the land. May the apostolic Father Schleuter give us many treasures like this from the mines of German Catholic literature.

Benziger Bros. New York. 10 cents.

Oraciones Catolicas. Catholic Prayers. English and Spanish on opposite pages.

For the trifling sum of five cents, the enterprising Catholic Book Exchange of New York offers us a complete Spanish prayer-book, or, for ten cents, the same with an added English translation. In view of the frequent interchange that must inevitably come between ourselves and our new colonies, the wisdom, both for priests and commercial laymen, of having a Spanish prayer-book, is too evident to need emphasis.

Religion, Agnosticism and Education. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

This volume is made up of seven papers dealing with the vital questions of Religion and Education. The pen of the erudite Bishop of Peoria has lost none of its deftness, and his mind none of its originality. Deep, suggestive, practical, eloquent, must we exclaim after reading each chapter. With striking vividness he portrays the beauty of the Christian religion and the exalted character of its founder.

"To Christ alone has it been given so to deliver the truths of the divine life, as to thrill the hearts of his hearers, as to make them not his enthusiastic disciples and lovers alone, but the lovers of all men and the doers of all good. His presence draws and soothes and chastens the soul. He comes not like the prophets denouncing woe; he comes not like the philosophers arguing and defining, but he comes as from central depths of the Unseen, calm and gentle, wise and loving. . . . He is a permanent personal influence, an ideal character to whom men turn and are conscious they are with the Highest. . . . By the contemplation of his life, mankind have been exalted and purified more than by the disquisitions of all the philosophers and the exhortations of all the moralists."

How forcibly, too, Bishop Spalding shows the power of the Christian life. "The agencies by which the whole race shall be uplifted and purified are persons, the men and women who, sprung, for the most part, from the common people, know and love Christ; who, under the impulse given by this knowledge and love, become centres of divine influence, saints, martyrs, reformers, liberators, founders, and builders in the heavenly kingdom; who are mighty, not because they are clothed with authority or possessed of great wealth, but because they are devoted, unselfish, gentle, helpful, chaste and heroic.

They have one faith, they pursue one aim. They follow one Lord and Master, and yet they represent many types. They are as unlike as St. John and St. Paul, as St. Francis and St. Thomas of Aquino, as Gregory the Seventh and Columbus. Their gifts, their offices, their works, are various. They are men of action, they are men of contemplation. They found and they build; they lead and they rule. They are the pioneers in whatever is right and helpful. . . . They are found in the midst of savage tribes, by the side of the dying, in hospitals and asylums, and in whatever refuges poor stricken human beings seek for solace and forgiveness, more in place in such company than in the palaces of the rich. They are the most faithful friends, the most steadfast patriots, the readiest to die in any worthy cause. They can wear a beggar's garb and not be degraded, an emperor's crown and not be elated. In exile they are at home; in the agonies of death they are with God."

Surely this is wisdom, surely this is perfection in diction, surely these thoughts are inspiring and energizing.

A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago. 80 cents.

Statistics Concerning Education in the Philippine Islands. By Rev. Samuel Hedges.

A timely pamphlet upon a much-discussed subject. From it we learn that the University of Santo Tomas, which was founded as a college in 1611, was raised to the grade of a university by Pope Innocent X in 1645, with the two faculties of theology and arts, to which was added the faculty of law in 1734 by Clement XII, and of medicine in 1870. There were a number of colleges throughout the archipelago, while secondary and primary schools were not lacking. Fr. Hedges throws a great deal of light upon the present controversy.

Benziger Bros. New York. 10 cents

Before permitting her readers to explore for themselves "At the Back of Beyond" Miss Jane Barlow invites their attention to a topographical note prefacing the collection of stories, from which we learn that there is an even more remote region known as "beyond the beyonds entirely." But Mrs. Dempsey belongs "At the Back of Beyond," and she is such an attractive personality that few will wish to pass her by in search of other types. The author's preference for her is unmistakably manifested as she makes her the central figure of the initial story, "A

White Kerchief." The happy pastoral scene is so skilfully painted that it lingers in the memory—the warm May sunshine, the green of the hills, the grazing cow, and its comely mistress who makes a brilliant patch of color in her "skirt of stout homespun, deep red like a very ripe hawthorn berry, a shortish, thick cloth cloak, blue as the smoke of her peat fire, and on her head a fine woollen kerchief, white as any mushroom awning when most freshly unfurled." The kerchief was Mrs. Dempsey's darling vanity, and the one point on which she inclined to extravagance. For shoes she had a decided dislike, refusing to burden her feet with them, greatly to the mortification of Norah, her daughter. Like most Irish mothers Mrs. Dempsey lavishes the wealth of her love on her sons, particularly on Paddy, "who was the moral of all the McQueens, her own people." She had fretted terribly when he took it into his head to be off to America with Mick, her other son, but the expectation of his return fills her with joy, and consoles her for the departure of Norah, who crosses the sea to seek her fortune. The girl is a devoted daughter and rejoices that the favorite will more than fill her place.

Miss Barlow draws Paddy with unsparing faithfulness of detail. He returns with "a tidy bit of money"—and a wife, to the sad consternation of his mother, who had built great plans for his homecoming. He had made an expeditious marriage on his arrival in Queenstown, the bride being an English girl he met on the passage over. The scenes that follow are painful in the extreme, culminating in the retirement of the old mother, forced out of her home into the wretched cabin of an aged relative. Norah in America dreams of her as safe and happy, sunning herself in her old pleasant nook among the green pasture lands. The meagre correspondence that passes between brother and sister owing to the illiteracy of both and the cunning of Paddy keeps her in ignorance of her mother's true condition, and the little sums she remits from her scant earnings are appropriated by Mrs. Paddy, whose control of her husband is absolute. The wronged mother drags out weary years in abject poverty, but is finally rescued by the faithful Norah, who as Mrs. Johnny Kinsella comes home to satisfy herself about her mother. Nothing finer or stronger could be written than the description of the meeting of the two. "She'll be wearin' the bit of a white handkerchief shinin' over her head yet, I'll be bound," Norah reflected, to the accompaniment of the throbbing screw of the steamer, and she smiled to think of her in her sunny nook on the hill. And she meets a scene of heart-chilling desertion. Norah is at her best as she drives over the stretch of stony road, sometimes reaching out at the lagging horse with the point of her umbrella, while big Johnny and little Johnny at the other side of the car couldn't get a word out of her. Finally the weather-stained cabin is reached. It is empty, and like one demented Norah runs down the deep-rutted track towards the sea. There among the boulders she sees a ragged, beggar-like old woman, bare-headed and bare-footed, stooping in search of long slimy dilisk leaves, her chief article of food.

The author has a fine sense of what is due to her readers, for after harrowing their feelings to the point of tears she gives them a parting glimpse of Mrs. Dempsey, grown ten years younger and once more possessed of a cow and a home of her own, and with young Johnny Kinsella to fill her days with joy.

The other stories in the collection treat for the most part of trivial haps and mishaps, with here and there a fragment of tragedy, or a morsel of romance, and through all the sterling virtues of lowly lives glorified and exalted by faith.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. $1.50.

"History of Philosophy." By the Reverend William Turner, S.T.D., Professor of the History of Philosophy in the St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

Nearly one-third of this text-book is devoted to the history of Scholastic Philosophy—the copious extracts from the writings of the Schoolmen embodied in the text give an insight into a movement of thought which all teachers of philosophy recognize to be important, but which is practically inaccessible to most students of philosophy. The account of the religio-philosophical system of Babylon, India, etc. will be appreciated not only for the interest which these systems possess in themselves, but also on account of their relation to the beginnings of philosophical speculation in Greece. The history of Modern Philosophy is brought down to the end of the nineteenth century so as to include the Neo-Hegelianism, Neo-Voluntarism and Neo-Scholasticism which command so much attention at the present

time. Throughout the work, care is taken to indicate the sources which may be conveniently consulted by students, and at the end of each section critical suggestions are offered for the purpose of encouraging students to form a judgment as to the truth and value of each successive contribution to philosophical thought. The book will be ready in November. Ginn & Company, Publishers.

The Institute of Pedagogy will be opened October 1, 1902, in the hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th street, New York City. Lectures will be given daily, Sunday excepted, from October till May. Afternoon sessions from 4 to 6, except Saturdays, when the sessions will be from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

The Institute has been established for the purpose of providing, under Catholic auspices, the preparation required of teachers by the rules of the Board of Education of New York.

The work of the Institute is designed primarily to meet the needs of teachers who apply for the Principal's license or for the head of department license in New York City.

For information relative to courses of instruction, admission, etc., address Rev. E. A. Pace, 468 West 145th street, New York.

The new Literature and Art Readers by B. Ellen Burke and the Grammar School Geography are among the text books that will prove most attractive to the children on the re-opening of school. These books will be ready in September, and those who have had the privilege of examining them predict for them a great success. They are unique from every point of view, combining instruction with literary and artistic features of the highest class. In the next issue we shall comment at length on the character and scope of the work they accomplish.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, New York, has issued in pamphlet form "The Friars Must Stay." This plea for the Friars, gives an account of the influences arrayed against them in the Philippine Islands, with proofs that the Filipino people want them to remain and that some are actually living in their parishes, and that only firm action is needed on the part of our officials to maintain them in rights which Governor Taft testifies to be theirs. Price, five cents.

WILL OF ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

The Estate Valued at about $125,000.

The Largest Single Items were Two Policies in The Mutual Life Insurance Company for $25,000 each.

The contents of the will of the Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, of Chicago, in disposing of property amounting to about $125,000, was announced last week. The personal property schedule, as printed in the newspapers, was as follows:

Two policies of $25,000 each in The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York	$50,000
Accumulated dividends on one of these policies	9,829
Another insurance policy	14,000
Bonds and cash in bank	37,000

Among the beneficiaries under the will are the following:

Miss Kate Feehan, his sister, who resided with him until his death, is to receive $40,000 in bonds and to benefit by one life insurance policy of $25,000.

Mrs. Anna A. Feehan, widow of the late Dr. Edward L. Feehan of St. Louis, brother of the testator, is the beneficiary of one life insurance policy of $25,000 and $5,000 in cash.

St. Patrick's Academy, Park and Oakley avenues, of which the archbishop's sister, Mother Mary Catherine, is the head, was given $10,000 out of the third insurance policy.

St. Mary's Training School for Boys at Feehanville, which was the prelate's favorite institution, was given the remaining $4,000 of this insurance policy.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. How many candles are required at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament?

A. At the Forty Hours Adoration, at least twenty wax candles are required. At the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, ten or twelve is the least number, and when there is Exposition of one day, ten or twelve may be deemed sufficient. Notice this number of wax candles is required.

Q. What are we to think of the severity of the Church towards heretics during the Middle Ages?

A. What are we to think of the severity of St. Paul, who wrote to the Galatians, I.—8 and 9: "But though we, or an Angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so now I say again: if anyone preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema. And to his disciple Titus, whom he had ordained and left as bishop in the island of Crete, to continue the work he had himself begun there, St. Paul writes: "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, avoid, knowing that he that is such a one is subverted, and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment." Titus, III, 10 and 11.

What are we to think of St. John, the beloved disciple of our Lord, the greatest of the Apostles, the pattern and the preacher of love and of all that is lovable, when we see him rushing out of a bath, fearing to stay in the building, because the heretic Cerinthus was in there, and the building was not safe therefore from the judgment of God?

Heresy is an awful crime against God, and those who start a heresy are more guilty than they who are traitors to the civil government. If the state has the right to punish treason with death, the principle is the same that concedes to the spiritual authority the power of life and death over the arch-traitor to truth and to divine revelation, and law, and government. And a principle which today may remain as a principle, may at the same time be lacking in execution. A state may have a law against swearing written in its statutes, and the enforcement of the law may never be called for. Today those who are heretics are descendants of those who long ago left the Church. The strength of the Church's arm is not directed against them: she desires only that they may learn the truth and live. But she was justified in the strongest proceedings against the originators of heresies; and the spirit of the age, and the necessities of the times, and the conditions of society, and the duty of advancing civilization all united in commendation of her course. Put yourself in that period of time, breathe its atmosphere, live its life, and then estimate in the time itself. This must be done always in studying history aright. Yet, after all, the Church but seldom used her power in its extremity. Her general course was leniency and mercy. She had and she has the right and the power to guard her interests and her life. An attack on faith is a blow at her heart. Self-defence implies the right to take another's life, when this is necessary to preserve one's own life. Only in such necessity has the Church acted, and she has done only what self-defence required. But where individual bishops or sectional tribunals or civil governments have acted, the Church universal must not be held responsible. History attests that she often gave a practical reversal to such stern judgments, by affording in Rome itself an asylum to many condemned in other lands.

But to recur to the principle: A perfect society has the right to its existence, to the fulfilment of its destiny, and to its defence against all enemies, internal as well as external. The very seeking of its end includes the right to use means to the end. And the power of capital punishment is acknowledged for every perfect society. Now, by the will of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the Church is a perfect society, and as such it has the right and power of capital punishment.

Q. Is it a sin for children to marry without the consent of their parents, or even without their knowledge?.

A. Evidently, parents should know of the intended marriage of their child. The case must indeed be exceptional where one should feel justified to keep his marriage so secret, that not even his father and mother should be informed. The proper course is to consult the parents and to obtain their consent. Sometimes, the parents may be justified in withholding consent, and the children would act wisely by obeying the parents' behest. At other times, the parents may be unreasonable or impracticable, and it may be the part of wisdom for the children to marry despite

the parents' prohibition. However, as it is easy to "act in haste and repent at leisure," the best way is to consult one's confessor or the priest with whom the arrangements are made for the marriage. As his will be the advice of a disinterested party, it should be a safe advice to follow. Naturally, those who have long lived apart from home, or who have come to somewhat maturer age than to be reckoned as children, can more easily act against the wishes of parents. The very young should certainly not act without the advice of the priest.

Q. I was chosen to be godfather to a child. On the day of the baptism I was delayed and did not reach the house until after the child had been baptized. Then I was told that another man had consented to act in my place, and that I was sponsor by proxy, and that my absence had not caused any alteration of the original plan. Now, I want to know if I am really sponsor.

A. No. If you had selected some one to represent you, or had agreed to have one appointed in your absence to represent you, you would be really sponsor. But as the other party acted only in your name, and not at your request, you are not sponsor.

Q. Is it necessary that a child should receive the name of a saint at baptism? Many people like to give some other name, and some priests object, even where the name proposed is one dear to the family.

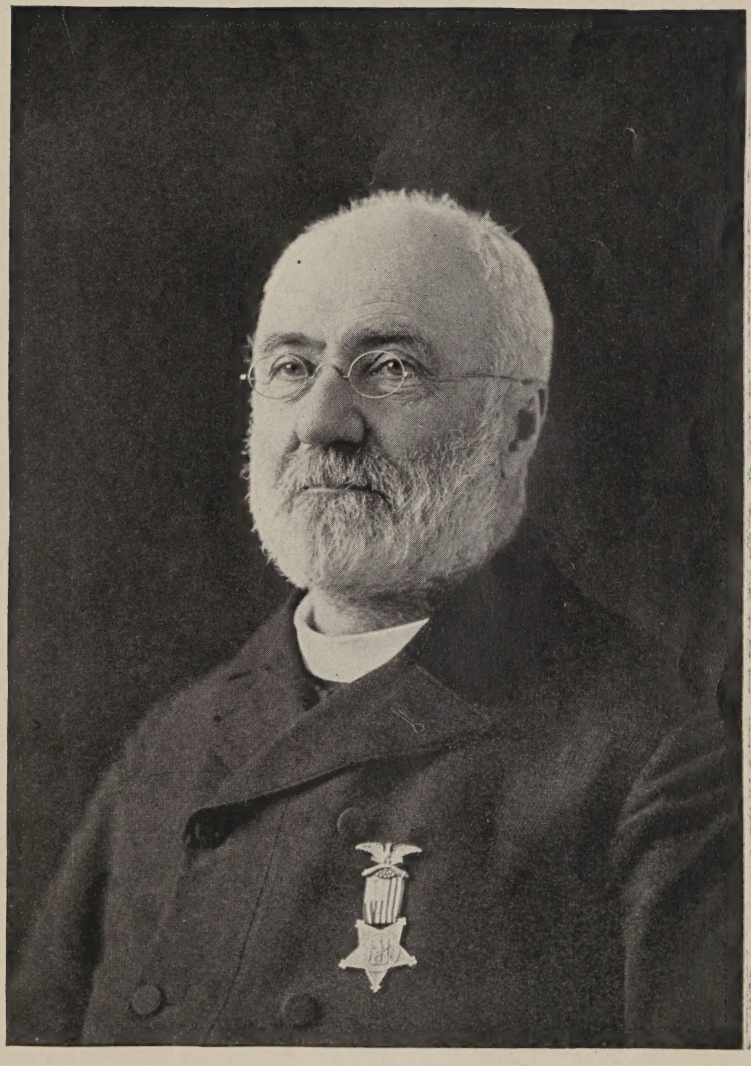
A. The Church greatly desires that those who are to be regenerated in Christ as children of God shall receive the names of saints whose example may incite them to holiness of life, and whose patronage may protect them. The Church likewise bids the priest take care that no obscene, mythical, ridiculous names, or those of false gods or wicked heathens be given. So the Church does not make a precept in the matter, but her wish is strong and evident, and every priest in baptizing is solicitous to respect that wish of the Holy Mother. So should be the disposition of all Catholics. Every child should have a "Christian" name. It is very easy then to add the family name or any other reputable name that may be desired, and thus satisfy the requirements of the Church and of the parents.

Q. What is the "Heroic Act?"

A. The word "Heroic Act" is applied to an act in behalf of the souls in purgatory, by which a Catholic makes, for the benefit of the suffering souls, a voluntary offering of all works of satisfaction done by himself in this life, as also of all which shall be offered for him after his death. No one should make this offering in a mere moment of enthusiasm and spiritual exaltation; in fact, never without the advice of his confessor.

Q. If a laborer or a citizen could produce wealth enough in ten or fifteen weeks of the so-called Dark Ages to support himself and family for one year, with the crude tools he then had, why is it that he cannot do so now, when he produces ten times as much wealth with the tools he is using at the present time?

A. We do not endorse this statement as a statement of facts. But taking it for what it may be, we ask in answer, what kind of support did he give his family on such labor? Where was he the rest of the year? Was he fighting for his feudal lord, who as compensation provided the necessary support for the wives and families of those who did him homage? Was the support like that procured by the inhabitants of tropical regions, who simply live from hand to mouth, who labor only enough to keep them from starvation? Has not the introduction of comforts and luxuries into the homes of all the people necessitated more continuous labor in our modern life? Have not the workers more results for more work? We have much to deplore in the exactions of monopolies and trusts of to-day, but the workingman has gained much for himself, has it in his power to gain more, and is nowhere in a better position to provide for himself than in this country.



THE LATE REV. THOMAS SCULLY.

See page 330.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVIII. OCTOBER, 1902. No. 4

THE BLESSED VIRGIN TO THE CHILD JESUS.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I am Thy mother and yet Thy child;
Thou art my Master and yet my Son;
But be Thou Master or Infant mild,
Ever Thy will in my heart is done.

Each glance of Thine is a sun that burns,
Shadow and gloom from my soul away;
Each little word is a song that turns
Sorrow to gladness a livelong day.

White for Thy pillow my lilies blow,
Only on lilies must rest Thy head.
Red for Thy pathway my roses grow,
Only on roses Thy feet must tread.

Fleet is Thy childhood's untroubled time,
Fleet as the fair dawn within the sky;
Then must I cherish its hour sublime—
None hath so sacred a right as I.

And for the love that I bear Thee now,
Only this bitter reward I crave:
Let me be there at Thy cross to bow,
Let me walk close to Thee unto the grave.

THE VILLA ALDOBRANDINI.

"A ROMAN VILLEGIATURA."

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

Not far away from the heart of the Eternal City, and even within sight from the mighty dome of the World's Cathedral, lies the long blue chain of Alban Hills, lifting their peaks to the limpid sky, and crowned by the commanding height of "Monte Caro," the far-famed Alban mount. These glorious hills had long been objects of our ambition during a winter in Rome; and it was with all the satisfaction of the fulfilling of a cherished desire that our little band of American pilgrims started off one summer morning through the enchanted "Campagna" land, with its billowy plains and grand old aqueducts. A subtle glamour lies about it, like the mist on its beautiful mountains; that mystic land "outside the gates," where natural beauty and deepest interest centre ever.

A short journey brings us in sight of our destination—the little town of Frascati, which stands on the edge of the chain of Alban Hills directly facing Rome. It is a beautiful panorama of gently-rolling hill-country spread out before us. The soft slopes and uplands are covered with the cool gray of the olive, the vivid green of the vine, and the emerald fields of waving corn; while covering almost every hillside and wooded height, rises a white villa or princely residence with an historic name. Now we are in the midst of the pleasant "villa-land" which lends such a charm to these Alban hills, for here in the vicinity of Fras-

THE THEATRE AT TUSCULUM.

cati are situated many of the country estates of the Roman patriciate. One by one they appear in turn, as we round the sharp curve of the hillside on which Frascati stands, prominent among them all being grand old "Villa Mondragone," the famous Jesuit College—the imposing mass of its renaissance architecture standing out against a background of green. A pretty country railway station, bright with flower-gardens, is one's first impression of Frascati, and, unlike most Italian country-towns in which a steep winding road usually leads to the distant town, we find ourselves after mounting a flight of steps, in a giardinetto, or public garden of the little town, where the "Villegianti" (summer visitors) are wont to stroll in the shade of the fine old trees, and enjoy the matchless view of the Campagna. High, high up above the "giardinetto" covering the hillside, rises the stately villa of Prince Aldobrandini. We look at it longingly and wish that we were enjoying the cool shade of its woods and the superb view we know awaits us from its terraces. But alas, there is a prosaic side also to life, even in Italy, and we must leave the charms of the villas till later, and proceed to explore our summer quarters, which are situated in a "palazzo" just outside the town.

Nothing could be imagined more picturesquely beautiful than the views from the windows, across the long-stretching ilex avenues of the neighboring "Villa Torlonia" and the "Aldobrandini Villa" on its cypress-clad eminence, over to the distant heights of the Alban Mount.

Altogether we congratulate ourselves on our "villegiatura" abode, but before long there is dissension in our peaceful camp; for one of our band of pilgrims is archæologically and his-

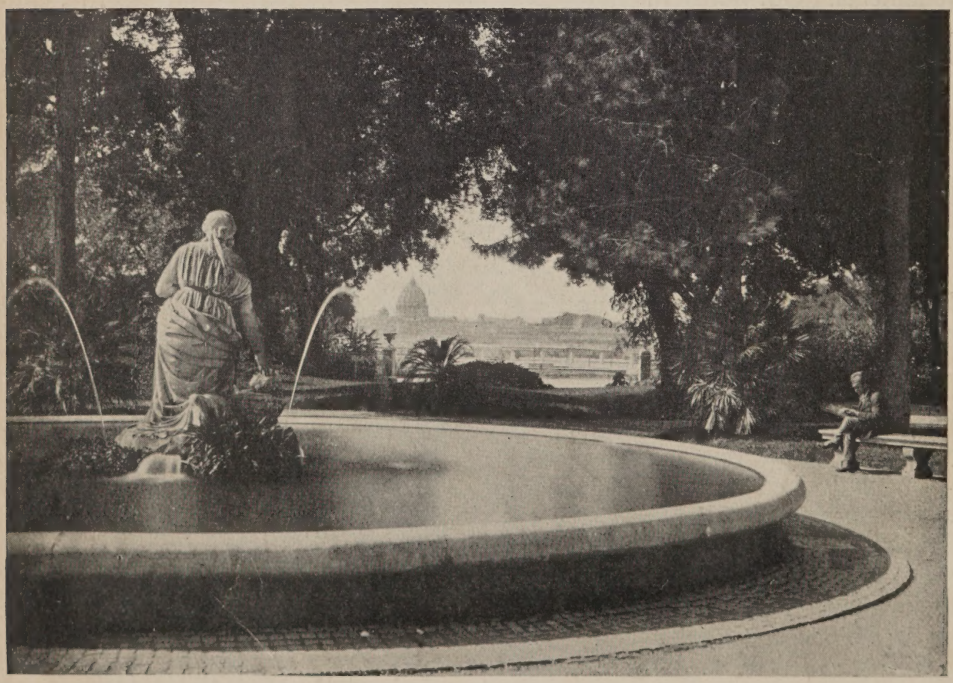
torically inclined, and he has arrived in the country primed with books of reference and history with which—we know from previous sad experience—he will conscientiously make summer life a burden. So we agree to make a firm stand from the outset, and declare unanimously that we will *not* be tied down by such ponderous facts as guide-books and histories. We have come to the country to do as we like and to be free to enjoy Mother Nature to the utmost. "If anything of historical and classical interest comes in the way, well and good, we will enjoy it and try to profit by it," states the leader with a sly look at the "archæologist, who sits apart in silent disdain, "but as for seeking it out and otherwise improving our minds in hot weather, that would be anything but real enjoyment." We all agree to these sentiments. Our northern energy is a thing of the past, and we are fain to spend the summer and early autumn in a lotus-eating idleness. The archæologist significantly closes his ponderous volume and remarks: "I suppose you will tell me next you do not wish to visit even the ruins of the City of Tusculum and the site of the Battle of Lake Regillus!!! Well, I must say one thing, which is, that I no longer wonder how so many Americans come abroad and visit interesting places without improving their minds in the least, if this is the way they set about it!" With this parting shot he retires with dignity in the company of his volumes, leaving the "rebels" not a bit abashed by the contemplation of their appalling ignorance, but rather proud than otherwise of their "declaration of independence."

Joking apart, we begin on the mor-

ITALIAN COUNTRY CHILDREN.

row to enjoy our summer life by a ramble through the little town to one of the Frascati villas—the crowning beauty of an Alban hillside. The hospitable gates of these parklike domains are always open to the public, by the generosity of their princely owners, even when they themselves are in residence—a trait in which the Roman princes stand out in contradistinction to exclusive and selfish landowners in other countries, who jealously shut the gates of their country-seats, and would regard intrusion on their woods or parks as an act of flagrant vandalism. Nor do the grounds of the beautiful Frascati villas seem to suffer from the permission accorded to wander at will amongst their many beauties.

Our way leads through the town, and as we had decided in our "charter of liberty" to enjoy any objects of interest which came in our way, we stop to explore it. The town consists of a modern "Piazza," a good many steep streets with constant glimpses between them of soft blue hills and vine-clad valleys, and a misty distance of girdling plains. The "Duomo," or cathedral, in the centre of the town, is a comparatively modern structure (for Italy) and inside its only claim to historical interest (pictorial it has none), is the monument erected to the memory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, by his brother Henry, the Cardinal Duke of York, who was Archbishop of Albano, and resided in one of the Frascati "villas" for some years. The Stuart Cardinal was a well-known personality over all the



"IN THE DISTANCE IS ST. PETER'S."

country-side, and the old people still hand down tales and traditions of his doings, which would make one fancy that the "last of the Stuarts" must have been somewhat an eccentric individual, though with all the lavish open-handedness of his race.

The other churches of Frascati are not of special interest, save perhaps in point of antiquity, one—the old Church of San Rocco—with its picturesque campanile and its old mosaics—which was the original cathedral of the town when Frascati was first populated by the inhabitants of Tusculum. But overhead the "voice of the grass" is calling from the olive-groves and chestnut-woods; and not reluctantly we say good-bye to the town and climb the steep streets which lead up to the villas. A narrow path with a rustic way-side cross is our road to the "Villa Aldobrandini"; and as we toil up the stones, under the strong rays of the morning sun, we discover that the delights of "villegiatura" must be purchased at the cost of some exertion. On the way upward the "archæologist" is heard to remark cheerfully that "this is *true* enjoyment, and *not* a toil or trouble." However, before long we reach the portals of the hillside paradise, and turn with delight into its welcome shade. The villa, or rather palace, was built in 1603 by Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, a nephew of Pope Clement VIII.; and it is still in the possession of the princely Roman family of that name—a family now, as ever, faithful to the papal cause. It stands high up above the little town, amid shady walks and gorgeous flower-gardens, laid out in brilliant parterres. Directly behind the villa on a semi-circular terrace are the marvelous fountains and waterfalls which give such characteristic beauty to the place. In the midst is a statue of Atlas bearing his globe; and above his head, from the waterfalls, a huge star (the coat of arms of the Aldobrandini) jets forth a silver flow of water into the basins below, while all around are various statues, quaint, grotesque, curious, seated on the brink of the fountains with musical instruments in their hands. Formerly these statues performed a concert when the waterworks were in full play, but now their Muse is forever silent, and kindly Dame Nature, with the aid of softening time, has covered them with moss and ferns and clinging ivy, rendering them far more beautiful than in those 17th century days, when Cardinal Aldobrandini pointed out with pride the fountains and terraces of his grand new villa to his uncle, Pope Clement VIII. The architecture of this Renaissance villa is grand and massive in its proportions, losing, however, in its splendid strength and bulk nothing of the picturesque, which is the case in so many of the Renaissance structures. The interior (where the family are in summer residence) is not architecturally remarkable, but there are some fine old frescoes in the great lofty chambers and "salons" which open on balconies with an incomparable view.

Closely adjoining the grounds of the "Villa Aldobrandini" are those of the "Villa Lancelotti," whose owner, Prince Lancelotti, is son-in-law to Prince Aldobrandini, and another of the Roman patriciate truly and practically faithful to the papal cause. This villa, though smaller, is full of beauty and old-world grace, with its classic

statue-crowned terraces, its Italian gardens and its shady ilex-groves, leading in a winding road up the hill-side to the "Villa Ruffinella," which crowns the heights. The grounds of the villas Lancelotti and Ruffinella are a continuation of one another, both being the property of Prince Lancelotti, and the latter let by the Prince to the Roman College of Propaganda Fide, whose students spend their summer "villegiatura" here.

Half-way up to the Villa Ruffinella we stop to rest under the shade of a silver olive-tree—in a spot commanding a perfect view over an expanse of uplands covered with olive groves, stretching away into a blue distance of plains and hills. In the near foreground across the intervening hill-slopes lies "Villa Mondragone," standing out on its terraces against the deep-blue sky, its almost numberless windows flashing back the rays of the sun.

A visit to "Mondragone" has long been one of our desires, so, regardless of time and space (as one is apt to become in easy-going Italy), we make our way "across country" to the historic pile. The domain belonging to the villa is approached by a long avenue of cypresses, which form a practical embodiment of the famous proverb, "Man proposes and God disposes." Pope Paul V., of the Borghese family, when owner of this princely abode, commenced to plant this avenue of trees with the intention of continuing it in a direct line all the way to Rome, so that he could drive from the Eternal City to Mondragone under the pleasant shade. But so much for the vanity of earthly desires, and alas for his intentions! the Pope died before the trees had reached a distance of little more than three-quarters of a mile. The history of the erection of Mondragone reads like one of the dear old fairy stories, in which a king wishes for a palace on a certain spot and presto, it arises instantly at his bidding.

Pope Gregory XIII. was once spending his summer "villegiatura" at Frascati, and one day during his walk in the fair vine-country he paused to admire the beauties of the view in a certain spot, exclaiming as he did so to the papal court who formed his retinue, "What a beautiful spot for a summer villa!" One of his companions, the rich and powerful Cardinal Altemps, made a silent note of the Pope's remark, and without divulging his intentions forthwith ordered a magnificent palace to be erected on that site, with all possible despatch. When the time for summer "villegiatura" came round once more, and the Sovereign Pontiff again sought the health-giving air of the Alban hills, the Cardinal humbly begged His Holiness' acceptance of the royal gift of "Villa Mondragone" in all its newly finished splendor—a gift worthy indeed of a princely donor, and offered with all sixteenth-century munificence. An introduction from some Italian friends to the kindly "Father Minister" secures our entrance into the College, where we are courteously conducted through the splendid courtyard to the apartments; for it is recreation time, and the pupils of the College, in their cool grey summer uniform, are engaged in various games in the courtyard, the fine gymnasium and the grounds. Everything is most admirably arranged for the comfort of

the boys, who belong to the best of the Roman families, "papalini" or otherwise, for even the members of the Government and the "white" aristocracy are forced to recognize the fact that the Jesuit Fathers give their boys a better and more thorough education than the secular and irreligious schools. They are fortunate schoolboys indeed who have their "Alma Mater" in this grand old palace of the Borghese, with its lofty halls and corridors, its noble study-hall, its museum, and the little gem of a wooden chapel which opens directly on the splendid terraces overlooking so marvelous a view. These terraces are the pride and glory of Mondragone, and the most picturesque feature of the fine old pile, where gorgeous peacocks flaunt their plumage on the marble balustrades, and the air blows fresh and cool across the breezy Campagna, to ruffle the continual calm of the cypresses, and turn the quivering olive-groves to molten silver.

Behind the noble Renaissance villa rise the blue heights of the "everlasting hills," while around and above it stretches the green luxuriance of the summer South, and in the far-distant plains beyond the cypress avenues lies the Rome which the old Borghese Pontiff had hoped to reach from his villa. So real and clear does it appear, indeed, that one is tempted to wish that his intention had been carried out. This landscape and its surroundings form surely one of the loveliest on earth, and we would fain linger in its vicinity, returning again and again to thoroughly appreciate its many charms. But even in "villegiatura" time travels apace; and our next day of hillside rambling is devoted to Tusculum, the ruined city on the summit of the spur of the Alban hills. On our way thither we pass through the grounds of the Villa Ruffinella, where all the windows are thrown wide open to the sunshine; and the students of the Propaganda College in their black soutanes and scarlet sashes disport themselves on the green grass under the trees or engage in athletic sports. The road to Tusculum is a steep and narrow pathway in the midst of a forest-glade with the trees meeting overhead —a delightfully cool retreat. With gay talk and laughter we scale the steep hillside in this pleasant shade, scarcely noticing that the road grows steeper and steeper till it presently emerges on a more open space, where the huge paving-stones of the ancient Roman road appear,—warning us that our goal is nearly reached, and the ruined city within sight. Before reaching the town we meet with various detached ruins, almost overgrown with ivy and moss, but here and there an ancient sarcophagus, part of an inscription, or a beautifully carved frieze, or capital of a column meets the eye amid the mass of indistinguishable ruin, mutely calling to be recognized as part of the human labor which gave the old Latin citadel its beauty. On a rocky outlying cliff stand the remains of an "Amphitheatre"; but little of its architecture is perfect; only the bare shell or form points out its former use.

The great centre of interest once inside the "city gates" (only two columns and part of a ruined wall) is the "Theatre," which is in a state of perfect preservation. The rows of seats, tier upon tier, the walls, the pit, the entrances, and even the subterrane-

an passages are plainly visible. So perfect, indeed, is it all, that when we stop to rest upon the rows of seats destined for the spectators, we feel that we are only waiting for the orchestra to strike up their notes and the players to strut across the stage, declaiming in heroic verse the doughty deeds of king and warrior of the Latin race. In this theatre of the ancient times the centuries seem to be at a standstill, and in the still noonday of the Tusculum hillside we are among the ghosts of the Latins, crowding around with their imperceptible presence. Behind the Theatre are the remains of a "Piscina" in a state of perfect preservation; and above us on a rocky cliff overgrown with trees and bushes is the site of the Citadel of Tusculum—a spot designed by Nature for a fortress. A huge wooden cross crowns the eyrie fortress, which the students of the English College in Rome placed there many a year ago. We climb at once to the commanding height, but in the peaceful present, when war and siege have passed from ruined Tusculum forever, the eyes are not searching the landscape for an advancing army, nor is the mind occupied with the history of the city's troubled past. Though the archæologist is dreamily repeating to himself, "Besieged in the year B. C. 374!" the rest of the party are dwelling with pure delight on the fair land spread out before them. Beyond and around stretch the solemn vistas of the mysteriously-beautiful "Campagna," so like a boundless sea in its vastness—the low-lying indistinct mass of buildings with a shadowy dome in their midst, which means Rome, and St. Peter's rising out of a faint autumnal haze. The silver line of sea illuminates the west, and towards the east lie the Sabine hills whose slopes are bathed in tremulous misty shadows, lifting now and then to reveal the sunlit splendors of their towering peaks.

Below us is Frascati, its white houses clustering together at the foot of the hill, while further out in the middle distance the little town of Monteporzio stands out on an isolated knoll. In this quaint old town is the summer villa of the English College, where so many prominent English churchmen, among them Cardinal Wiseman (who has so eloquently described it in his writings), spent many a Roman "villegiatura," under the shadow of the Alban hills. In this spot one feels as if the eye could never tire of contemplating the surpassing loveliness around, so laden with memories of the classic past which clings to the Roman soil so undyingly, and makes history here a living, breathing thing, and not the cold dead-letter of a "tale that is told."

But there are many other woodland rambles in this "land of memories,"—scenes that once looked upon will remain forever in the mind among fair Italy's loveliest pictures. Perhaps the most striking of these is the pathway from the grey mountain-village of "Rocca-di-Papa" to the summit of the Alban Mount, or Monte Caro—a pilgrimage we make on a glorious autumn day when all the world seems full of glad rejoicing. There is no space to dwell on the pastoral woodland beauties of the "Fields of Hannibal" —the green-covered plains which lie between the village of Rocca-di-Papa and the real mountain ascent. But half-way up the mountain-side there is a narrow opening in the trees out on

the open hillside, from whence a view is evidently to be had. One of the more adventurous spirits of the party instantly takes advantage of it for her "Kodak," and her almost unconscious cry of delight and admiration brings all the party around her. Is it not surely a fairyland that lies beneath us! Here, among wooded slopes of hills lie the twin lakes of "Nemi" and "Albano," sleeping in a blue changeless calm which has something weirdly mystical in its beauty.

On the heights above the lakes the hand of man can once more be seen; and towers and churches and villages have arisen at his bidding. Above Lake Albano stands picturesque "Castel Gandolfo," with the white buildings of its papal palace; for it was formerly the favorite "villegiatura" of the popes; and the papal villa there is still owned by the Holy Father. Many a summer day Pope Pius IX. of blessed memory spent in its cool shades, when exhausted by the burning summer heat of Rome; but here his successor, Leo XIII., as pope has never been, for the "Prisoner of the Vatican" has learned to endure both summer heat and winter cold in the Eternal City of which he seems so essential a part. But with characteristic thoughtfulness the Holy Father, not able to himself inhabit his exquisite villa, has given the use of it to others; and here the world-renowned Roman archæologist, John Baptist de Rossi (celebrated for his most interesting discoveries in the Catacombs), spent the last weeks of his life, and peacefully passed away under the papal roof, comforted with the Holy Father's special blessing. Castel Gandolfo has other associations too,—more recent and also interesting to Americans, for the American College in Rome has just acquired a charming villa there for the summer villegiatura of the ecclesiastical students, where, in the pure air of the Alban hills, they can take a much-needed rest from their winter studies in the Eternal City. Beyond, there is a glimpse of the little town of Albano, and further down on the uplands, "Marino"—the "villegiatura" of the Scots College in Rome; and Grotta-Ferrata with its grand old Greek Monastery of the Basilian monks.

But we must needs finish the ascent, if but to stand for one moment on the site of Latin Jupiter's shrine. The ruins of the glittering Temple of Jupiter, and the Passionist Monastery which succeeded it in the last century, have vanished alike into the dim shadows of the past; and as Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us" here in the practical present, in the shape of an ugly whitewashed summer restaurant. "Shades of Jupiter and of Tarquin! Must this be?" mutters the archæologist and historian as he gazes malevolently at the offending restaurant. Soon, however, it is all forgotten as we turn once more to the glories of the hills and plains. It is time to return from the "mountain heights" to the level of every-day life once more, and soon the darkness finds us gliding through the shadows to our "villegiatura" home. We are laying up pleasant recollections for winter days in this "sweet do-nothing" of an Italian summer and early autumn, and pure and sweet as the mountain air that blows across the Alban hills is the past remembrance of a "Roman Villegiatura."

THE LATE REV. THOMAS SCULLY.

In the death of Father Scully, permanent rector of the Church of St. Mary of the Annunciation, the University City sustains an irreparable loss. The passing away of this great and good man is deeply mourned by all who have felt the beneficent influence of a life devoted to good works, Catholics and Protestants alike testifying to the results of his unremitting labors in the thirty-five years of his pastorate.

Father Scully was born in Ireland, sixty-nine years ago, began his ecclesiastical studies in England, continued them in Northern Italy, and while still a student came to the Diocese of Boston, where he was ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, in St. James Church, 1860.

Shortly after the war broke out, the young priest met Bishop Fitzpatrick one day on the street in Boston, and the good Bishop said to him, "I have just now come from the State House, where Governor Andrew requested me to find a chaplain for the Ninth Regiment. I don't know what priest may be willing to serve." "I am ready to go, Bishop," said the young priest without a moment's hesitation.

And at the early age of twenty-eight he was appointed to this responsible position. He was taken prisoner twice. He was at Gaines' Mills with the regiment when it fought its first battle in 1862. In this engagement 552 officers and men were killed. The wounded were being taken prisoners by the confederates. Fr. Scully was ministering to their needs and refused to leave them. He was taken prisoner with others. During the night the guard fell asleep. Fr. Scully, with several of the men, crept into the bushes. The guard was aroused and began firing. Acting on the chaplain's suggestion the escaping men threw stones and gravel far into the bushes to cause a noise and draw the guards' fire in that direction. The ruse succeeded and all escaped to the Union lines.

In May, 1867, Fr. Scully was appointed pastor of St. Mary's parish, but he did not assume charge until June 9 of that year, and on that date he celebrated the first Mass in the then unfinished building. From that time on his efforts were untiring to make his parish one of the best equipped in the archdiocese, and how well he succeeded all Cambridge knows. Today the parish enjoys the distinction of having more buildings than any other parish in the archdiocese. They cover an area of 80,460 square feet and include besides the church a parochial residence, a convent, a large school building and a hall. In 1886 the gymnasium now known as the Cambridgeport "Gym" was erected through his efforts.

The convent of the Annunciation, a large-sized wooden building on Essex street, to the right of the parish school, was erected by him in 1878. It is used as the residence of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who have charge of the parochial school.

Fr. Scully was always interested in public questions. His earnest work sixteen years ago was largely instrumental in bringing the city of Cambridge permanently into the no-license column, and every year since that time he has worked hard to make the no-license majority larger than the year preceding. He entered into the spirit of the campaign each fall and spoke at many rallies.

Father Scully was a member of W.

H. Smart Post, G. A. R., and always wore his Grand Army badge and the badge of the Loyal Legion, to which he also belonged. A few years ago, he was made Chaplain to the Massachusetts Department, G. A. R.

On the Sunday afternoon and evening preceding the funeral twenty thousand people looked for the last time on the beloved face of the dead pastor, as he lay in state before the altar in St. Mary's Church. These included members of all religious denominations and races, Protestant clergymen, city officials, no-license workers, members of the G. A. R., veterans of the old Ninth Regiment, and the local Salvation Army, which attended in a body about 5 o'clock.

Flags were displayed at half-mast throughout the city and so remained till the day following the funeral. At the late Mass in all the Catholic churches, and at the public services in many of the Protestant, special reference was made to Father Scully.

Never has the University City seen such a funeral, though many great men have died in it. Within the church, the scene was one never to be forgotten.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Williame occupied the throne. The Office of the Dead was recited, the chanters being the Revs. Arthur T. Connolly and Charles W. Regan. After the Office, the Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. W. J. Dwyer, with the Rev. John Butler, of Brookline, deacon, and the Rev. Mark J. Sullivan, of Revere, subdeacon. The master of ceremonies was the Rev. F. X. Dolan, D.D., of the Cathedral; acolytes, the Rev. Charles A. Donahue, of Cambridge, and the Rev. Francis J. Mullen, of Lowell; thurifer, the Rev. T. L. Creighton, of Gloucester. All these priests are graduates of Aquinas College.

Rev. Richard Nagle, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Malden, preached the sermon.

THE IRISH COLLEGE, ROME.

BY THE BISHOP OF CANEA.

The erection and endowment of national colleges in Rome was one of the few consequences of the Protestant reformation for which we have reason to feel grateful. The spread of heresy had begun to influence so many of the Universities that they could no longer be regarded as safe centres for the education of the clergy. Wherefore, the Sacred Council of Trent decreed that every diocese should be provided with its own seminary for the training and education of its clergy. This decree, however, necessarily remained a dead letter in such countries as were being overrun with heresy, or had already fallen under its iron heel. Yet, it was precisely in such countries, more than elsewhere, that the clerical ranks needed constant recruiting, and that the recruits should be cast in heroic mould.

Rome had been already furnished with representative institutions from most of the Catholic nations, but they took the form of hospices for pilgrims, not of colleges for clerics. "The immense intercourse of other nations with

Rome," writes Dr. Pastor, "was the origin of the many national foundations in the Eternal City for the reception and care of weary and sick pilgrims. The Popes bestowed many privileges and favors upon all these institutions, which considered it their duty also to assist their poor fellow-countrymen who were settled there. In Rome, the common home of all Christians, everyone was to feel welcome, and to find among his own countrymen provisions for all his temporal and spiritual necessities." Amongst the more remarkable of these pilgrim hospitals, we must place the English Hospital, founded in 1362 by John Shepherd and his wife Alice, who, being then settled in Rome, devoted their entire substance to the support of poor palmers from their own country. It was in the Via di Monserrato, and was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Trinity and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The Scotch nation had a similar institute attached to the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte. We have no historical records telling us of any corresponding Irish institution, though pilgrims from Ireland abounded. Some charitable consideration, indeed, had been extended to the Irish by one benevolent stranger, Dietrich von Nieheim, a German Canon attached to the *Curia* in the capacity of an *Abbreviator Litterarum Apostolicarum.*

Here he made the acquaintance of John Sweyne, a colleague in the same department of the *Curia,* a canon of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh. To Sweyne he was probably indebted for the happy thought of making some provision for poor Irish pilgrims, for in his deed of foundation and endowment of the great hospice for German pilgrims, which still flourishes at S. Maria dell' Anima, he distinctly reserves "one newly-built house," which he intends should serve as an "hospice for poor Irish priests." We fear that this benevolent project never passed beyond the region of good intentions, for in his will, executed just five years later, he gives all his property to the Anima, and makes no mention of the "newly-built house for the poor Irish priests."

In the time of Pope Gregory XIII., however, it was ecclesiastical colleges and not shelters for pilgrims—whose numbers had fallen off considerably—that were most needed. This great Pope had in the space of twelve years opened twenty-three separate colleges in Rome for as many distinct nationalities. The English Hospital was suddenly transformed into the English College, which still flourishes in the Via Monserrato. Some years later the Scotch Hospital underwent a similar transformation, and became the Scotch College; and had there been an Irish pilgrim foundation in existence at the time, we need have little doubt but that its funds would have been appropriated to the more practical and urgent work of providing the Irish Church with soldiers of Christ ready to fill the gaps which martyrdom and exile were constantly creating. In the absence of such a national resource the Holy Father felt bound, on the principle of paternal impartiality, to provide in some other way for the dire spiritual necessities of his Irish children, and had actually set aside a considerable sum of money to be applied in founding an Irish College. But

before it could be employed for its original purpose, it had to be diverted to another patriotic object—namely, to help the brave Irish chieftains of the time, who were doing battle for Faith and Fatherland against the generals of Elizabeth. Thus the project lay dormant until well into the succeeding century.

In 1625, the Irish bishops presented a *Relatio Status,* wherein they petitioned for the foundation of an Irish College in the Eternal City. Amongst many strong reasons adduced by them in favor of their petition, we read the following: "That a loving obedience to the Holy See be fostered by immediate contact with her, and that uniformity of ecclesiastical teaching and discipline might be maintained by intimate personal communication with the Roman Church, lest cut off from the fertilising influence of Rome, as with the mountains of Gilboe, neither dew nor rain from heaven would come upon us."

All that was wanted to make this appeal of the Irish prelates successful was an earnest and influential advocate to urge it, and a munificent patron to actuate it. Both were soon found in the persons of the great Irish Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding, and the princely Cardinal Louis Ludovisi, nephew to Pope Gregory XV.

When Urban VIII. succeeded to the Supreme Pontificate, he nominated Cardinal Ludovisi Protector of Ireland. The latter, anxious to do something that would signalise his Protectorate, consulted Father Wadding, who was specially welcome to the Cardinal. Father Luke proposed, as a suitable object of His Eminence's munificence, the erection and endowment in Rome of a college for the education of secular priests of the Irish nation and for the Irish Mission. The Cardinal lent a willing ear to the good Franciscan's proposals; and six eligible young Irishmen happening then to be in Rome, who were anxious to enter the ecclesiastical state, and were prepared to face the difficulties of the Irish Mission, the Cardinal had them placed, four in the English College, and two elsewhere in the city, and defrayed all the expenses of their maintenance and education out of his own purse. But he soon learned that his six Irishmen found a difficulty in accommodating themselves to live with students of other nationalities, and that dissensions and disorder had arisen, to the great inconvenience of those in charge; whereupon he resolved to remove them to a house of their own, to be rented, close beside St. Isidore's, and placed them under the care of the Irish Franciscan Fathers established in that convent. Towards the maintenance, clothing, rent of house, and every requirement of these six, he arranged to pay annually six hundred Roman crowns, and, for once only, one hundred and fifty crowns, to be expended in providing the necessary furniture of the house. Father Wadding retained a kind of supreme supervision of the college, immediately under the Cardinal, with the title of *Praeses;* but the first Rector was the Rev. Eugene Callanan, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Cashel, Protonotary Apostolic, &c. The house being furnished and put in proper condition, the six students, escorted by their whilom hosts and companions, the students of the English College,

entered into occupation of their national college on the 1st of January, 1628.

The first Rector, Archdeacon Callanan, lived only six months after his appointment, and was succeeded first by Father Martin Walsh and then by Father John Punch, Franciscan Fathers. But the college was not destined to remain long under the management of the Irish Franciscans. Its princely founder died at Bologna, in 1632, at the early age of thirty-seven. It was hoped that in his will he would be mindful of this new foundation, still in its infancy. Nor were these hopes disappointed. He raised the annual endowment from six hundred crowns to one thousand, made chargeable on the estates of his heir. He directed the same heir to buy a house for the college, and thus leave it rent-free; and, furthermore, he bequeathed to the college a farm or vineyard in the territory of Castel Gandolfo. All this was bequeathed for the maintenance of eight students of Irish nationality, who should be trained and educated in this his college, and be bound by oath to return to Ireland and serve the Irish Mission. After a reasonable interval, Prince Ludovisi, his heir, scrupulously discharged these dispositions of his eminent relative's will, but there remained one important item, which created no little surprise, disappointment, and delay. The Cardinal's will commanded that the college should be placed henceforth under the exclusive control and management of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

We can more readily imagine than describe the consternation which the reading of this clause must have created in the minds of Father Wadding and his *confreres*, and how puzzled they must have been to account for it. Up to the last the Cardinal had manifested the utmost satisfaction with their administration, though the date of the execution of the will—1629—when the college was but one year in existence, might lead us to infer that he originally had intended to place it under the charge of the Society, and that the arrangement with the Franciscans was but temporary. However that may be, Father Luke, regarding himself in some sense as *in loco parentis,* determined to test the validity of the clause, and succeeded in getting the Pope to nominate a Commission of Cardinals and Prelates to examine and equitably adjudicate upon it. The Jesuits, however, could not help seeing that they were appointed trustees under the will, and preferred that their legal *status* should be determined by a regular legal tribunal, such as the *Rota.* To the *Rota,* therefore, it was carried, and there argued with the only possible result, that unanimous judgment was given upholding the clause.

The Franciscans reluctantly surrendered their charge after six years one month and seven days of administration, and the Jesuit Fathers took possession on the 8th of February, 1635, a possession which they retained for a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years.

The first Jesuit Rector was Father Alexander Gottifredo, a Roman, who, after holding the office for ten months, was promoted to the Rectorship of the Roman College, and eventually, in 1652, became Father-General of the Society.

Eight students were in the college at the time of the transfer, four of whom left for the Mission that same year.

Of the four remaining two were remarkable: Philip Clery, Ulster, who entered in 1632 and left in 1640, after a brilliant career in Philosophy and Theology. He had worked only two years on the Mission when, in 1642, he was put to death by the heretics, and may be saluted as the Proto-Martyr of the Irish College. The other was Donatus Bruoder, Munster, who entered in 1634 and left in 1641, being the first to graduate Doctor in Divinity.

To Father Gottifredo succeeded as Rector Father James Ford, of Dublin. He had to face that ugly antagonist, *debt*. The costs of the law suit before the *Rota*, amounting to three hundred crowns, were charged to the college funds, and some current expenses, left unpaid by his predecessor, advanced the liabilities to four hundred crowns. But Father Ford's first concern was to find a more suitable locality. The house purchased by the Cardinal's executors was described by the mason called in for repairs as a *casaccia vecchia*, and, moreover, as the students were now attending lectures in the Roman College, St. Isidore's was much too remote from the field of operations. A third reason, doubtless, was the too close proximity of the Franciscans, for whom the students continued to cherish a regard, and who as neighbors might prove embarrassing.

With the consent of the General, Father Vittelleschi, he sold the St. Isidore house to the Countess Ricasoli for two thousand two hundred and fifty crowns. He did not find it so easy, however, to discover a suitable substitute for a permanent residence of the college, and for the next three years it was leading a kind of nomadic existence, shifting about from lodging to lodging.

At length, in December, 1637, Father William Malone, the celebrated Dublin antagonist of Archbishop Usher, was appointed Rector, and early in 1639, he purchased a large, commodious, and newly-built house for ten thousand crowns. It was situated on the southern slope of the Quirinal Hill, on what was then known as the Piazza Baccina, now Piazza del Grillo, with the elevated convent and church of the nuns of SS. Domenico and Sisto overhanging it on the north, and the Vicolo degli Ibernesi flanking it on the east. He stipulated to pay two thousand two hundred and fifty crowns (the result of the sale of the old house) in cash, and the remainder in annual instalments of four hundred crowns, with interest at four and a half per cent on the outstanding payments.

The wisdom of this purchase was questioned even at the time, and it never failed to furnish an argument in subsequent grumblings, as it laid the foundation of the *res angustæ domi* which dogged the career of the college ever afterwards. Yet it was hard to blame Father Malone. The college could not go on leading a roving, gipsy life. He had failed to secure a still more convenient and cheaper house in the Piazza Morgana; and the custom of leaving a large proportion of the purchase-money to be paid in instalments is not considered bad finance when the security is good. Add to these considerations, that the vender, Signor Rosolino, a great friend of the Society and of its then Father-General, presented the latter with two thousand

crowns and a small house adjoining the new Irish College, to dispose of as he pleased. It pleased the General to dispose of both in favor of the college, thus reducing the price practically to seven thousand crowns. Father Malone, moreover, during the remainder of his Rectorate, paid the instalments and interest regularly, and, had his successors exercised a similar prudent economy, the whole sum would have been discharged within the stipulated period; but, unfortunately, this was not the case, and in 1667 the vineyard had to be sold to meet liabilities.

A well-founded objection to the new purchase would have been that based on æsthetic grounds, for the college came to be located in an obscure corner of what the Ludovisi family styled an "ignoble Piazza." For a period of close on one hundred and sixty-one years this "obscure corner" was the *habitat* of the Irish student in Rome, and it still yields an annual rent of close on £160 towards the maintenance of the existing establishment.

Bearing in mind the limited number of students maintained any year on the foundation—never exceeding *nine* and sometimes dropping to *five*—it is marvelous what a number of distinguished ecclesiastics it furnished to the Irish Mission. The bishops alone that were trained in it surpassed in numbers those that came from any one of the other foreign colleges, and thus earned for it the title of *Seminarium Episcoporum.*

The first of its distinguished students in chronological order, after the two already mentioned was Luke Plunkett, Vicar Apostolic of Meath, and Thomas Arthur, who, declining to take orders, returned to his native city of Limerick, and there most successfully conducted for many years a Catholic high school.

In 1650, Monsignor Scarampo, the pious Oratorian, whom Urban VIII. had sent to the Irish Confederates in Kilkenny to prepare the way for Rinuccini, returned to Rome and took with him two promising students for the Irish College. One was Oliver Plunkett, *clarum ac venerabile nomen.* He passed four years in the college, graduated as Doctor in Philosophy and Theology, was ordained priest in 1654, and declared himself ready to fulfil his vow of returning to Ireland and serving on the Irish Mission. But the times were full of evil omen. Cromwell had just completed his victorious march through the country, and was now consolidating his iron rule. Nothing awaited a priest that dared to land in Ireland, except a halter or Barbadoes. So this young apostle asked permission from the Father-General of the Society, as the rule prescribed, to tarry awhile in Rome with the community of S. Girolamo della Carità until better days should dawn. The *fac-simile* of his autograph here given is the letter asking this permission. Whilst thus located he was sought out and appointed Professor of Theology in Propaganda College, a post which he exchanged in 1670, for the mitre of St. Patrick, and eleven years later for the martyr's crown at Tyburn.

The other companion of Scarampo was Peter Walsh, an equally distinguished student and Doctor in Theology, who, influenced, no doubt, by the holy example of his quondam mentor, entered the congregation of St. Philip, and became an illustrious member thereof.

A contemporary of Dr. Plunkett's was John Brennan, another luminary of the institution. He took out his degree in both sacred sciences, and similarly was elected to a professorship in Propaganda, which he occupied for fourteen years. In 1671, he was consecrated Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, and in 1678 promoted to the Archbishopric of Cashel.

Then come in rapid succession Ronan Maginn, the historic Vicar-Apostolic of Dromore; Richard Quin, for a short time Vicar-Apostolic of Dublin; James Cusack, a most distinguished student, and in 1678 consecrated Bishop of Meath; Peter Creagh, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, ordained in 1666, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne in 1676, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1695; James Stritch, of Limerick, who made the *Actum magnum* in both sciences, and was very distinguished afterwards; James Reilly, of Dublin, a fellow-student of Creagh and Stritch, who towards the end of his course entered the Society, and returning to the college in the capacity of Prefect of Studies, compiled the valuable manuscript history of the college preserved in the archives. His example was followed by another Dublin student—Edward Chamberlain—who entered the Society in 1666, but whose labors were not lost thereby to the Dublin Mission, as the register of 1704 can testify.

A remarkable case was that of Gerard Teeling, who having distinguished himself in his studies and won his degree, immediately after his ordination was, at the instance of Cardinal Howard, appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Dublin. This appointment met with the greatest opposition from the Dublin clergy, who had already chosen Dr. Russell their Vicar-Capitular, and who objected to Teeling's youth and inexperience. Teeling, pending the settlement of the question, did not assert his authority, and quietly settled down to help in one of the parishes of the city. Shortly after, this college, and the single family of MacMahon, exhibited the unusual spectacle of presenting three successive Primates to Armagh: Hugh, the author of the "Jus Primatiale Armachanum," Bernard, and Roche or Rocca MacMahon.

James Gallagher entered the college in 1717. In 1725 he became Bishop of Raphoe, and in 1737 was translated to Kildare. In 1721, a Richard Reynolds, of Dublin, entered and gained theological honors. As soon as ordained, he was appointed tutor to the young Pretender, and remained in this office for two years. He then insisted on being allowed to return to Ireland in fulfilment of his oath. James III. and his Queen used their utmost endeavors, even to the shedding of tears, to retain him, but in vain. He was but two years on the mission when the Archbishop appointed him parish priest of St. Andrew's, Dublin. In this office, and later on, as Vicar-General, he labored zealously until his death in 1782, and the marble memorial of his labors is still to be seen in the south cloister of St. Andrew's, Westland Row.

We see, therefore, from this brief enumeration that within the space of seventy years—from 1650 to 1720—this little band of students, varying from seven in Father John Young's Rectorate to five in the opening years of the eighteenth century, gave two

glorious Martyrs, six Archbishops, three Bishops, besides many Vicars-Apostolic, Vicars-General, capitular dignitaries, and a crowd of Doctors in Theology to the Irish Church.

Among the benefactors of the college may be enumerated several of the Popes, such as Urban VIII., Innocent XII., Clement XI., Benedict XIII., BenedictXIV.; many, too, of the Fathers-General of the Society, and Rectors of the college, especially Father Albergati, the immediate successor of Father William Malone, who, besides a valuable oil-painting of Our Saviour by Guido Reni, enriched the college with a useful and well-selected library, and expended much of his own resources on the improvement of the vineyard.

Notable amongst the benefactors was James III. of England, better known as "the Pretender." During his forced residence in Rome he befriended many of the students returning to Ireland, and eventually transferred to the college a house situated in a street off the Corso, near the hospital of St. James, the rent of which should be exclusively devoted to providing *Viatica* for students returning to Ireland on the completion of their studies.

We do not meet with any mention of subsidies from Ireland, or from the Irish Bishops. It was hard, indeed, to expect such in those calamitous times, but the latter, one and all, were eloquent in their praise of the college and of the work it was doing. The great Primate Hugh MacMahon—himself a past-student—writes to the Rector, Father Alexander Roche: "If the college, on account of its limited resources, cannot furnish many soldiers, it provides brave and skilful captains." Archbishop Fagan of Dublin (1729-33) marks his appreciation of the college training by presenting a student (Dr. Richard Reynolds) to one of the principal parishes of the city (St. Andrew's) when he was but two years out of college. Archbishop Linegar, his immediate successor (1734-57), tells the Rector: "You have added much to the many and lasting obligations under which you have placed our beloved country." Pitched in the same key, congratulations poured in from the Archbishop of Cashel, and from the Bishops of Ferns, Kildare, Raphoe, Clogher, and Limerick. Later on, it is true, Archbishop Fitzsimons of Dublin (1763-69) complained of the disproportionate number of students who were induced to join the Society and thus frustrate the purposes of the foundation. But this complaint was not specially directed against the Irish College, Rome, where but very few vocations to religion had been manifested of late, but rather against all the collegiate establishments under the control of the Society.

We now come to the memorable year 1771, when the famous Apostolic Visitation, instituted and presided over by Cardinal Marefoschi, commenced its sessions.

Cordara tells us that the ostensible cause of this visitation was the lodging of certain complaints against the Rector, Father Petrelli, S.J., by one of the students, whom he describes as "turbidioris ingenii juvenis." But there is evidence of a *Ricorso* signed by the eight students then in residence, and forwarded to Cardinal Marefoschi, in his capacity of Cardinal-Protector of Ireland. Whether these representations were made in the name of one,

or in the name of all, certain it is that their general character, and the frivolousness of most of them, bear no proportion to the scale on which this visitation was organized and conducted, and we are forced to the conclusion that it and a similar visitation ordered for the Roman Seminary—then also a Jesuit establishment—formed but items in a general project then under consideration, and destined very soon to become an accomplished fact—namely, the total suppression of the Jesuits. The whole period of the college history from 1635, when it first came into the hands of the Jesuits, had to be gone over; the accounts for all these years had to be submitted to a fresh audit; transactions and contracts concluded more than a century previous with the presumed or express sanction of the then reigning Pontiffs, must again be questioned, and the most searching inquiry instituted. Not many communities, civil or ecclesiastical, would pass unscathed through such an ordeal, and we cannot wonder if the visitors occasionally put their fingers on facts of a more or less questionable nature, traceable to some imprudent or improvident Rector who, from time to time, cropped up in the ever-changing series. On two transactions the visitors specially fastened as giving evidence of maladministration. One was the purchase of the then existing college buildings in 1639 for ten thousand crowns, an exorbitant sum in their opinion. The other was the sale of the vineyard in Castel Gandolfo (expressly sanctioned by Alexander VII.) to the Jesuit Novitiate for six thousand crowns, much too small a sum according to the same opinion. The inquiry dragged through eighteen months, and at its close a report was drawn up, and in due time presented to the Holy Father. On the basis of this report a papal Decree was issued in September, 1772, derogating from the will of the Founder and removing the Jesuits from the administration of the college. Contrary to all precedent in such cases, and apparently at variance with a clause in the Brief ordering the visitation, where it is prescribed to be conducted *secreto et sine strepitu*, this report was published and widely circulated. It makes an interesting quarto volume, and whatever its other merits may be, it certainly does not err on the score of undue partiality for the Jesuits.

Father Petrelli, the last Jesuit Rector, at once took his departure, and a secular priest, named the Abate Cuccagni, was installed Rector in his stead. The new Rector lost no time in petitioning the Pope that, as in virtue of the report, the contracts of 1639 and 1667 were practically declared null, a commission might be appointed to examine all the facts connected with these transactions and determine whether the vineyard, with interest accruing, should not be restored to the college, and the same indemnified for the excess price paid for the buildings. The Pope assented to the prayer of the petition, and a special congregation or commission was nominated with Cardinal Marefoschi as president, and including, amongst others, Monsignor Quarantotti of subsequent "Veto" celebrity.

The Commission commenced taking evidence in January, 1773, and as both sides were at liberty to employ lawyers, elaborate and voluminous pleadings and counter-pleadings were the result.

This course was of some advantage to the Jesuits, inasmuch as it gave them an opportunity of vindicating their administration, a resource which was denied them at the visitation. They fully availed themselves of this opportunity, and, in our humble opinion, with conspicuous success. The hearing of the case, however, had not concluded, nor was any sentence delivered before July, 1773, when the publication of the Decree suppressing the Jesuits brought the whole inquiry to an abrupt termination.

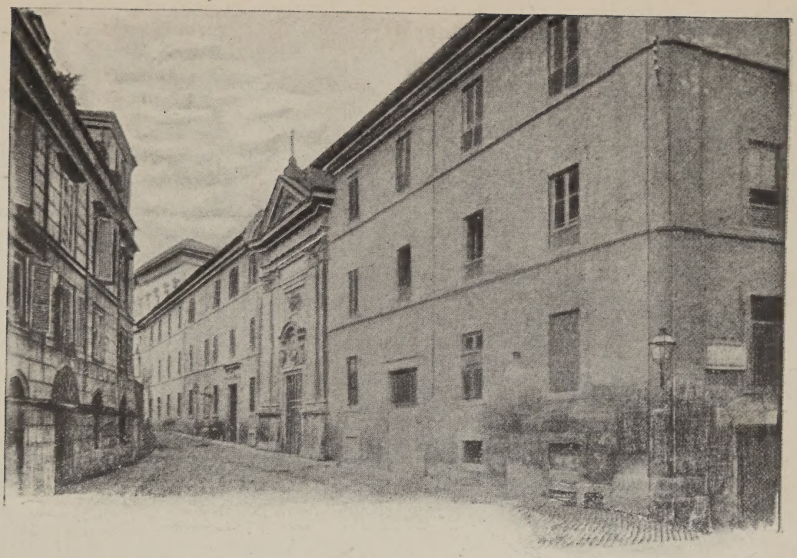
The much-contested vineyard now lapsing to the State was apparently restored to the college and remained part of its endowment until the French Revolutionary occupation disposed of it after its own fashion.

It now devolved upon the Cardinal to rearrange matters in the college. He himself was constituted Cardinal-Protector of the College, as well as of the Kingdom of Ireland, and in this capacity he wielded supreme authority. Under him came Monsignor Sersale, his co-visitor, as *Praeses*, non-resident, thus reviving the office of Father Wadding at the commencement, and then the Rector Cuccagni, with another secular priest as Prefect of Studies. The number of students on the foundation was still limited to eight, and a new code of rules was prepared and printed.

The oath was assimilated to that of the Propaganda, and the students, apparently at their own request, were allowed to discontinue their attendance at the Roman College, and to frequent the lectures of the Propaganda; though in 1857, the students of that day—*quorum unus Ego fui*—unsuccessfully petitioned to be removed from the Propaganda and sent back to the Roman College. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!*

During the twenty-six years the Ludovisian College had yet to live, it did not belie its previous history. The number still remained at eight, and the proportion of distinguished men was well maintained. Suffice it to recall the names of John Murphy, Archdeacon of Dublin; of Dr. Charles O'Conor, the learned author of "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores;" of Matthew O'Conor, of Mount Druid, another distinguished author; of Dr. Lanigan, the nineteenth century rival of Usher and Ware; of James Bernard Clinch, who received deacon's orders, the first Professor of *Belles-lettres* in the newly-founded College of Maynooth, and whose capacity was tested and admitted by no less competent an authority than Edmund Burke; of Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Ferns; of Dr. McCarthy, Coadjutor Bishop of Cork; of Dr. McCann, almost Bishop of Dromore; and finally of Dr. Blake, the founder of the new college, Vicar-General of Dublin, and afterwards Bishop of Dromore.

Before we quit this period, it is historically interesting to mention the advent of Tamburini in the capacity of Prefect of Studies. He had already manifested symptoms of his future wanderings in Brescia, and the Bishop of that See thought well to get him out of his seminary. He came to Rome, was taken up by Cardinal Marefoschi and installed in the Irish College in the capacity mentioned. The Archbishop of Cashel soon after wrote to the Cardinal saying that he had reason to fear that he was Jansenising the Irish College. The Cardinal replied, re-



IRISH COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF ST. AGATHA.

assuring him, and sent him a copy of Tamburini's tract, "De Gratia," which, however, within a year was placed upon the Index. Fortunately he had not time to do much mischief, but it is impossible not to trace his influence in Dr. O'Conor's "Columbanus ad Hibernos," so ably answered by his fellow-collegian, J. B. Clinch; and his friendship for Lanigan had much to say to the unfounded suspicions which deprived Maynooth of the latter's services as Professor of Hebrew and Scripture.

In 1796 the little Corsican corporal had been adding laurels to his wreaths, and provinces and kingdoms to the dominions of the revolutionary Government of France. Even Rome was not to be spared, and two years later the Eternal City was invaded, the Pope carried off a prisoner, and all things, civil and ecclesiastical, handed over to the mercy of the soldiers of the French Republic. The Irish College was swallowed up in the general cataclasm. Its last remaining student, Dr. Blake, was shipped off to Marseilles, its buildings converted into barracks, and its property confiscated.

To all outward appearances the Irish College was now extinct; in reality it was only dormant. The foundation of the great national College of Maynooth rendered the numerous Spanish, Flemish, and French colleges no longer so necessary; and but that the respective Governments of these countries objected to the removal of the funds, even the still remaining colleges of Paris and Salamanca would, in all probability, have long since been absorbed. But the Irish College in Rome stood on a different footing. The reasons adduced in 1625 by the Irish Bishops for its foundation still held good, and Dr. Blake, the last student of the Ludovisian institution, penetrated with this idea of keeping in touch with Rome, was destined to be the link that would enable the past and present to join hands.

Having been deputed to visit Rome in company with Archbishop Murray

CASTLE GANDOLFO, WHERE THE VINEYARD OF THE COLLEGE WAS SITUATED

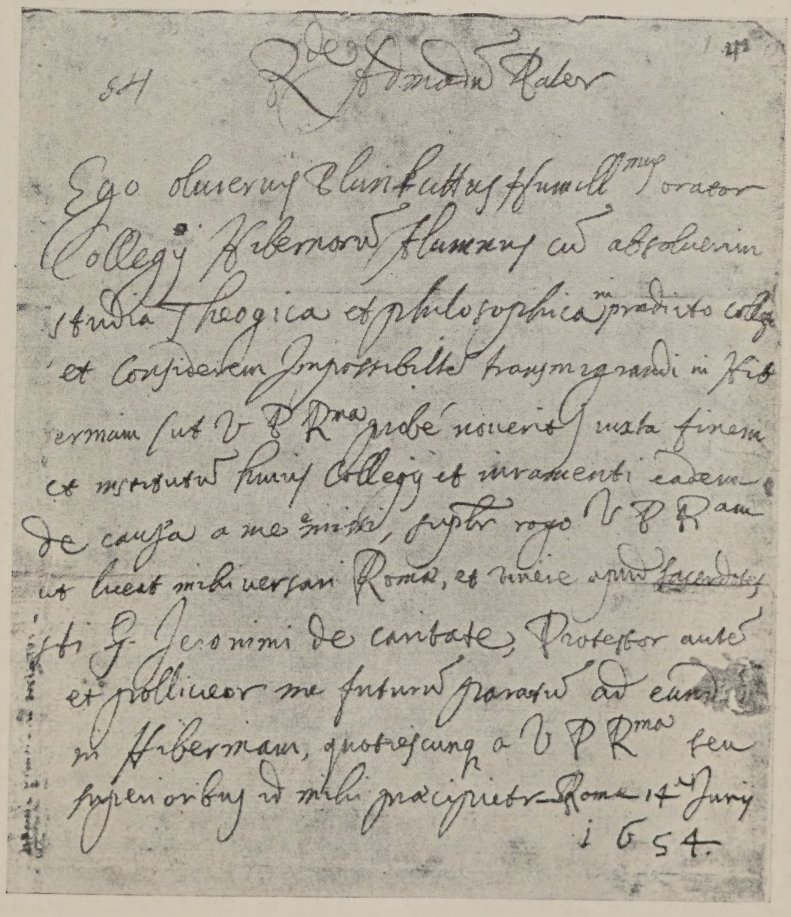
and the Bishop of Cork, in 1814, to protest against the obnoxious veto, he learned with satisfaction that some of the confiscated property of his old *Alma Mater* had been restored to the Holy See: notably the college buildings at the Grillo, the library, and the archives. With this as a nucleus he saw his way to a resurrection. On his return to Ireland he labored incessantly to interest the Bishops in his project, and not without success. In the autumn of 1824, having entrusted his parish of SS. Michael and John to the administration of the Rev. Dr. Yore, he set out for Rome armed with the united blessing of the Irish Hierarchy, and with special commendatory letters signed by the four Archbishops to the Pope, to the Cardinal Prefect, and to the Secretary of Propaganda, Monsignor Caprano. He was accompanied on this journey by the first intended student for the projected revival, Dr. Nicholas Callan, afterwards the distinguished Professor in Maynooth, and to whom the science-world is so much indebted.

The Pope received him most graciously, as also did the Cardinal, and both encouraged him in his project. Not so, however, the Secretary. Caprano's well-sustained opposition delayed the realisation of the project for nearly two years; but eventually this, too, was overcome, and on February 18th, 1826, the Bull, "Plura inter Collegia," re-establishing the Irish College, was issued by Pope Leo XII.

The Collegio Umbro-Fuccioli in the Piazza S. Lucia was given by the Pope to be the new home of the Irish

student, together with an annual revenue of six hundred scudi, saved from the funds of the old college, and which had hitherto been maintaining six Irish students in the Propaganda.* Dr. Blake was able to add £3000 from Dublin for the establishment of burses, and £500 from the Primate for an Armagh burse. With this capital, afterwards supplemented by other burses, the college was opened for students the following October, and amongst the first to be enrolled amongst its students was the late Vicar-General of Dublin, Dr. Andrew Quinn, P.P., Kingstown—a class-fellow of our present Holy Father, who never failed to inquire for him. Another early arrival was Frank Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," but he required so many alterations in the rules that Dr. Blake declined to receive him. Of a far different stamp was a student that entered a few years later, Dr. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.

*One of these was the late Father Henry Young, whose life has been written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton.



AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF THE VEN. OLIVER PLUNKETT, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

DR. KIRBY MEMORIAL HALL IN THE IRISH COLLEGE.

The labor and anxiety through which Dr. Blake had passed seriously threatened his health, so that, at the close of 1827, we find him craving for a successor and leave to return to Ireland. There was some delay in finding this successor. At length in March, 1828, Dr. Boylan, Professor in Maynooth, accepted the post, and in September following proceeded to Rome, accompanied by a band of fourteen freshmen. One of these was the late Rev. C. P. Meehan, whose "Recollections of Italian Vacations" formed such an interesting contribution to Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine* in 1847. Dr. Boylan's tenure of office was very brief. In 1830 his health broke down utterly, and he was compelled to return to Dublin, where he died shortly after. A brief interregnum ensued, when at length a very distinguished Propaganda student was invited to become Rector. This was Dr. Paul Cullen, afterwards the illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin.

With his happy advent commenced a busy and prosperous career for the college. The students increased in numbers, reaching in 1833 a total of forty-two. The classes of the Roman College again welcomed the Irish contingent and soon learned to fear them in academic competition, and the young Rector felt emboldened to petition the Pope for roomier quarters, and a church where the students could be exercised in sacred ceremonies. He was first offered the Greek College, but some difficulties arising in the transfer, Pope Gregory XVI., in 1835, presented him with the church and convent of St. Agatha in the Via Mazzarini; the nuns being removed to the now vacant quarters at Santa Lucia. As soon as they were comfortably settled in their new quarters Pope

Gregory honored the college with a most gracious visit, which event a marble tablet and bust on the first landing fitly commemorate.

Dr. Cullen also had thought of how to provide for the students during the summer heats of Rome. He selected a charmingly-situated villa on the olive-covered slopes of Tivoli, where the *praeceps Anio,* and the *domus Albuneae resonantis,* and the *Tiburni lucus* call up classic memories and help us to walk hand in hand with the greatest of the Latin poets.

The Revolution of 1848 drove the Jesuits from Rome, closed up the Roman College and compelled Dr. Cullen to discharge the duties of Rector of the Propaganda as well as that of the Irish College. The students, now left without their professors, were invited to the class-rooms of the Propaganda which they still continue to frequent.

The year 1849 saw the Rector of the Irish College advanced to the Primatial See of Armagh, and Dr. Kirby, who had been assisting him as Vice-Rector, promoted to the Rectorial chair. Who has not heard of the good, kind, and saintly Archbishop Kirby?—for to this latter dignity he was subsequently advanced by his old school-mate, Pope Leo XIII. For full forty years he ruled this institution, instructed and counselled successive generations of students, and edified them by the unwearying practice of the virtues and

INTERIOR OF ST. AGATHA'S, ROME.

VILLA OF THE IRISH COLLEGE AT TIVOLI.

austerities of the Saints. He retired from active duty only a couple of years before the close of his well-spent days, which were lengthened out to the patriarchal span of ninety-one years. Just twenty days after his ninety-first birthday, he died the death of the just, on the 20th day of January, 1895. On the occasion of his retirement from the duties of Rector, he had been succeeded by the present worthy occupant, the Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, who has been thoughtful enough to perpetuate the memory of his saintly predecessor by erecting a Memorial Hall, wherein is enshrined a marble bust of Dr. Kirby, with a Latin inscription on the pedestal composed by our present Holy Father.

It would form too long a list were we to set down the names and successes of the many distinguished students who passed through the college during this, its latest period. Suffice it to say, that it maintained its well-established traditions, and, at the present moment, amongst the living members of the Hierarchy, it can claim one Cardinal (Sydney), two Archbishops (Cashel, Brisbane), three Bishops (Dromore, Dunedin, Canea), with several others bearing high ecclesiastical dignities, and that its history for the past seventy years, if ever it comes to be written will prove that our *Alma Mater* is not unworthy of the well-sustained glories of its predecessor in title.

We may best, perhaps, conclude with an extract from the eloquent oration pronounced by the late Dr. Moriarty at the funeral of Dr. Blake in 1860:—"It is a good thing that the Episcopacy and the priesthood should keep close to the Chair of Peter. The history of the Church presents a constant streaming backwards and forwards on the way to Rome. The enemies of the Church have always striven to prevent freedom of inter-

course with the Holy See. They would wish to prevent even correspondence. No Bull, Brief, or Rescript should be received without their permission! Now nothing can be better calculated to secure intimate relations between a nation and the Holy See than the education of clerical youth under the very shadow of Peter's Chair. The acquaintance becomes personal. The orthodox spirit and feeling inform the whole mind and heart. Leaning on the Mother's breast, they learn to love her, and they go forth witnesses for their brethren of the views and wishes of the Church in the minutest details of her government, her teaching, or her ritual. Hence every religious order strives to have a residence in Rome, and every Catholic nation would wish to have there a college for ecclesiastical youth."—From *St. Peter's.*

TIVOLI.

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S "FOLDED HANDS."

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

I saw the silent sea lie calm
  Beneath the silent sky,
Like tired hands folded palm to palm,
  When tempests had swept by;
Like worn-out hearts at rest at last,
  When none but God is nigh.

I felt my soul as silently
  Give up the weary fight;
Struggle and strife are gone from me—
  God's will be done to-night.
My folded and uplifted hands
  I offer in His sight.

Be it work or rest I care no more;
  Be it storm, or star, or sun.
After stern stress and anguish sore,
  The victory is won;
If but my folded hands He asks,
  His will alone be done!

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER I.

MERELY GOSSIP.

FRANCES HAMPDEN,
ARTIST.

The sign hung on one of the pillars of the broad portico; the board that held the rough iron letters creaked on its worn fastenings when a jesting October breeze danced over the surface of the river and ran full tilt against the broad front of this solemn-visaged house which had rebuffed the same wind for over a hundred years.

The dilapidated shutters of the old house rattled an answering angry protest against the noises of this sign; and some prideful ivy, ashamed of this evidence of the necessity for toil in one whose ancestors had always lived in a state of improvident luxury, had climbed laboriously up to the top of the pillar and there fallen sprawling over the name—Hampden, as if bent on concealing from the curious passers by the poverty of the present inmates.

At first the older townsfolk, who knew the traditions of the house, had stopped to stare wonderingly up at what seemed to them a pitiful appeal for work. But after they had watched the freshly painted sign blister in the hot rays of the sun, fade in the autumn rains and swing in a hood of snow, their interest was sapped through familiarity, and they went on their way unquestioningly, leaving the unsolved mystery to the tireless conjectures of the indefatigable gossips of the town when they met at their weekly sewing circle.

Today, as they congregated in Miss Melinda Tibbs's back parlor, every woman in the room had a suggestion to make. There was something about Miss Melinda's parlor that acted as a stimulus to conversation. It seemed to be a secret place, protected from the pervasive sight of men, and the stiff portraits on the walls, the stuffed birds on the mantel, the sleek cat on the hearth rug, even the round-faced clock in the corner, wore a listening, expectant air and seemed to add to the size and eagerness of the audience.

"We've talked it over a hundred times," began Mrs. Valkirk, a comfortable matron who enjoyed the importance of wealth and was therefore the leader in all committees of inquiry, "but we never have decided what she could have done with her money. Everyone knows she had plenty before she married Paul Hampden."

"Matrimony explains all misfortunes," said Miss Melinda, who strove to conceal her maidenly desires behind a carefully-planted trellis of sour grapes. "Everyone knows that the Somerses owned half this town. I don't believe Paul Hampden would have married a poor girl!"

"Most men wouldn't," piped up a spectacled girl, who was sitting inertly in the corner.

"Yes they would," interrupted Miss Melinda, putting some vigorous stitches into the wristband of a shirt for the heathen, "because—well, because most men are fools."

"I taught Paul Hampden when he was a little boy," said the frail old lady who sat stitching by the window.

"He was always good-natured but I never had any control over him, he was so selfish and wild, and he made a selfish wild man, and, as I told you before, I went to Mrs. Somers two weeks before Frances married him. I told her what kind of a man he was—I thought it was my duty."

"Of course," murmured the ladies in chorus.

"But Mrs. Somers wouldn't listen. She thought I was animated by spite. She liked Paul, and Gen. Somers had set his heart on the match because the Hampdens were poor and proud, and the Somerses were rich and generous, and Frances was so young she hardly knew what she was doing. Paul was good looking and, I suppose, Frances had some romantic notions from the novels she had read, and so she didn't think much about it one way or the other."

"They had a grand wedding," said Mrs. Valkirk, with reminiscent satisfaction, "I reckon it must have cost a thousand dollars."

"You said five hundred last time," broke in a voice from the corner.

"And now she's trying to work for her living," said the spectacled one in a tone which did not betoken displeasure. "She don't paint original pictures. She calls herself a restorer."

"Restorer!" repeated the chorus.

"Restorer of old paintings. Some say she has all the work she can do."

"But why don't her brother support her?" asked one of the more silent ones. "If he's an invalid and she spends her time nursing him she certainly earns her board and clothes."

"Her clothes are very plain," said one of the sewers, parenthetically.

"But that's no reason why he should support her child," spoke up Miss Melinda.

"She's very independent," sighed the old lady by the window. "I'm sorry the child is a boy, he will probably inherit his father's traits."

"Has anybody yet found out where his father is? asked a bright-eyed little woman, stopping the noise of the sewing machine.

"No, nobody knows," answered the circle.

"They went to New York after they were married," said Mrs. Valkirk. "I saw them there when I went to visit my sister-in-law."

The ladies were full of breathless interest, though they had heard this statement three times that fall.

"How long ago was that?" they asked.

"Let me see, time flies so fast it's hard to calculate. It must have been eight years ago. It was before General and Mrs. Somers died."

"People say that Paul Hampden helped kill the General," said Miss Melinda in a half whisper. "He went through his wife's money so fast and the General couldn't stop him."

"Nor anyone else," said the old governess. "Paul never listened to his own father, he certainly wouldn't listen to his father-in-law. Some people say that Ralph Somers loaned him money too. I wouldn't be surprised. They say Ralph Somers hasn't paid his doctor's bill for five years."

This was a new item.

"Who told you?" queried the circle.

"Well of course I'm not sure," admitted the old lady, "but Dr. Aberly has a housekeeper who sometimes looks over his books to see that the doctor isn't being cheated, and she says—"

"What?"

"That the doctor hasn't had a cent

from there since General Somers died."

"Some people won't pay doctors," sniffed Miss Melinda. "They say if you pay a doctor too fast they half kill you with medicines trying to cure you so they can get their money."

"Well he won't cure Mr. Somers," spoke up Mrs. Crandall, a dejected-looking woman who took a grim delight in dismal prophecies. "He's dying by inches and they say nobody can stop him."

"Doesn't anyone know exactly what's the matter with him?" asked the spectacled one.

"Not exactly—some sort of a disease that can't be cured. His mother traveled everywhere with him trying to find some sort of springs that would benefit him. They say so much traveling hastened her death."

"I never could sleep in strange beds," put in Miss Melinda. "Traveling around so much is all foolishness. If it's the Lord's will that a man die, no power on earth will stop him."

"Did he want springs for his bed?" asked an old woman, whose deafness prevented her from following the conversation closely, "because if he does, my brother-in-law has a furniture shop and he's selling a new sort of patent springs—"

Miss Melinda laughed and Mrs. Valkirk tried to explain that the Somerses had gone to springs in Germany.

"Germany," repeated the old woman. Ain't American manufactures good enough for him? You ain't sure of foreign beds. I'm told that some of them ain't over clean."

"There is no use talking to her," said Miss Melinda resignedly, lowering her voice. "She's getting right childish in her old age. I'm thinking of asking her to resign from the sewing circle, but she does make such beautiful buttonholes."

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Hampden to join?" suggested Mrs. Crandall. "She might like it. It would be sort of sociable."

"I had thought of it," replied Mrs. Valkirk, musingly, "but I wasn't sure the Rector would approve."

"Why?"

"Well, you know they say she's left the church."

Miss Melinda, seeking for some sort of a moral support in the face of such iniquity, piously clasped the heathen's shirt.

"Now who would have thought Frances Somers could be so wicked?" she said.

The circle gasped.

"Don't she ever go to church?"

"Well that's the objection," said Mrs. Valkirk, lingering over the news with a gossip's desire to prolong the importance of her intelligence. "Some say she's turned Romanist."

"I wonder she ain't afraid of damnation," said the deaf one, pricking up her ears.

"Frances Somers never was afraid of anything," said Miss Melinda disapprovingly. "Do you remember how she used to ride the fastest horses in her father's stables? It used to make my flesh creep. I'm thinking of asking the new Rector to go and see her. She might be saved, if she would only go and hear him preach."

"Well I can't say I think much of the new Rector," said the little woman at the sewing machine, "I think he means to make a great many changes in the church. Why, even his surplice is cut in a new way. I'm too conservative, perhaps, but I'm not sure I like the new Rector."

"Why?" The circle was indignantly curious.

"Well I think his ideas of religion must be queer, for I know for a fact that he took Lem Waters into the rectory and gave him whiskey."

"The Lord have mercy!" cried Mrs. Crandall.

"Why everybody knows that Lem Waters is the drunkard of this town."

"My father told me that," said the trustee's daughter. "Lem Waters was lying on the best sofa in the parlor when my father got there and his boots were muddying up the cushions in an awful way."

"The silk cushions we made!" exclaimed the ladies.

The trustee's daughter nodded. She had never seemed of so much importance in the circle before. "The minister said Lem Waters was in such a state that he had to give him liquor. He said Lem was dying."

"I don't believe it," said Miss Melinda decidedly," and I don't approve of ministers of the Gospel keeping liquor in their houses, anyhow."

"It's very useful in case of sickness," said Mrs. Valkirk, with matronly authority. "I wouldn't like to pass judgment on the Rector when he hasn't been here a week, but I believe he's very high church. Now, Mr. Preston was very low, and that's what I've been used to all my life."

"Mr. Preston was a very poor preacher," said the old governess, whose past pedagogic duties established the right to criticise. "I hear that this young man is very eloquent."

Mrs. Crandall looked nervously around the room.

"I never like to hear the dead abused," she said—"You never know but what they might be listening."

The old governess smiled goodnaturedly.

"I'm not abusing him, I was just saying he was a poor preacher. Some say he wore false teeth and he was afraid they would drop out if he opened his mouth wide enough to be heard. He was a good man—everybody knows that—but he was very old and feeble and the trustees were thinking of getting the bishop to retire him."

"Well, I never heard that," said Mrs. Valkirk, surprised that such an important piece of news should have escaped her. "They say that this new Rector has a sister who is coming to live with him. My cousin, Mr. Green, is conductor on the railroad and he told me that the Rector was expecting her this evening."

"Is she a settled person?" someone asked.

"No, Mr. Green says she's only a girl, younger than the Rector."

"How old do you suppose he is?" asked Miss Melinda.

"One of the trustees told me," said Mrs. Crandall. "That was the first question they put to Mr. Walford. I wonder they had the courage to ask a minister of the Gospel such an impertinent question."

"A man doesn't mind telling his age," interrupted a voice from the sofa. "My father's one of the trustees—Mr. Walford told him, without being asked, that he was thirty-two."

"He's right grey on the temples," said Mrs. Valkirk, meditatively. "But I reckon he's thought so much studying Theology that his greyness is to be expected. They say he works hard wherever he's sent, and he told someone that he meant to call on every church member."

"Is that so?" ejaculated Miss Melinda. "I must have my parlor curtains

washed—they get right dusty this time of year. I'll take them down tomorrow."

"I reckon Mr. Walford won't look at the curtains," said Mrs. Crandall, comfortingly. "They say he's going to take up a collection to buy an altar."

"An altar?"

"I told you he had all those high church notions," said the worker at the sewing machine. "Someone told me he was talking about getting candles."

"He was," announced the daughter of the trustee, glad of another chance to get a hearing.

"What for?"

"Ain't the church light enough to suit?" asked the old deaf lady, who had been listening suspiciously to every word since she had heard her own banishment proposed, "I ain't objecting to more light. My eyes ain't as good as they used to be."

"He's going to bring them in as part of the worship," said the trustee's daughter, raising her voice.

"Worship a candle? The Lord be merciful!" mumbled the old woman. "I've made too many a candle in my day to pray to such a graven image."

"He don't pray to them," cried Miss Melinda. "He just has them for —for—"

"For beauty," suggested Mrs. Valkirk coming bravely to her friend's rescue.

"Well, I don't see any beauty in a candle," said one of the ladies who had not spoken before. "The tallow drips over everything. I don't see why we should go back to the days of our grandfathers, when we have gas and electricity."

"Maybe you're judging Mr. Walford wrongfully," said the old governess, anxious to preserve a state of calm. "I don't see any harm in candles, if he wants them. The light is dim in the chancel."

"But he wants them on the altar," said Mrs. Valkirk. "He told my husband so."

"Does he expect us to pay for the altar?" asked Miss Melinda scornfully. "I'll not contribute one cent."

"Not if he asks you?" The ladies were breathless at such boldness.

"He's very good-looking," said the trustee's daughter irrelevantly. "And he's single," suggested the old governess, her eyes twinkling merrily.

"And he's very nice and tall," continued the trustee's daughter. "He certainly looks like an Apollo in his surplice."

"I don't think Apollo ever bothered with clothes," said the governess with quiet humor. "I'm sure he never dreamed of wearing a surplice."

"Do you mean to say a Christian man would go stark naked?" asked the deaf woman in dismay.

The ladies who prided themselves on their mythological knowledge smiled in a superior way.

"We're not talking about Christians," explained the governess. "We were just comparing Mr. Walford to a heathen god."

"Ain't he a Christian?" asked the old woman anxiously.

The old governess smiled again.

"If a Christian can't burn a candle, perhaps he isn't. For my part, I like the young man, he looks so intelligent. Someone told me he was a friend of Ralph Somers. I believe they went to college together and I think they have always corresponded."

"Is Ralph Somers able to write letters?" asked Miss Melinda. "I thought his hand was paralyzed.

"We've known that for five years,"

broke in the disagreeable voice from the corner. But no one noticed the interruption.

"Of course he is helpless but Frances writes for him and he tells her what to say. I hear he's very troublesome to nurse now-a-days, they have to hire a negro man to wheel him out in his rolling chair."

"He hasn't been out lately, I reckon the weather has been too bad," said Mrs. Valkirk, rising laboriously from the horse-hair rocking chair. "Talking about the weather reminds me I must be going. It must be four o'clock."

Ten pairs of eyes were suddenly fastened upon the round-faced clock. There was a general rustle as the ladies arose and shook the ravelings and basting threads from the folds of their skirts, then, carefully wrapping their individual parts of the costumes for the heathens into brown paper parcels, they trooped into Miss Melinda's back room to put on their bonnets. As they took their turns before the wide mirror, which hung above the glass knobbed bureau, they could hear Miss Melinda covertly moving the chairs in her endeavor to pick the threads from the carpet. Such prompt house-cleaning was not a reproof to her guests,—it was expected from one who had no matrimonial responsibilities. So the ladies made no comment, but pressed her hand affectionately at parting, and some of them kissed her.

"Such a charming afternoon."

"We have had a delightful time."

"Next week we meet at Mrs. Valkirk's."

"We've had a most satisfactory meeting," they said as they passed lingeringly down the three wooden steps that led to the narrow brick pavement.

Miss Melinda watched them out of sight; then she returned to the back parlor and sitting down in the big rocker she stroked the sleek cat and ruminated over all that she had heard. Her mind was troubled. She was wondering how she could summon up courage to refuse to contribute to the new minister's altar.

"Thirty-two," she said meditatively. "Thirty-two—eight years is not such a difference. I wonder, I wonder—" and then, as if fearing the cat would understand, she suddenly relapsed into silence.

CHAPTER II.

ASUNDER.

In the old belittered garret of the Somers' house Frances Hampden had established her studio. The great room had always attracted her, for it seemed to be the heart of the house, holding and treasuring with human persistency the memories and relics of its unforgotten past. There were spinning wheels around which glad years and young hopes had been spun, until the threads lay broken in unskilled fingers and the true lessons of life were taught in tears. There were trunks full of bridal splendor, boxes of broken toys, satin slippers which had once peeped beneath wide hoop skirts of satin, keeping impatient time to the stately music of the minuet. And from the ceiling hung a number of flowery poke bonnets, a moth-eaten uniform, a long sword, rusting in its scabbard, and an old slouch hat with a straightened plume bearing marks of a bullet hole in the crown. Behind a chest of drawers stood a curiously-constructed rocking horse, on which three generations had gleefully pranced, and

next to it was a white-railed cradle which had nestled soft baby forms and rocked them to sleep to lullabies of crooning "mammies."

Frances had the long room swept, but had left its belongings untouched, with the exception of one corner, which she had taken for her own and furnished according to her moods. The character of the corner was a strange anomaly; it betokened a love of oriental ease bound to a mystical sense of religion which preached the glory of privation. From one of the rafters hung a silver sanctuary lamp, and on a rose-wood desk, set against a tapestry on the wall, stood a tall ivory crucifix; opposite to this was a couch piled high with cushions and covered with yellow satin of some strange eastern design, and by its side was an inlaid table holding a number of bottles which were filled with heavy perfumes. A small oriental rug was spread upon the floor; on the outskirts of this rug Frances fancied that the spirits of her ancestors lingered around the possessions they had prided in their youth. She liked to picture the sprightly dames, the gallant gentlemen in their quaint costumes of stiff satin, to wonder about their joys and their griefs, and to feel, in her intense individualism, that they were interested in her.

Perhaps, if her small son Tom had been of a less inquiring turn of mind, she would not have fallen so happily into this comforting ghostly company; but Tom, with the concentrated curiosity of six years questioned her so closely about every new discovery he made in the garret, that she had to invent stories to satisfy him. Since he was too small to be sent to the distant school, he spent most of his time with her, quiet and blissfully content if he could but patch an ancient toy of his grandfather's into working order, and if his efforts, after hours, proved ineffectual he would snuggle up to his mother's side and beg for more stories.

And while she talked, the garret seemed, even to her, peopled with friendly supernatural visitants, who sat upon the trunks and boxes, and listened encouragingly, apparently well pleased with her idealized version of their histories.

But of late Tom had not been able to command so much of his mother's attention, for there had been many new additions to the garret. Cracked indistinct paintings and family portraits stood leaning against the walls, the hobby-horse and the cradle, and close to the window Frances had placed her easel, where she worked industriously repairing the work of Time. Under her patient brush yellowing faces of historic belles bloomed with rosy freshness. Statesmen left her hands with their flowered waist-coats perfect in their old world gorgeousness. In one picture a beauty's eye must be replaced, and in another a colonial cavalier's mouth had been torn by a bayonet's thrust. Out of the dimness she brought forth smiles, long dead; the lustre of curls now whitening into dust, garlands of triumph, and jewels of antique pattern, which had cost men their honor and women their shame.

Though Tommy could not appreciate this work of resurrection which had gone on persistently for a year or more, he gloried in the big packing boxes in which the portraits were delivered at the Somers' back door; they were full of springy white excelsior, out of which Tommy built fires and forts and beds and barricades, and with the boxes he started a township. Every time a new box came he wel-

comed it with the patriotic joy of a true colonizer. Every time a picture had to be sent away, and one of Tommy's houses confiscated, he retired into the largest box left him, which he always called the palace, and wept until his pillow of excelsior was damp with tears.

On the afternoon that the sewing circle met at Miss Melinda Tibbs', Frances was alone in the garret, and, though the light was growing too dim for her to distinguish with precision the colors on her palette, she seemed reluctant to leave her work. She sat with folded hands, viewing the picture in front of her, and wondering at the compelling charm of the face on the canvas. She felt that she had made such a failure of her own young life that she was curious to know if this woman's beauty had brought her happiness. For days they had confronted each other, and as Frances labored to lift the veil that the years had spread over this smiling countenance she found herself conjecturing about the original as a friend would think of a friend.

At last, tired of her useless surmising, she went to the window and gazed out over the roofs of the small town to the river beyond, shining tremulously, illumined by a narrow streak of gold in the western sky. On the opposite shore the woods looked like heavy shadows, blighted by the frost, but on the hills above, where the trees had already loosened their leaves, the branches showed a delicate tracery against the faintly-lighted clouds.

As Frances stood there idly meditating, there was a sound of hurrying feet on the garret stairs, and the door creaked on its hinges admitting a tall, broad-shouldered man, almost breathless from his hasty ascent.

"Well, Frances," he exclaimed, "what is this new freak of yours? I suppose you think you're as high now as you can get in this material world. I always found your heights uncomfortable."

At the man's entrance Frances had turned as white as the wall against which she leaned for support.

"Paul," she gasped, and her voice trembled, "Paul, oh! what are you doing here?"

He laughed uncomfortably.

"Well, I suppose I ought to have come before," he said, stopping some distance away from her, for the ceiling slanted so low by the window that he could not have stood upright, "I know I ought to have come before, but we weren't happy together, were we Frances?" His voice softened persuasively. She knew that it was a boyish trick to disarm reproof.

"No," she said slowly, speaking like one in a dream, "I suppose I ought not to have expected happiness."

"And we never suited each other, did we?" he continued, sitting down upon one of the dust-covered trunks and nervously fingering the brim of the soft grey hat he held in his hands. "You never really loved me. Why, you didn't know me well enough, and you didn't know yourself well enough to love anyone."

Her eyes were fixed stonily upon him; she noticed, with a childish surprise, that he had grown older, that his face had coarsened and seemed to have lost part of its intelligence—or had he always looked that way? She wondered vaguely why she had ever thought him handsome.

"No," she said, answering his question at last.

"I've been away three years now, and I suppose you have been really

better off without me? You were always too good for me Frances,—I've been a brute—a selfish brute."

She regarded him with a new dread in her eyes. In the past his remorseless abuse of himself had always placed her off her guard, but now it had the opposite effect.

"Why—why did you come?" she asked again; "surely—surely not for Tom?"

"For Tom?—Lord, no, what do I want with the boy? I met him as I came in, he was swinging on the garden gate. He didn't know me and I didn't introduce myself. What's the use? he probably hates me from hearsay."

Frances leaned heavily against the window sill.

"He has heard nothing," she said firmly.

"Well then, I suppose he thinks I'm dead. I will be if he waits long enough. I hope you'll be able to model him on a different plan from his father. I never was any good. That's a devilish pretty house-girl you have down stairs, she told me where to find you. What does the sign on the front door mean? Isn't Ralph able to support you?"

He spoke with good-natured effrontery. Her eyes flashed back into his.

"How can you ask?" she cried.

"Jove! you look handsome," he said, seeking to soothe her with his genuine admiration for all womanly beauty. "You look as dashing as the day I first met you. Don't fret: I'll pay Ralph his money some day, I haven't forgotten. He ought not to have loaned it to me, I didn't need it then as much as I do now."

She stood silent before him, her head bowed, inert, suffering.

"How is Ralph?" he asked.

Her calm was giving way. The interview was becoming unbearable. She could have cried out in pity of her own helplessness. She measured the distance to the door.

"He is dying," she answered slowly.

"Poor devil," he went on carelessly. "Easy for a man on the flat of his back to be good. I suppose if I had been an invalid you would have taken care of me and enjoyed it, now, wouldn't you?" His habitual cheerfulness forced itself even into the tragedies he created.

She did not answer him.

"But I don't think you would have cared about it. You are only three fourths angel, and we never got on, did we?" He asked the question again as if he were returning to a certain point in the conversation from which his thoughts radiated.

She looked longingly towards the door.

"No," she said mechanically.

"I don't know how it was," he reflected. "I suppose we weren't meant for each other. You were cleverer than I; you liked books and pictures and music—the kind I thought were tiresome. On our honeymoon we had some good times together, riding and boating, but a man can't live his life on horseback. I get restless in one place. I like to be moving."

"I went to Europe," she said slowly, as if she were trying to justify herself before her conscience.

"Yes, I remember that trip to Europe."

"You—you left me so alone—"

"Did I? I had forgotten that." He seemed to regret his lack of memory.

"And then the days we spent in Paris, when I first began to realize—"

"That there were other women in the world," he interrupted her, "I

can't help that—the Lord made them."

"God knows I tried to do my duty," she said pitifully, covering her face with her hands.

"Now don't cry, Frances," he began with something like real concern in his tone, "I hate to see a woman cry. I know you tried to do your duty, and I hope the kid will bring you some comfort. You deserve it—I'm going away again. You're happier without me."

His voice was full of tenderness. She looked up startled but the next moment she realized that tears from the pretty house-maid's eyes would have elicited from him the same show of sympathy.

"Go where?" she asked.

"Anywhere—I'm a rolling stone. You surely wouldn't want me to stay here?"

His tone was so wistful that for a moment she half believed that he wished to remain. She was sure that love had not led him back to her, but she thought that perhaps his financial condition had brought him to seek a temporary shelter in her home. She passed through a soul-struggle before she answered.

"It is my husband's place." She forced the words from her white lips.

"In this bare, ghostly house?—In this dead town? I would have the horrors in a week's time. What did you come here for? it can't be pleasant for you."

"I had no other place to go."

"There was the house in New York."

"It was mortgaged—it was sold." She spoke now, indifferently, like one passed beyond all further feeling.

He was a trifle disconcerted.

"A man must pay his debts," he said. "I suppose you did the best thing under the circumstances. I wouldn't have been able to support you."

"Tom had to live," she said. "Ralph wrote to me to bring him here."

"I thought he would come to the rescue." He smiled reassuringly.

"Did you think at all?" her dark eyes had grown dull and expressionless.

"Thought! of course I thought, but the thinking didn't improve me. I was tired—tired of the monotony of life. Somebody ought to have killed me long ago." He got up and began to pace up and down the long room. "I'm sorry you had to come back here," he began again. "A woman doesn't like to acknowledge her matrimonial failures, and I have no doubt the neighbors talked about us until they were exhausted. There's nothing in life that doesn't afford amusement to somebody, and I suppose, since we belonged to the town, we will prove a subject of conversation for years. I wonder what they would say to a divorce?"

He spoke with an attempt at carelessness, but she knew that he had now broached the real object of his visit.

"A divorce," she repeated as if she were trying to impress the true meaning of the word on her mind. "A divorce—a divorce!"

"You could get one if you chose," he suggested hopefully, "on the ground of desertion. I half trusted you would."

"Hoped that I would?"

"Yes, I'm tired," he said peevishly.

"Tired," the word seemed to be meaningless.

"Yes, tired of being bound. I want to be free. You could get the divorce, the courts are always more sympathetic with a woman, and the judge is

one of your father's oldest friends. He knows what a brute I have been and he would be glad to give it to you."

She steadied herself against the window-sill.

"I can't," she said with parched lips, "I can't."

"Can't! why not?"

"Because—oh! because I am your wife."

"And that gratuitous piece of information means—?"

"That I cannot free you, even if I would."

"Good God! Frances, you don't want me? I haven't been good, I haven't done my duty. We've been separated for years—it's a mere matter of form."

"I can't," she said again hopelessly.

He had not expected a refusal. He was angry and baffled by her calm.

"Is it some religious idea that prevents you?" he cried passionately.

She shrank away from him terrified.

"I am your wife, I cannot yield my place to another. I—I am a Catholic."

"A priest-ridden Romanist, you mean! and you bring that forward as an excuse for your obstinacy. I should think you would be glad to get rid of me—I cannot understand."

She leaned half fainting against the broad window-sill, the red of the sunset mingled strangely with the dull gold of her hair, her brown eyes wore a haunted look, her white face stood out, cameo-like, against the black framework of the window. He stood for a moment regarding her silently, conscious of her beauty even in the midst of his anger. He was uncertain how to begin the argument anew.

"Rome is behind the times—a divorce is no disgrace in these days.'

"The Church is not governed by the opinions of the world," she said hoarsely. "All evil is a disgrace. I have to refuse you, because—you mean to marry again."

Her acuteness startled him.

"How—how did you know?"

"Because, oh! because I am a woman and I feel. When you married me I was an unthinking girl, I believed in you—I thought you loved me—I tried to adapt myself to your moods, to your pleasures. I failed—I failed in spite of all my efforts. Now, I cannot use the personal plea, but will you think of Tom?"

"Tom!" he repeated fiercely. "Why should I think of him? I am nothing to him, nor he to me."

"He is your son."

"And—"

"You would bring dishonor on his mother—on his name. Later on he will need your help; I have nothing and Ralph is poor."

"It's a question of money then?" he said scornfully. "Women always think of that."

Her cheeks flamed with sudden fury. "God have mercy!" she cried falling weakly to her knees, "God have mercy!"

"Lord if you're going to begin to pray I'll leave," he said, "the thing can be accomplished without you. Teach the boy to believe I'm dead. The dead have the advantage of us, they are not responsible. I might have known there was no good in coming, I'm sorry the idea ever entered my head. I'm going now. You'll not see me again in a hurry, and I don't suppose you will regret my departure." He put on his hat and started to the door.

She watched him go. She was incapable of speech. The old pain, which she had experienced in the past when she first began to doubt him, returned with concentrated force; she

had never loved him, but he had had the power to make her suffer; he had trampled on her keener sensibilities, humbled her pride, extinguished the light of her illusions; he had aged her heart and soul, and left her in a darkened world with the shadow of his presence always near her.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND THE SEA.

BY MARY M. REDMOND

Some lives are like the restless wave
That passes by the sheltered cave,
To fling itself upon the shore—
A broken wave forevermore!
Forevermore!

And some are like the summer sea,
Whose waves go singing to the lea;
Each bearing on its snowy crest
The message fair—"God knoweth best!"
God knoweth best!

Yes, life is like the mighty sea,
So wide, so full of mystery,
The breakers boom, the billows roar—
To break in spent waves on the shore!
Poor spent waves on the shore!

CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND THE LONDON SLUMS.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

"Then you are hopeful for the future of the Whitechapel district?"

"Certainly I am," replied his Eminence. "When I remember what it was forty years ago, why should I not be hopeful?"

The Cardinal's optimism is contagious. No one can talk with him and not share his confidence in the outcome of the work that is now being done in the slums of London. "We must not expect miracles," he continued. "We must simply labor on each day, content with the slightest improvement. Such things can not be helped all at once, but gradually they will become better. When I first visited the East End, it was far more terrible than at present—much dirtier, more crowded, worse in every way. The contrast is encouraging. Hundreds of small cottages are now being built for the slum people in Essex, where you find them quite transformed by their new surroundings, and taking much pride in their small houses. The father of a family, after his hard day's work in London, instead of returning

to a stifling room, where six or eight people are herded together, now comes in from his refreshing ride on the penny tram, to a quiet home, where he can rest. More and more we hope to get the working people out of the slums. It is almost impossible to help them as long as ten or twelve people sleep, cook and eat in two small rooms. Often they are only cellars, where men, women and children are forced to sleep in one bed! The air is foul, they have little food and in winter, when the fogs settle down over London, they are cold and miserable. They must go to the public house for comfort; that is always warm and bright, and for two or three cents, they can buy enough drink to make them forget their miseries. Would we be any better, my child, had we been forced to live in such surroundings?" And the divine charity of Christ illumined the beautiful face of the Cardinal. "Even in the slums we must not think that all are bad. In spite of their awful poverty, the Catholics have kept their faith, and among them we often find very noble men and women. In the worst parts of London there is always much to make us have hope for the future."

When I spoke of the terrible impression I had received from the sight of so many drunken women, he replied: "Yes, it is terrible—still they do not drink as much as they did. We must not expect too much of those poor creatures, they are so tempted by the public houses."

"But if the saloons are ruining the people, why does not the government close them?"

"Ah, you can not do anything in England except through public opinion. You must first reach the people—get the general sentiment of the country against the saloons. Unfortunately, there are too many interests bound up in the liquor question. Meanwhile, a great deal is being done for the poor. The entire country is now turning its attention toward the betterment of the working classes, especially the protection of women and children. Millions are being spent to help them, and much has been accomplished in every branch of charitable work. Have you visited St. Anthony's Social Settlement, on Tower Hill, founded by the Duchess of Newcastle? That is the true way to help these people—go and live among them. The poor and the rich have been too long separated. A wall has grown up between them. They must be brought together. I want hundreds of such women to make their homes in the slums, and by their example to teach the poor how to live. Among English Catholics we have only the extremes of life. The highest nobility, as for instance the family of the Duke of Norfolk, and the very poor. The rich middle class all belong to the church of England."

"Then I presume that Catholics are well received in society?"

"Certainly they are. There is no distinction between Catholics and Protestants. Indeed, many are beginning to say that the Catholic faith was the first religion and that it will be the last. A great number of Protestant working men are losing their faith. A short time ago I was invited to attend a very large meeting of this class, called together by the ministers. 'What are you going to talk to these men about?' I asked. 'We intend to try and persuade them to go to church. Of the hundreds of men before you not fifty attend any religious service. They think that the ministers have organized some kind of police surveil-

lance over them and so they stay away."

"We are moving," said the Cardinal in explanation of the disorder evident in his surroundings. Have you seen our new cathedral? We are to live next door to it, and everything is now being carried over there."

While waiting downstairs I had noticed the dreadful confusion, and pitied a household that had to be moved by men. Even in his private reception room the Cardinal was surrounded by packing boxes of every description, and could find none of his cherished books. He searched in vain for a pamphlet regarding St. Anthony's, which he wished to give me. But when I expressed my deepest sympathy he only laughed and said: "One may as well be moving as doing anything else, my child, it all comes in the day's work." When a man, albeit a Cardinal, can calmly smile at the discomforts of moving, he has indeed succeeded in discovering the great secret of happiness—the ability to disregard petty annoyances, to live the spiritual life so completely that nothing can disturb the serenity of his soul.

Later, when I called on the Duchess with an introduction from his Eminence, I was received most cordially. Everything connected with this noble charity was explained to me, and I realized the truth of Cardinal Vaughan's words—that the only way to bridge over the gulf which separates these poor creatures of the slums from their more fortunate brethren, is to live among them. The Duchess of Newcastle is a widow, and devotes her life to helping the poor. Her daughter, married to the Prince Colonna, lives in Italy. Her son, the Duke of Newcastle, is still in London, and the Duchess is often obliged to leave her humble home in the Whitechapel district and mingle with the great world. She is a very beautiful woman, dearly loved by all who are so fortunate as to possess her friendship. Eight years ago she purchased this small house on Great Prescott Street—EAST. The neighborhood is of such low repute that when on descending from the omnibus, I asked an officer to direct me to the house, he insisted on accompanying me to the door, saying that it was not safe for a stranger to walk through that street even during the day time.—"Why, Miss, there was a woman murdered last night, in the house we jist passed by." Yet the Duchess is never afraid. When she returns from a visit to the Duke, she will not indulge in the luxury of a cab, but rides on the tram and walks the two squares necessary to reach her home. She loves the poor so much that she saves every penny for them, never spending an unnecessary cent on herself. Her wealthy friends fail to comprehend how she can be happy living among such people; visiting them in their squalid homes, attending them when sick, and providing them not only with physical comforts, but with that rarer gift—loving sympathy and spiritual help. Certainly it is a work of great self-abnegation, impossible unless done through love.

After visiting her tiny reception room or office, at St. Anthony's, one understands. It is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi—the sweet young saint who forsook wealth and rank that he might live among God's poor. She is a member of the Third Order, as are the five other ladies whom the Duchess has invited to join in her work. That all may feel perfectly independent each one pays $25.00 a month toward the

house expenses. They are at liberty to remain as long or as short a time as they desire. One, a lovely girl of about twenty, is soon to marry a nephew of the Duchess. It happened that she had been away "in the great world," the day that I spent there, and had come back for a few hours only. Dressed in a soft grey cloth, with a large hat covered with plumes, she made a strangely beautiful picture in that dreary East End. When in the house, it was her duty to answer the telephone. A dozen times while talking with me did she gather up her fashionable gown and run to answer all kinds of impossible questions. She had been trying to tell me something of her work in the various clubs that she had started. At last, in despair at the frequent interruptions, she called in a young woman whom they had rescued from the slums, "Come Frances, and tell this lady what you think of our clubs, while I answer the telephone!" When the girl entered, Miss M. put her arm about her in such an unaffected, affectionate manner, I did not wonder at the girl's enthusiastic admiration for this titled young woman who had left her fashionable friends that she might live in Whitechapel and carry a little of her brightness into the dark hovels of the poor. How eagerly they look forward to her visits, how they love and bless her, we were to learn that afternoon when we took her place on the visiting book. Each of the ladies has her special district. A large part of their work consists in visiting the poor in their homes, encouraging them to persevere in the practice of their religion, to send their children to school, to make their beds and wash their dishes. In addition to this, all branches of social settlement work are carried out. The ladies are assisted by many who can only spare a few hours each week for charity. In their different clubs they have cooking, dressmaking and singing classes; for the girls dancing once a week from eight to ten, for the boys gymnastics. Protestants and Catholics alike are admitted to these classes on the payment of a penny a week. This gives them a feeling of independence which the Duchess seeks to cultivate. She does not wish to pauperize the poor but to teach them to be self-supporting and to lead happy, Christian lives.

The Mothers' Club meets once a week. Before they begin their sewing, tea, bread, butter and jam are served and they are encouraged to laugh and talk. It seems strange, in our country, that any one needs encouragement to do what to us is most natural, but after a week spent in the Liverpool or London slums, you will understand the necessity of helping these poor creatures back to a state of normal happiness. Many look as though they had never smiled nor been smiled upon. Until I went among them it was impossible for me to believe that such miserable people existed. From their birth they have been starving, not only for food, but for love. Through the influence of the Duchess many talented men and women attend the meetings of the women's, girls' and boys' clubs, and sing, recite or give dramatic entertainments. The whole atmosphere is one of kindness, not of criticism. "After living among these people for several years," said one of the ladies, "our wonder is, not that they are bad, but that they are so good, not that many drink, but that any are sober. When you visit their dark cellars and find mothers with five or six children crying for bread, you

do not blame them if they spend their last cent for gin, which will at least warm the children and make them forget their misery. How much bread can they buy for two cents? for the men, when they come home from their work, wet and tired, what comfort is there in a room damp from fog and rain, filled with crying children, and often a sick wife—no fire and but one candle? They go to the public house which is always cheerful. There they meet their friends and have a sociable drink beside a roaring fire."

I accepted the cordial invitation given me to remain for dinner at St. Anthony's. Everything was simple, but well cooked and daintily served. The conversation was most interesting. "My club meets Wednesday evening and I shall certainly be back for that. Don't forget to send beef tea to my old man in the morning. Those flowers that I gathered in the country are for the poor woman who lives in number 8—,"said Miss M. "My sick baby is going to get well, we must try and find someone to take it out of the city during the hot weather." "Did you know that Lady W. invited twenty-five of our girls to spend the day in her country home? She will give them a dinner and then take them for a long drive." "Do you think the Cardinal will be here for our class drill next week?" "The Bishop gave the boys' choir some long-wished-for footballs—the boys were delighted, as they needed them sadly." No one thought of herself, only of the poor. The swimming club had just been opened; the smoking concert was to come off in a few nights; a house had been rented at Whitstable for the month of August so that all the working girls could go there for their week's holiday. Then there was the regular visiting list to be discussed. The Duchess always takes the hardest cases—those that the younger women could not influence or visit with propriety.

I was put under the care of Miss Violet ———, a bright young girl whose face was as sweet as her name. We were first to carry the flowers to the old woman at number 8. She lived up so many stairs that I lost count of them as we groped our way through the inky blackness. At last we heard a cheery voice calling out to us from the darkness, and we fairly tumbled into a room no larger than a good-sized closet. Here a dear little old lady sat sewing—I can not say by the window, for it was far above her head. She had to climb on a chair to look out. Still it was the saving grace of the tiny chamber, for it opened to the sky and let in heaven's air and sunshine. On the window's ledge stood a broken glass holding a piece of white hawthorne that some one had given her. "I'se hed it fouer days, dearie, an' its fraich still. Oh, I keeps my flowers a long time. I jest hadds a little salt to the water an' cuts the stems an' then fraichens up the water a bit heach day, an' they do last ser-prisin'." I looked at Miss Violet with her arms filled with flowers. She did not speak, but her eyes were wet as she leaned over and gently laid them on the old woman's knees. "Oh, dearie, an' are they hall fer me? I does luv thim so, leddy." Her old hands trembled as she eagerly clasped them. "I puts em in the window, an' the sun shines thro' an' meks me think I'm in the country lek I was wen a gurl." As she climbed up to put them beside the white hawthorne I looked about the little room, where this poor creature cooked, ate, and slept. Everything was spotlessly clean, yet every drop of

"HER GREATEST TREASURE WAS ONE OF BOTTICELLI'S MADONNAS."

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water had to be carried up those steep, dark stairs. "Yes, dearie, it is 'ard now thet I 'av the rheumatism so bad, but I've a friend as comes hin once a month an' 'elps me with the reglar 'ouse cleanin', es you moight say. I gives her a little sunthin', poor soul, fer she's a man es drinks an er chile's sickly." The old woman's greatest treasure was a photograph of one of Botticelli's Madonnas that Miss Violet had brought her from Paris. "It's a serprisin' comfort to me, dearie. Las' winter wen wurk was a fallin' orf an I was thet low spirited,—fer I gets lonesome wen I aint got no sewin'—a worrin' an' thinkin' es 'ow the rent's ter be paid—an' I useter look at the Blessed Mother an' the dear Lord a thinkin' to myself 'ow poor they was, an' thet held me up a bit ontil I grew more quiet like. Now I'm in good luck, thank the Lord. An old gentleman gev me three vests to mek an' the store hes promised me es many more." Her poor wrinkled face fairly beamed with joy and gratitude as she held up her work. To be cheerful and grateful, to keep one's faith and love in the attic of an East End tenement house, is not that to be one of God's saints?

As we passed down the narrow street, every doorway was filled with golden heads, beautiful children that one longed to rescue from those terrible surroundings. "Where is your mother?" we asked a little girl who was playing marbles. "She's in ther asleepin'—you ken see her thro' the winder." "No, we won't go in," said Miss Violet, hastily drawing back—for on the floor lay a drunken woman. "There is no use in trying to waken her, you can do nothing with them when drunk. We will go next door to see Mary Coleman, her husband is ill and I want her to send to the house for some beef tea." But Mary was in no condition to be seen. Another woman stepped forward, barring the door. We could see several men and women playing cards around a table which was covered with empty bottles. Miss Violet sighed—"drink is their curse, but we must not blame them too much—they have so much to endure." We turned across the hall into a room where the beds were unmade and dirt piled in every corner. Potato peels, cabbage leaves, and bits of bread strewed the floor. At the farther end sat a woman, a sick child in her arms. "She's very bad, Miss, I think hits the measles es as struck hin. I had ter

LUCY THE DAY SHE ENTERED THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

leave er fer to do my day's washin' an' she wouldn't stay in bed, the poor darlin'. John ee promised fer ter look arfter er, sence ee's out of work, but lor, Miss Violet, he haint a thinkin' of nothin' wen they's a playin' an' drinkin' hat Mary's.

"I will not take you to any of the worst places," said Miss Violet as we left. "Could they be worse than what I have seen?" I asked in amazement. To which she laughingly replied that we had only been in the aristocratic quarter of Whitechapel. "Why most of these women attend our club meetings and send their children to the Sisters' School.* Many go regularly to church and strive to lead decent lives. There are holes so vile that you might faint if you attempted to enter them in such warm weather, not being accustomed to it, besides there is a great deal of diphtheria in the poorest quarters, so I think we had better not attempt them today. When I first came to St. Anthony's I used to start out very bravely each morning, but as soon as I reached the dark stairways I would get so frightened that I wanted to turn back. The odors and dirt turned me so sick that I felt I could not possibly stand the life. Then I used to think of all that the beautiful Duchess did and I was ashamed not to try and help. Now that I have become accustomed to such things I do not mind in the least." "Are you not afraid of contagious diseases?" "Oh, we never think of contagion; it all comes in our work, and if we die God will take care of us because we are working for Him."

LUCY A FEW MONTHS LATER.

The sun beat down on the hot, dusty pavements. The narrow streets with rows of shabby houses seemed interminable. "Have you no parks in this part of London?" I asked.

"None nearer than Tower Hill. There is not a tree nor a shrub in my whole district. It is pathetic to see

*In England the Sisters teach many of the Public Schools and are paid the same salaries as other Public School teachers. All Catholics can go to Public Schools taught by Catholics.

SLUM CHILDREN ON THEIR RECEPTION IN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

the children's delight when you give them flowers. Poor little creatures, our only hope is to get them away from the slums. You can not do much for the parents, the habit of drink is too strong." "How can you help such women as those that we have just passed?" "But if I could carry off the babies that were with them, and have the little things reared by Sisters, they might make fine men and women. In the great Foundling Asylum which only receives illegitimate children, 95 per cent of those that live turn out well. Even here where we have the children but part of the day it is wonderful how quickly they improve under good influences. I will give you two snap shots of a child whom we rescued from one of the worst houses in Whitechapel. I took the first the day that Lucy entered the Industrial School, and the second several months later. The Southwark Rescue Society has been established to look after just such children, in the South East of London. Their reports have been most encouraging. In their home for boys, out of four thousand who have passed through their hands nearly all have been satisfactory.

SLUM CHILDREN A FEW MONTHS AFTER THEIR RECEPTION.

The Crusade of Rescue that has its headquarters in the house of the Cardinal bears the same testimony. Remove the children from bad associations and they develop into honest, industrious men and women. In nearly every case environment has, happily, proved stronger than heredity. His Eminence believes firmly in the inheritance which each child has received from his Heavenly Father. He is devoted to the children and does all in his power to assist them, believing that whatever permanent good is accomplished will come by removing these helpless little creatures from the terrible conditions which now surround them."

It was a relief to leave the slums and go to a neat little shop a few squares off, kept by an old man and his daughter. Both greeted Miss Violet as a dear friend. "Come right upstairs," said the girl, "and see Sister. She'll be so glad to know you're here." So we went up and sat in their queer, stuffy, little parlor, talking with them about the Girls' Club and the Church picnic, and then had a cup of tea with bread, butter and jam—all of which made the girls radiantly happy. A stranger would have thought that we were neighbors who had dropped in for afternoon tea. It is the spirit of friendliness and equality with the poor that makes St. Anthony's Settlement so successful in all that the Duchess undertakes. The ladies dress as simply as possible, and strive to make the Whitechapel residents forget the difference in their worldly station. It is only through this loving companionship that they can appeal to the hearts of the poor and lead them toward a better and higher life. If the wish of Cardinal Vaughan is ever realized and he finds hundreds of such women as the Duchess of Newcastle, who are willing to live in the slums and devote their lives to the poor, then indeed will the miserable inhabitants of Whitechapel know that the millennium has dawned for them.

SLUM CHILDREN IN THE CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

"WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?" WE ASKED OF A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING MARBLES.

THE GATHERING OF THE GRAPES.

BY REV. H. G. HUGHES.

We are in Tuscany, and it is October. The sultry days of the long summer are over; days when a smoke-like haze overhung the long valley of the Arno beneath us, and the great Dome of Florence lifted up like a giant sweltering in the heat. There has been rain, cool, refreshing, cleansing away the dust and giving the parched earth to breathe again. The air is soft and wonderfully clear, with that vivid brightness of the south which makes all seem like some waking vision, giving the beholder a strange exalted delight, as though his every sense were endowed with preternatural keenness. Here to live is no burden; every breath is a tonic draught of freshness; low spirits fly like an unquiet dream. To stand here, on this height, to scan the varied scene spread out below is a continual joy, a meditation devoid of effort, a poem that speaks to the heart without the medium of printed page.

Climb with me to the little wood of cypress, which marks the boundary of our small domain. At our feet stands the dwelling which, for three happy months, has given hospitality to the strangers from the north. Built on the rocky hillside, it fronts a wide extent of country reaching from Pistoia, on the one hand, to leafy Vallombrosa on the other, while from its rear we may climb to the summit of the hill and view the sweeping highlands, mounting to the central range of lofty Apennines. On our vantage ground we have a choice of pleasures. Either we may range with unrestrained vision over the open plains and the lower slopes of the far hills, reveling in fertility, and thickly dotted with the white habitations of men; or we may rest happily content with our miniature forest, its glades soft-carpeted with moss, and set with starry flowers of autumn; or, disdainful of low things, beauteous though they be, we may look between the long straight cypresses to the blue summits of the distant

A VENDER IN PISTOIA.

mountains, where the purple distance merges into the blue of Heaven. Fleecy clouds, too, are not wanting, dazzling to look upon, not threatening, but only here to vary the brilliant sky. If we turn about and look above us, here is the handiwork of man blent with that of Nature, and transformed by her gentle touch into something akin to her own creations. A Franciscan convent crowns the height, its venerable walls toned by centuries to the semblance of the rock on which they stand. Before it rise two venerable cypresses, rearing their dark green steeples to the sky, clear-cut against the blue beyond, which shows immeasurably deep by contrast with them. This is, in truth, an earthly paradise, nor wanting its primitive man; for sounds of joyful laughter come to us through groves of olive and leafy avenues of vine. Here come the vine-dressers, tenders of this Garden of Eden. Appropriately they are all akin, like the first inhabitants of earth, —two happy families, two brothers at the head, whose task it is to till the miniature estate, living in patriarchal fashion upon the ground that yields them food. Their wage is not in gold or silver, but in produce of the earth. Half of all they raise is theirs, the rest paid with honest measure to the owners of the land.

Laughing they come, elders and children, brothers and sisters, full of happy excitement, for this is the day on which the gathering of the grapes is to begin. The crop is good; the generous sun has brought the luscious fruit to full perfection, and the wine of this year will be rich and strong. Figs, bursting with maturity, peaches and nectarines clothed with soft bloom hang temptingly above the garden

THE RETURN HOME.

PISTOIA.

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ways, but they are not the object of the day's employ. It is the grape harvest,—richest of the year—that calls these workers forth, and each succeeding day, from dawn to sunset, will see them busy in the groves, till the last full bunch is plucked, and the vines are left with naught but the gay and empty beauty of their autumn foliage. We are caught in the general enthusiasm, and hurry down to where terraces of vines await the knife that will spoil them of their riches. We beg to be admitted to a part in the pleasing toil, and our request is granted at once, with the graceful courtesy of the Tuscan race.

Now we are to begin, and the youngest child is lifted up to gather the first-fruit of the vintage,—her auburn hair glinting like ruddy gold in the sun, her face shining with pleasure, yet full of a sweet gravity, for all the world like an angel of the famed old painter Fra Angelico the Blest, who dwelt and worked not far from this very spot, and drew his inspiration from the faces of these same Tuscan folk. Now all is in full progress; bunch after bunch of purple fruit is gathered, and cast with haste into quaint two-handled wooden pails, like those of the milk-maid in ancient pastoral scenes of merry England. Into these the grapes are ruthlessly crushed down, and even now begin to pour out their rich blood. Soon they will be carried off to the great vats, where men, bared to the thighs, will tread them day and night till every drop is shed. And so the day goes on, till the mounting sun calls a halt for the mid-day meal. It is ready here;—no time is to be lost. Quickly it is spread out upon the green sward, and then and there all stretch themselves at ease for a brief space to take the simple fare that nature needs. We are honored guests at this rustic meal; and never did banquet taste so well as the brown bread of home baking, the goat's milk cheese, and the red wine that fall to our lot today. After the meal a short time is taken for repose, and then to work again, with many a snatch of song and merry laughter of the younger ones, as, crowned with vine leaves, they leave their work awhile for a chase among the trees. For our part, we do not much towards the sum total of the day's results, for we are fain to stop again and again to watch the charming scene. Here, on this very ground, year in, year out, for untold ages, this same thing has been done, since first those ancient Etruscans built their huge walls about the hill and made their citadel upon the height. To us, weary with the stress of modern life, it has been an undiluted joy to enact with these primitive, simple folk a scene of long ago; to share with them the love of the husbandman for bountiful Mother Earth; to feel with them that pure sentiment which binds him to the soil, and gives him, when unspoilt, that deep and tranquil content which he knows but cares not to define. So, when the sun draws near his setting, we bid a regretful adieu, and wind our way homeward, with kindly speech ringing in our ears and oft repeated invitations to return upon the morrow.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XI.

SOME DOCTRINES THAT ARE MISUNDERSTOOD BY NON-CATHOLICS.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER — COMMUNION OF SAINTS — THEIR RELICS AND IMAGES.

Nothing seems more pleasing to human nature than to look with veneration and respect on those who have gone before us. We love to hold them up as noble examples of civic virtues worthy of our esteem. Every nation has its heroes whose conduct is proposed to each succeeding generation as worthy of imitation. Here in our own beloved country we have a Washington and a Barry, a Lincoln and a Grant, and a host of others whose memory all true American citizens revere. Even humanity itself, according to Holy Scripture, had its men of renown—men who surpassed all others in distinguishing themselves, whose fame has become the property of the entire human race, and whose memory will be cherished as a benediction ever cheering and ennobling to our nature.

Sad to say it is only in religion that the case is otherwise. It would seem that many well-meaning people think that the religion of Christ can best be exalted by depreciating the glory of those who were its greatest ornaments—by decrying the merits of those who were adorned with the brightest virtues the world ever witnessed. Nor is this all. These same well-meaning people would sink below the level of ordinary virtue, those great men who taught us how to fight the good fight and who laid the foundations of our Christian inheritance by their sufferings, their labors, and their writings. Our human nature revolts against such shameful treatment of our great Church heroes. They are not merely stripped of the extraordinary honors which the whole Catholic world is desirous of showing them, but they are actually treated with disrespect and opprobrium: they are made to appear frailer and more liable to sin than ordinary mortals. These traducers even tell these falsehoods with a certain gloating pleasure. Nor are they satisfied with belittling the labors and virtues of the great servants of God, but they seem to think that the cause of religion can be advanced by decrying the virtues and dignity of her whom Almighty God chose to be the Mother of His Eternal Son. They think that the cause of the Son of God may be promoted by proving that His Blessed Mother was unworthy of the honor and dignity showered upon her. They would even make it appear that sometimes He had been undutiful and unkind to her and that consequently, on the blasphemous ground that in the exercise of even filial love towards her our Divine Saviour Himself was wanting, we should not

show her any special affection or reverence. Nor is this the worst feature of the case. A graver and more dreadful charge is made against us, in consequence of our belief. We are denounced as idolators, because we honor their emblems and representations. Good Protestant friends, do you know the meaning of this name? Know you not that this is the most frightful charge that can be made against a Christian? God has always punished the crime of idolatry, for it is most detestable in His eyes, even in the individual. What must it be if committed by millions of intelligent men and women? Assuredly they know not what they say, who deliberately and directly make this charge. Some day they will have to answer before God for the misrepresentation of their neighbors—yes for calumny of the deepest dye, who hesitate not to repeat again and again with heartless earnestness these odious accusations without a shadow of proof. In their conscience they know that we Catholics are not guilty of such stupid foolishness. For, dear friends, what is idolatry? Why it is simply giving to man, or to some created thing, that homage and adoration and worship which belongs to God alone. In other words, we Catholics are accused of giving to creatures the honor and worship which are due the Almighty Himself.

Now let us see what is the Catholic doctrine on this subject. It is exactly the contradiction of the definition I have given of idolatry. You will find that there is not a single work on Catholic doctrine—from the decrees of Councils down to the smallest catechism—in which you will not find it expressly taught that it is sinful to pay the same homage or worship to the Blessed Virgin or greatest saints, or to the highest angels in Heaven, as we pay to Almighty God; that supreme honor and worship are reserved exclusively to Him Who is the sole fountain of salvation and grace—and of all spiritual or even earthly gifts—for no created being has any power of its own to help us. No one can say that there is no distinction between one species of homage or reverence and another; no one will claim that when we honor the president of the United States or his representative, or our ecclesiastical superiors, or our parents or others placed over us by lawful authority, we are thereby derogating from the supreme honor due to God. Would it not cause one to smile or even to give way to harsh feeling, were he taxed with defrauding God of His true honor because he paid reverence to others or sought their assistance? It should not be necessary to show that there may be honor and esteem given to creatures without in any way interfering with what is due to God. Now this is our Catholic belief regarding the saints—that they have no power of themselves, and that they are not to be honored and revered as though they possessed it; but we simply regard them as our devoted friends and intercessors, and we ask them to pray for us, and we beg their powerful coöperation in obtaining for us our petitions. The distinction here made excludes the odious charges to which I have referred—for the very idea that you call on any being to pray to God is surely making him a suppliant—a dependent on the will of the Almighty. I will even go farther still and say that instead of taking any honor from God it is adding greatly to His glory, for by calling on the saints to pray for us, we would have Him served in a much nobler way than any

other we can conceive. Thereby we raise ourselves in imagination to Heaven, and we behold the saints prostrate before Him in our behalf, offering their golden crowns and palms before His throne, pouring out before Him the odors of their golden vials, which are the prayers of their brethren on earth (Rev. iv. 10, v. 8) and interceding for us through the merits of the death and the passion of His divine Son. Surely, if this be so, we are paying the highest homage to God, for we cause by our prayers the prostrations of His saints in Heaven, as described by the Apostle, and the outpouring of the fragrance of their supplications. Nay more, we Catholics believe that God is pleased with the respect we show them, inasmuch as it is all ultimately directed to honor Him through them. We also believe that He is pleased to make use of such visible instruments to excite the faith of the people and thus to bring them to a disposition of heart and soul which may produce good results. This is the sum of the belief of Catholics on this subject. Our doctrine therefore is two-fold: in the first place we hold that the saints of God make intercession for their brethren here on earth—and in the second place, that it is lawful to invoke their intercession.

Now let us see how this communion exists between them and us. In what does it consist? Among ourselves this communion implies that there is among us an interchange of mutual acts of kindness and that one is always and ever ready to assist the other. If therefore we really believe in a union between the saints and us, there must be reciprocal acts which form the basis of this union between them and us. How is this kept up? It is kept up by an interchange of good offices between the saints in Heaven and those who are fighting here below for their crown. They plead in our behalf, look down with sympathy upon us, take an interest in all we do and suffer, and use their influence with God in assisting their poor frail tempted brethren here on earth. Now to balance all this, we have our duties toward them inasmuch as we repay them through our love, respect and veneration. We turn to them with the confidence of true brethren and ask them to use that influence with their God and our God, which their charity and mercy move them to exert.

This doctrine, it seems to me, fits in naturally with our ideas of Christianity, for Christianity is the perfection and completion of all religion. We find that the very terms and expressions which are applied to the church of Christ on earth are constantly adopted when speaking of the church in Heaven. It is spoken of as we speak of the church on earth—as though it formed with us but one church and community of brethren—they in a glorified state, we in a militant and tempted state—both branches under the same great ruler. St. Paul speaks of it in the same terms. Instead of representing the blessed in Heaven as far removed from us, he speaks as if we already enjoyed their society, as if we had already arrived at the heavenly Jerusalem and were in the company of the angels, and of the saints, (Heb. xii., 22) thus showing that the death of Christ has broken down all barriers and unites us in one great family. The same Apostle tells us that all earthly virtues are united in Heaven in one great virtue—charity. Love is the very essence of heavenly bliss. It buds forth here on earth in the forms of friendship and affection and good

works to bloom in Heaven in all its loveliness. Who will for a moment imagine that the sweet baby who has been snatched from its parents by death does not continue to love that bereaved couple whom it has left lonely on earth? Who can believe that friendship is broken when one expires in the consoling hope of being reunited with the dear ones in the same warm affection which they enjoyed here below? If it was their privilege to love one another here on earth—if it was one of their holiest and sweetest duties to pray Almighty God to bless them who were so beloved, can we for a moment suppose that this holiest, most sacred, and most perfect duty of charity hath ceased in Heaven? Is it not, on the contrary, natural to suppose that in Heaven charity is infinitely more powerful, seeing clearly as they do the innumerable pitfalls and dangers, the dreadful risks and thousands of temptations to which we are exposed, and the infinite happiness we are destined to possess? Indeed we are forced to believe that they will raise their pure and faultless prayers in favor of the dear absent ones with infinitely more effect than when linked in affection here below. God could not deprive charity of its crowning glory. There is then nothing contrary to our ideas of God, or of His attributes, in this beautiful doctrine of communion of saints. In fact it seems absolutely necessary to fill up the measure of His mercy and to complete the picture of His church here below as linked to that above through the Word made Flesh.

II.

But dear readers, we have something more positive than what we have stated, for we have the strongest assurances that God does receive the prayers of the saints and angels, and that they are constantly employed in supplicating in our behalf. Of this we have all the proof we desire for we have the belief of the Jewish church confirmed in the New Law and by the practices of twenty centuries of Christianity.

The belief of the Old Law is clear, for we find that in nearly all the books of the Old Testament the angels are spoken of constantly, as in a state of ministering to the wants and necessities of mankind. In the book of Daniel we read of angels sent to instruct him, and in the book of Tobias we find these consoling words put in the mouth of an angel: "When thou didst pray with tears, and didst bury the dead, and didst leave thy dinner and hide the dead by day in thy house, and bury them by night, I offered thy prayers to the Lord." (Tob. xii., 12.) In the book of Maccabees we have the same doctrine. It is there said that Onias, who had been High Priest, appeared to Judas Maccabeus, "holding up his arms and praying for the people of the Jews." (Dan. viii, 16.) Such was the belief of the Jews of old and such is it today.

Our Blessed Saviour in the New Testament confirms this doctrine, "Even so," says He, "there shall be joy in Heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just, that need not penance." (Luke vii. 7, 10.) This is the "Communion of Saints," whereby a poor sinner's repentance here below is made the joy and gladness of angels. We are elsewhere taught, that the saints of God shall be like His angels. (St. Matt. xxii, 30.)

Our guardian angels are spoken of and we are told not to offend any of

Christ's little ones, or cause them to fall, because their angels always see the face of their father, who is in Heaven. (Matt. xviii, 20.) What does this mean but that these blessed spirits have an influence with God and will use it in our behalf? And what is this but a communion between them and their charge here below by way of intercession?

In the Apocalypse we have even stronger authority, for we there read that our prayers are as perfume in the hands of the angels and saints. St. John saw one blessed spirit stand before a mystical altar in Heaven, "having a golden Censer, and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer the prayers of all the Saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the Saints ascended up before God, from the hands of the Angels." (Rev. viii. 3, 4.) What does all this signify, but that the angels and saints do present our prayers to God and become our intercessors with Him. From this we conclude that the angels and saints know what passes on earth and that they are aware of what we do and suffer; otherwise, they could not rejoice in any good that we do, nor sorrow over any misfortune that might befall us.

We also know that they are more than interested spectators, for they actually present our prayers to God and intercede with Him in our behalf. Here then is the groundwork of our Catholic belief; that prayers are offered for us by the saints and that therefore we may ask them to become our intercessors.

To establish this more fully, let us examine the doctrine of the Church in the earliest ages. My only difficulty is in making a judicious selection from the great mass of testimony handed down by tradition and supported by the testimony of the Fathers.

We will begin with the Catacombs of Rome in which the bodies of the saints and martyrs were deposited after death. Many of these sacred tombs are as yet sealed and unbroken, some with inscriptions on them or with emblems rudely sculptured to show that there repose the remains of the martyrs of Christ. There you will also find phials placed beside the tombs in which are sponges or sediment still tinged with the color of blood. In fact the very instruments of their martyrdom are constantly found in these tombs beside the remains. Certainly these early Christians knew Christianity, and fully appreciated its blessings, for they most cheerfully laid down their lives to defend it. Let us see what was their belief regarding their dear martyred brethren, when they tenderly laid them away in these tombs and sealed them up and inscribed on them evidences of their strong belief in the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. I shall select a few examples from the many Roman cemeteries. In the latter part of the 17th century, a remarkable tomb of the martyr Sabbatius was discovered in the cemetery of Gordian and Ephimachus. On one side was the emblem of martyrdom, and on the other the crown of victory with this inscription: "Sabbatius, Sweet soul, pray and entreat for thy brethren and comrades."

In the cemetery of St. Callixtus are many inscriptions of the same period. Here is a sample: "Atticus thy spirit is in bliss; pray for thy parents." In that of Cyriaca, we have another inscription in about the same terms, "Jovianus, may you live in God

and pray for us." In that of Priscilla, we have a very beautiful and touching one, "Anatolius, may thy spirit rest well in God and thou pray for thy sister." Another Christian inscription reads, "Pray for us because we know that thou art in Christ." These and thousands of other inscriptions on the tombs of martyrs, whose bodies were placed there during the first centuries of Christianity, may be examined in the great works of De Rossi. They were inscribed by those who saw them suffer and who were perhaps soon to receive the martyr's crown themselves; yet on the brink of the grave, they did not think that by asking their prayers they were derogating from the glory and honor of Almighty God.

If from these monuments of antiquity which are of the greatest interest, because they have not been subjected to the slightest change, we descend to the recorded opinions of the Fathers of the Church, we have the same result. There we find that these holy men directly asked the saints to pray for them, yet distinguished, as we Catholics do, between the worship due to God and homage due to the saints. St. Irenaeus in the second century tells us that, "As Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Blessed Virgin induced to obey Him, that she might become the advocate of her that had fallen." In the third century, we have the testimony of several Fathers. Origen says, "That of all the holy men, who have quitted this life, retaining their charity towards those whom they left behind, we may be allowed to say, that they are anxious for their salvation, and that they assist them by their prayers and their mediation with God." St. Cyprian says: "Let us be mindful of one another in our prayers; with one mind, with one heart, in this world and the next, let us always pray with mutual charity relieving our sufferings and afflictions." In the fourth century Eusebius writes, "May we be found worthy of the prayers and intercession of the saints." St. Cyril of Jerusalem speaking of the Liturgy thus expresses himself, "We next commemorate those who are gone before us; begging that through their intercession, God would receive our supplications." St. Basil expresses himself in the most enthusiastic language in his panegyric on the "Forty Martyrs," in these words: "These are they, who having taken possession of our country, stand as towers against the incursions of the enemy. Here is a ready aid to Christians. Often have you toiled to gain one intercessor; now guardians of the human race, coöperating in our prayers, most powerful messengers, stars of the world, and flowers of the churches, let us join our prayers with yours."

Another saint of the same age, St. Ephrem, is remarkable as the oldest Father and writer of the Oriental Church. His expressions are far stronger than those used by Catholics today. He says: "I entreat you holy martyrs, who have suffered so much for the Lord, that you would intercede for us with Him, that He bestow His grace on us." This is the language in daily use among us, but listen to what follows. "We fly to thy patronage, Holy Mother of God, protect and guard us under the wings of thy mercy and kindness. Most merciful God, through the intercession of the most Blessed Virgin Mary and of all the Angels and of all the Saints show pity to thy creatures." And again, "In their patroness and Mediatrix with God, I implore that through thy in-

tercession, I may obtain salvation." In another prayer we meet the following words addressed to the same glorious virgin, "After the Most Holy Trinity thou art Mistress of all; after the paraclete, another paraclete; after the Mediator, the Mediatrix of the whole world." These are expressions of a saint who is considered the brightest ornament of the Oriental Church.

The great St. Gregory of Nyssa, thus addresses his friend St. Basil after his death: "Do thou now, being present at God's Altar and with His angels, offer sacrifice to the Prince of Life and to the Most Holy Trinity, begging for us the pardon of our sins."

This doctrine prevailed in every part of the Church and was as devoutly held in the Greek as in the Latin or Oriental branches. St. Gregory of Nazianzum, speaking of his dear departed friend St. Basil, says: "Now indeed he is in Heaven; there if I mistake not, offering up sacrifices for us, pouring out prayers for the people, for he has not left us, so as to have deserted us. And do thou sacred and holy spirit look down, I beseech thee on us; arrest by thy prayers the sting of the flesh, which was given to us for correction, or teach us how to bear it with fortitude; guide all our ways to that which is best; and when we shall depart hence, receive us then into thy society, that with thee beholding more clearly the Most Blessed and Adorable Trinity, which now we see in a dark manner, we may put a final close to all our wishes and receive the reward of the labors which we have borne." St. Gregory of Nyssa, the brother of St. Basil, uses language equally expressive in his discourse on the Martyr Theodorus. Here are his words, "Invisible though thou art, come as a friend to them that honor thee; come and behold this solemn feast. We stand in need of many favors; be our envoy for thy Country before thy Common King and Lord." Here is a passage from St. Ambrose: "Peter and Andrew interceded for the widow. (Luke ix, 28.) "It were well if we could obtain so speedy an intercessor; but surely those who implore the Lord for their relation can do the same for us. You see that she, who was a sinner, was little fitted to pray for herself or at least to obtain what she asked. Other intercessors to the Physician were necessary; the angels, who are appointed to be our guardians, must be invoked; and the martyrs likewise, whose bodies seem to be a pledge of their patronage. They, who in their blood washed away every stain of sin, can implore forgiveness for us. They are our guides and beholders of our lives and actions; to them, therefore, we should not blush to have recourse."

I will now point out how clearly these early writers drew the distinction which we Catholics draw today in our devotions. St. Epphanius thus writes of the Blessed Virgin, reproving the heretics of his day, who adored her and offered sacrifice to her. He says: "She stands before all saints on account of the heavenly mystery accomplished in her. But we adore no saint and as this worship is not given to angels, much less can it be allowed to the daughter of Ann. Let Mary then be honored, but the Father, Son and Holy Ghost alone be adored. Let no one adore Mary."

St. Augustine makes exactly the same distinction. "The Christian people celebrate the memories of the martyrs with a religious solemnity, in order that they may learn to imitate them and may be associated to their merits and be aided by their prayers;

but to no martyr, to the God alone of martyrs, in memory of them do we raise Altars. We venerate the martyrs with the veneration of regard, with which holy men are here treated upon earth, who are disposed to suffer for the truth of the Gospel. We offer no sacrifice to any martyr, nor to any saint, nor to any angel; and should any one fall into error, sound doctrine will so raise its voice, that he will be corrected, condemned or avoided." Nothing can be more evident than that the doctrine of these Fathers of the Church is precisely the same as we profess and are taught in our catechisms. Therefore, if we are involved in idolatry, they are; and then we must admit that the whole Church in the first, second, third and fourth centuries in every part of the world was plunged into frightful corruption. We must refuse to call Basil, Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose and Irenaeus saints. The very men on whose testimony many of the dogmas of Christianity rest must be rejected because their faith was so grossly corrupted that they lived in what must be considered the lowest abyss of sinful idolatry. This is the problem to be solved by all who charge us with the crime of idolatry.

Nor is this all. What will they say of the power of Christ, Who came to establish His religion on the ruins of idolatry, if in less than two hundred years it triumphed again over His work? And that even while the martyrs' blood flowed, it could have been written that in behalf of idolatry it was shed and that while refusing to give homage to the false gods of the heathens, yet at that very time they were guilty of the dreadful crime by showing divine honor to their deceased friends and relatives. Surely here are great difficulties for those who accuse Catholics of idolatry. For is it not mocking Christ to believe that He came down on this earth of ours to be baffled by the very monster whose head He came to crush? Is it not an insult to the Son of God and to His saving power to suppose that His religion so soon sank into this degraded state; and yet this must be asserted if we admit that the Fathers are involved in the same charge which is flung at us.

Such then is the Catholic doctrine regarding the communion of saints, with its proofs. There is another point intimately connected with it which I will now explain, namely, the respect paid by Catholics to the relics of the saints.

III.

Catholics believe that anything which has belonged to men distinguished by their love of God and by what they have done and suffered for His cause deserves that respect and honor which is everywhere shown in ordinary life to whatever belonged to very great and distinguished men. Nothing is more common than to see such objects receive marks of respect.

We meet with manifestations of such feelings even in Protestant churches. In the church of The Saviour at Geneva is preserved the chair of Calvin, and his desk; in the Lutheran church at Bonn in Germany are mementoes of Luther, and in the church of Lutterworth, England, is preserved the chair of Wycliffe, his desk and a portion of his cloak. In the Lutheran church at Washington, D. C., is kept a bible, said to have been once the property of Martin Luther. Why are these kept? They are relics, for they are kept

by those who considering their owners to have been very great and good men, intend thereby to honor them, and feel that a sort of a connection is kept up between them and those who have possession of the relics.

This is just what we Catholics do; but we go further for we believe that we please God by showing respect to those objects, and that by honoring these relics of the saints, we are encouraged to imitate their good example. But this is condemned by non-Catholics and is called superstition. Can this be proven? Let us see. Once more we shall define superstition. It is believing that any virtue, energy or supernatural power exists in anything independent of God's voluntary and free gift of such virtue to that thing. But, good Protestant friends, the moment you introduce God superstition ceases. This holds good in the natural as well as in the supernatural order of things. It would have been superstition in the Jews to believe that in looking on a brazen serpent they could be healed from the bite of fiery serpents; but the moment God ordered such a symbol to be erected with a promise of such an effect superstition ceased. The instant He gave the command, every glance at it became as it were, a look towards God, who gave it that virtue and efficacy,—and what of its own nature would have been superstitious, became not only lawful, but salutary.

Had man raised two images of the cherubim on the Ark of the Covenant and bowed down before them and worshipped them and asked that in them God would hear his prayers, it would have been gross superstition, as in the worship of the Golden Calf. But the moment God directed these to be erected and called them His mercy seat and said that from that mercy seat He would hear the prayers of His servants, that instant it became a means appointed by God, and there was no superstition in placing trust in its instrumentality. There is no superstition in whatever God orders. David applies to the Ephod to learn what he should do, knowing that God had appointed it for that purpose. This distinction should be clearly kept in view, as it refutes the popular charges of superstition against us Catholics.

If we pray before some object or go to a certain place because we feel that our prayers will be more effectual there than elsewhere, we certainly are not guilty of superstition, for we attribute the special efficacy of our petitions to the appointment of God. Among our separated brethren the same idea is practiced. Is it not common for persons to think that they can pray with more devotion in a certain part of the house or in one meeting house rather than in another? And yet who says that such a one is superstitious? He goes there because he feels that in that place he prays better, and consequently his prayers are better heard, and not because the walls of the building will bring down a blessing on his prayers. Surely this is not superstition. In the same manner, some people go to hear one preacher rather than another, though in reality he is not more eloquent, but because they feel that his words will go more to their hearts and that they will receive more consolation. Would anyone say that this was attributing some individual virtue to a man? It loses the character of superstition when we remember that it pleases God to make that person an instrument of His work

and that the glory given is referred to Him alone.

Apply these remarks to the relics of the saints, to those memorials of them which we Catholics wear about our persons or preserve with loving care in our churches or homes simply because we are thereby reminded of the virtues which distinguished those great servants of God from the rest of the world.

The belief of Catholics is simply this: that as it has pleased God to make use of such objects as instruments for performing great works and imparting great blessings to His people, they are to be treated with respect and reverence in the consoling hope that He may again use them in our favor. We find that at all times God made use of such instruments to manifest His power.

In the Old Testament He raised up a dead man by his coming in contact with the bones of one of His prophets. The moment he was cast into the tomb and touched the holy prophet's bones, he arose restored to life. What are we to conclude but that the bones of God's holy servants are sometimes gifted with a supernatural power? We read in the New Testament that handkerchiefs which had touched the body of St. Paul were taken to the sick and that they were restored to health. We also read that a woman was cured who touched the hem of our Saviour's garments. These examples prove that God makes use of the relics of the saints as instruments for many of His greatest miracles.

Here is the foundation of our practice which excludes the possibility of superstition. God is our authority for the use of relics, and consequently, dear Protestant friends, there can be no superstition in our practice.

It cannot be said that there was more authority then for the expectation of such assistance than there is at present. It was nowhere told to the faithful that the handkerchiefs were to be applied to the person of St. Paul to receive virtues from the contact, or that if they were so used that they would heal the sick.

It is no less evident that the poor woman who touched our Saviour's garment did it because she was actuated to try, and not in consequence of any invitation from others to do so. Jesus attributes her cure to her faith, which accompanies her act. "Be of good heart daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole;" now if these persons were not superstitious by trusting for the first time to the efficacy of such means, and if instead of being reprehended they were commended on account of the faith which prompted them, how much less will the accusation hold where the same faith has the encouragement and sanction of twenty centuries of Christianity.

After these examples of Holy Scripture, I have nothing to do but to repeat what I have already said as to the universal belief and practice of the Church. This we find in the care and anxiety with which the early Christians sought to save the bodies of the martyrs from destruction. They spared neither expense nor danger in gathering up the mangled bodies for honorable Christian burial. This spirit carried them still further; they gathered up their blood as well as they could and placed it in vessels in their tombs. Even today phials tinged with blood are found in the Catacombs. Another species of relics is also found beside these remains, in the instruments of

torture whereby they were put to death.

The Christian basilicas of the first centuries and the Museum of Christian Antiquities at Rome are filled with such instruments which were discovered in the Catacombs, buried with the martyrs' bodies.

The early Christians also testified their respect for the bodies of the martyrs by erecting oratories or churches over the places where they suffered, and the very tombs of the martyrs were made their altars. This is proved by our liturgy, in which the relics of martyrs are prescribed for every altar not erected over the tomb of some martyr. The Council of Carthage, held A.D. 308, enacted that all altars should be overturned which had not the relics of martyrs. St. Ambrose, the saintly bishop of Milan, has left us a beautiful account given to his sister, St. Marcellina, of how the bodies of Saints Gervasius and Protasius were discovered and translated to the grand Basilica at Milan, bearing his name.

To show you, in conclusion, that the ancient Christians believed as we do, I shall quote for you a few more passages. The body of St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, was buried with honor by his friends and followers. The Christians of Smyrna wrote a letter giving an account of what took place on that occasion, in which the doctrine we hold today is clearly outlined. It shows that these devout Christians were eager to possess the body of the saint and that his remains were considered by them, "More precious than pearls and more tried than gold." The Jews charged these early Christians with deserting Christ, their master, for the worship of the body of St. Polycarp. This very charge supposes that the practice of venerating the bones of saints was well known to the adversaries of the early Christians.

St. Ignatius, who suffered martyrdom at Rome one hundred years after Christ, was Bishop of Antioch; and we read how his body was conveyed back to his See and carried as an inestimable treasure from city to city. St. John Chrysostom has an eloquent passage on this event, which proves beyond doubt that the relics of saints were treated with the greatest respect by the immediate disciples of the Apostles, who had received the doctrine from them.

St. Basil in replying to St. Ambrose, who requested a relic of St. Dionysius, says: "Affection for our dear departed brethren is referred to the Lord whom they served: and who honors them who died for the faith shows that he is inspired by the same ardor; so that one and the same action is proof of many virtues." St. Asterius writes, "Wherefore decently disposing of the bodies of the martyrs, let us preserve them for ages as gifts of high value. By them we are fortified and the Church is protected as a city is guarded by an armed force."

Listen to St. John Chrysostom, "That which neither riches nor gold can effect the relics of the martyrs can. Gold never dispelled diseases nor warded off death; but the bones of martyrs have done both." St. Ephrem has this strong passage, "See how the relics of the martyrs still breathe. Who can doubt of these martyrs being still alive? Who can believe that they have perished?" He then extols the virtues of relics and exhorts the faithful in every distress to have recourse with every confidence to them:—"For the Deity dwells in the bones of the

martyrs and by His power and presence miracles are wrought."

Surely such passages as these ought to make our traducers modify their language when they speak of our doctrines. This much will suffice on the subject of the veneration of relics. We have established the groundwork of our belief from the word of God which is completely borne out by the practice of the Church.

IV.

The Council of Trent defines two things in regard to the belief of the Church on this subject. First that it is wholesome and proper to have pictures and representations of the saints: second that honor and respect are to be paid to them. This is briefly the doctrine of the Catholic Church. We are ignorantly charged with having corrupted the prohibition which applied to the making of images as well as adoring them. If the making of images is forbidden then no monuments of any kind can be allowed in churches, and yet it is a well-known fact that there are many such in Protestant churches. I have seen such in England. The great St. Paul's in London has paintings and statues and monuments—so have many other churches in the same city, such as St. Stephen's, St. Bride's and Christ's Church at Greenwich. Many of the Episcopal churches in our own country have altar pieces with carved figures and representations of the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. We agree with Protestants that images should not be made for adoration or worship, but we also hold that we are justified in making use of them as sacred memorials to assist us in our devotions. The making of images was ordered by God Himself. The walls of Solomon's Temple were covered with sculptured images, and a brazen fountain supported by twelve oxen stood in its court. There were two cherubim in the Holy of Holies decorating the Tabernacle.

It may be asked what warrant is there in Scripture for all this? I might answer that none is needed—for it is a natural right to use anything in promoting the worship of God which is not forbidden. What warrant is there in Scripture for the building of churches, for the use of organs, for the ringing of bells, for the use of music, or for the thousand other things that appertain to the worship of God. If these things themselves be innocent and serve to raise our hearts towards God we consider that we have a right to use them and nothing but a positive law can deprive us of them. Would any one charge me with improper feelings if in looking upon the picture or image of some dear departed friend whom I had loved, I stood before it filled with admiration and affection as though the object itself were really before me? And even if my eyes were filled with tears, and I appeared to address it with the language of affection surely no one would say that I was guilty of superstition or idolatry. I might be guilty of some extravagance in sentiment, or I might allow my feelings to get the better of me as memory carried me back to the happy days forever past, but certainly no one would be cruel enough to upbraid me for my affection. Such is precisely what we Catholics are taught to believe regarding the pictures and images set up in our churches. They are memorials in the same way as other representations are, and we consider them calculated to excite similar feelings, but of a religious kind. And if in gazing on a picture or representa-

tion of some cherished friend I find awakened within me a closer communion with the person whom I loved, undoubtedly I may indulge this pleasure without anyone presuming to blame me. In like manner if I find that some picture or representation of our dear Saviour or of His Blessed Mother, or of His saints, arouses my affections and excites warmer feelings of devotion, I am justified and do well in endeavoring to excite them. It is just the same motive as that of going to one place of Catholic worship rather than another because in it we find ourselves more easily drawn to God. This is the ground on which to base our Catholic practice. It is nowhere forbidden for the prohibition formerly made was against making images to worship them as gods—and does not apply here—for ours are only made as those were which were ordered to be erected in His temple.

The Council of Trent does not decree that we should use pictures and images—but simply says that it is wholesome to have them and that they are to be treated with a relative respect, such as is shown to the portrait of a dear parent or of any one whom we esteem or reverence. The Council enjoins the clergy to explain this doctrine to the faithful, so that they may understand that these images are nothing but mere representations and that any honor paid them is to be offered to the prototype, and not to the image, as the image itself cannot help us in any way. I might give you a long list of ancient representations found on the tombs of the martyrs in the various catacombs, but I prefer to refer you to the works of De Rossi and others on this subject. These representations are uniformly alike, which proves that the common type must have been as ancient as Christianity itself, and precisely the same as those described by Tertullian, the oldest of the Christian Fathers.

In conclusion I would remark that the charge of abuses in the use of statues and images which is sometimes made by fair-minded people arises in a great measure from persons not taking the pains to understand, or to know the feelings of Catholics on these practices. In some of our southern countries we find evidences of an outward feeling, as evidenced in pious processions, pilgrimages to holy shrines, etc., that is of a much warmer and more enthusiastic character than here in North America; and consequently nothing is more common than to condemn these exhibitions, by comparison with what occurs in colder countries and among more phlegmatic people, as superstitious and idolatrous. This is an erroneous conclusion, for all who are acquainted with these southern people and who have been properly instructed concerning their belief know that however extravagant they may outwardly appear, inwardly their faith and convictions are perfectly safe and in keeping with the teachings of the one, holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.

LOVE DIVINE.

BY ALICE H. O'NEILL.

Day was waning in the old Italian city. The last rays of the setting sun shining through the windows of the time-stained abbey shed a softened glory on the harsh gray walls of the monk's cell and on the wooden figure of the crucified Christ. The chastened light obliterated the rude carving and the face seemed indeed the face of God made man. So it appeared to Brother Ambrose as he knelt, in agony of spirit, at the foot of the cross. For a moment he gazed on it, then sank moaning to the hard floor. That pitiful face, the wounds in the side, the nails in the feet moved him not. His heart was untouched, it was harder than adamant and no prayer refreshed his torpid soul.

Thus it had been for years. As a youth full of a love more than human, he had devoted himself to his Master, and for a few years he had lived in a heavenly peace, a heavenly calm and tranquillity. Alas! one morning as he prostrated himself at the foot of the cross, he found that his soul was arid, his mighty love seemed turned to ashes and he fell into a terrible despair. Still he continued in his Master's work; still night and morning he knelt in stony prayer. And when the pestilence broke out in the old Italian city he went among the sick and dying. In the hovels of the poor, by the deathbeds of the lowly, Brother Ambrose found solace: though he despaired for himself, he might save others. Inspired seemed the words that flowed from his lips. Souls which had long lost their beauty and loveliness, through him sought forgiveness, and trusting in the mighty love of the Father, "went forth in peace" to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

So the years had passed and the heart of Brother Ambrose still remained unresponsive. Nature when she reveled in a garb of beauty told him of that divine joy which was not his. Even the dull clods pulsated and throbbed with love, and the balmy breezes of early summer, wafting the breath of roses to his cell, whispered gentle chidings to his barren heart. The face of the man had changed: it had lost that beauty which comes from conscious strength; it grew thinner, wanner and more sensitive, a settled weariness appeared in the deep gray eyes.

The last flickering rays of the sun seemed now to waver in pity about the bent form as though to soothe the strong man's agony. The deepening shadows made bolder advances and finally day was done, and the cell was wrapped in the darkness of the night as the soul of Brother Ambrose was wrapped in the gloom of black despair. Not a ray of hope brightened it; even suffering ceased. A numbness, and insensibility held him. His thoughts were,—he knew not where,—when, of a sudden, his ear caught the faint sounds of distant singing. Then louder they swelled, deep, rich and clear, the voices of the monks in evening song. Strange and solemn the simple words sounded in the holy stillness,—

"Father hear us, Father hear us,
Grant thy mercy Lord upon us,
Heavenly Father hear our prayer."

And the Heavenly Father heard their prayer. A gracious and healing calm fell upon the anguish-racked soul in the distant cell,—a sweet tranquillity and rest. A wave of peace swept over Brother Ambrose and humbly he raised his eyes to the wooden figure on the wall, when lo! the rude cell was flooded with light and before him stood the glorified figure of the Saviour, the face surpassingly beautiful and glowing with "love divine, all love excelling." A great joy filled the heart of Brother Ambrose, the fetters which had bound his soul were broken, the ashes of his love burst into a consuming fire of purest love for the Crucified. In blissful adoration he bent low and a voice spoke to his enraptured heart: "Brother, long and wearily hast thou labored for Me. No more shall thy heart hunger and thirst after righteousness. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

So they found him in the morning, prostrate at the foot of the cross. And ah! how transfigured was that dead face. Humility, adoration and ecstasy of love were all painted there. The fire of his love had consumed his life.

And, in the time-stained abbey, at the gray eventide, still the voices of the monks join, deep, rich and clear. And still, strange and solemn, the simple words sound in the holy stillness:

"Father hear us, Father hear us,
Grant thy mercy Lord upon us,
Heavenly Father hear our prayer."

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

When dangers pursue me, and terrors dismay;
When dark are the clouds that before me I see;
When doubt and temptation encumber my way,
Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!

When joys that allure me prove fickle and vain;
When hopes that were brightest no longer may be;
When courage to struggle seems loath to remain,
Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!

When waiting the summons each mortal must hear,
My trust will abide, dearest Mother, in thee;
Protect me as ever; still loving be near,
Dear Queen of the Rosary, pray thou for me!

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

Nights of music, nights of loving,
  Lost too soon, remembered long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
  Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful harp recorded
  All my spirit felt to thee,
And that smile the song rewarded,
  Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song and nights of splendor,
  Filled with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like your star-light tender,
  While they shone no shadow cast:
Though all other happy hours
  From my fading memory fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
  Not a beam, a leaf, shall die!

—MOORE.

MOST REV. CHARLES HUGH GAUTHIER, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., the revered Archbishop of Kingston, Ontario, was born, reared and educated in the archdiocese over which he now rules so wisely and so well. The many years of Archbishop Gauthier's career as a priest were also spent in the ecclesiastical province that now claims him for its spiritual chief, and whether as priest or prelate the duties of his sacred office have been discharged by him with marked zeal and ability. Prior to his Grace's elevation to the episcopate his superiors had appointed him to the most important positions in their gift, and he fulfilled in turn the onerous duties of college rector, professor, parish priest, dean, and vicar general.

The personality of this saintly ecclesiastic combines the attributes of the honored citizen, the kindly sympathetic friend, the courtly gentleman, and the finished scholar. It is no wonder that affection for Archbishop Gauthier is so deep and widespread, for he himself is ever interested in promoting the welfare of all who come within the scope of his influence. He might well say with St. Paul, "I became all things to all men, that I might save all."

The Propaganda, after a lengthy sitting, recommended to the Pope the appointment of the Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, auxiliary bishop of New York, to the archbishopric made vacant by the death of Archbishop Corrigan; and the Rt. Rev. Vannutelli, Vincent Vannutelli, Satolli, Steinhuber, Segna, Cretoni, Vives Y Tuto, and Martinelli. The discussion lasted three and a half hours. Cardinal Martinelli presented the case of the American bishops. After a discussion the

RT. REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D.

George Montgomery, bishop of Los Angeles, Cal., as coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco.

Cardinal Gotti, the new prefect of the Propaganda, presided at the session. The other cardinals present were Serafino choice of Msgr. Farley was made unanimous.

Bishop Farley has long been looked upon as the logical successor of Archbishop Corrigan. He has thoroughly identified himself with the interests of the New

York archdiocese during a service, as priest and bishop, of thirty years. He was the unanimous choice of the priests of the archdiocese and of the bishops of the province.

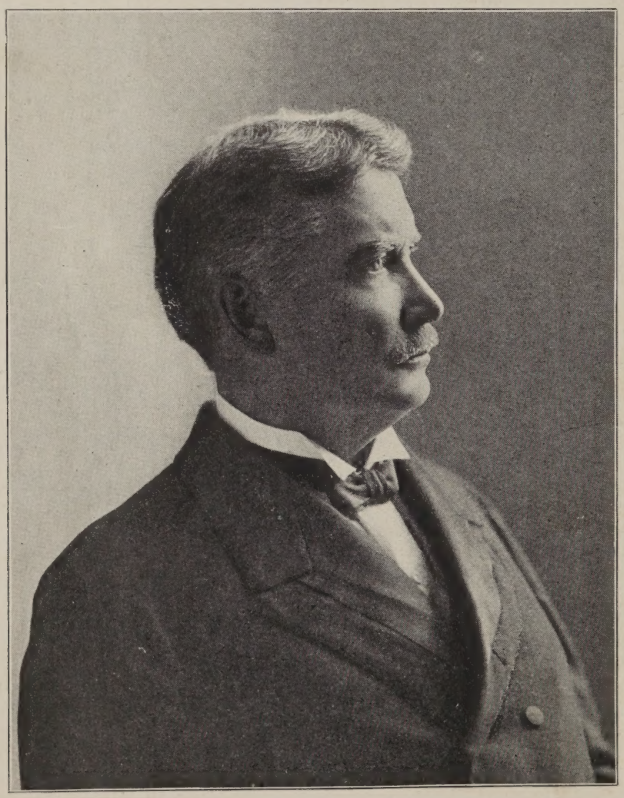
Bishop Farley was born in Newton Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, on April 20, 1842. He received his education at St. Marcorten's College, Monaghan; St. John's College, New York; St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy and in the American College at Rome. It was on June 11, 1870, after finishing his course at Rome, that Bishop Farley was ordained to the priesthood in that city.

Returning to this country, Bishop Farley went to St. Peter's Church at New Brighton, Staten Island, as assistant. A few months later he succeeded Father Conron as head of the parish. In 1872 he was appointed by Pope Leo to succeed Bishop McNeirney as secretary to Cardinal McCloskey. Honors were showered on him fast after this. In 1884 he was made private chamberlain to Pope Leo, with the title of monsignor. In 1891 he became Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York, the following year domestic prelate to Pope Leo, and in 1895 Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

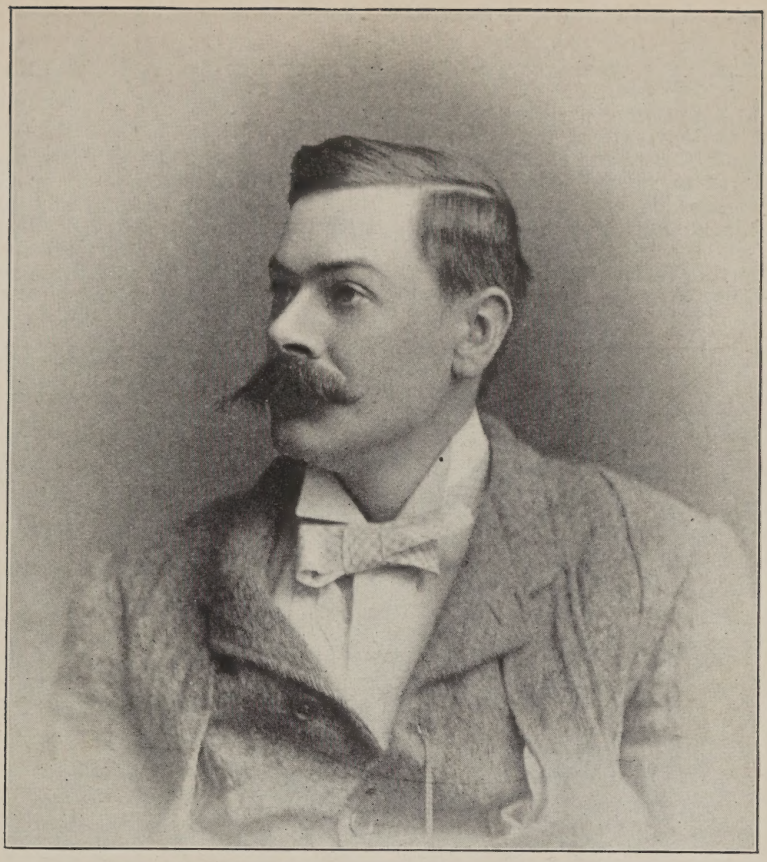
Bishop Farley was the friend and confidant of Archbishop Corrigan. He is a close student and a fine preacher. He is the practical head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, is the head of the Catholic School Board, and is a member of the diocesan board of examiners.

Bishop Farley is author of a life of Cardinal McCloskey and of an argument which appeared in the Forum, "Why Church Property Should Not be Taxed."

Benign, kindly, wise and courteous, he has endeared himself not only to Catholics, but to all who have had occasion to come in contact with him. His name is familiar to every resident of the city of



FELIX W. McGETTRICK.



HENRY A. HINKSON.

New York, and particularly on the East Side, where for eighteen years he worked unremittingly for the welfare of not only his parishioners, but the poor and needy of all that part of New York.

After remodeling St. Gabriel's church and freeing it from debt, Msgr. Farley established St. Gabriel's school, now one of the leading institutions of its kind in the country. Then followed St. Gabriel's Convent. Later, he started St. Gabriel's Club for the young men and boys of his parish. In St. Gabriel's Hall he encouraged theatricals and all varieties of social diversion. His most recent parish work has been the establishment of the Day Nursery, where those who are obliged to go out to work can leave their children temporarily under fostering influences. At the time of Archbishop Corrigan's death all eyes turned to Bishop Farley as his probable successor. He was the unanimous choice of the priests and bishops, and his name headed both lists sent to Rome from this country.

The political situation in Vermont is greatly complicated this year. The Democrats have chosen as their candidate for governor of that state Felix W. McGettrick of Saint Albans. He is a native of Vermont, and as his name indicates, of Irish descent. He is an excellent type of the noble band of New England Catholics who have won prominence and success in public life in spite of opposition and difficulty. When a mere lad he fought for the union in the Civil War and returned at its close with a splendid record as a soldier. He then began the study of law, which he combined with the profession of a teacher. He has gradually advanced to the front rank in the legal profession. He is acknowledged to be the best criminal lawyer in the state, and his knowledge of every branch of his profession is logical

and profound. For many years he has been a strong factor in the councils of his party in both state and national politics. He is a brave advocate of the rights of Catholics, and his zeal and eloquence have been displayed on many important public occasions, when his utterances have received the admiring approval of priests and people. He is the Deputy Grand Knight for the Vermont Knights of Columbus. His career is an example and an inspiration for the young Catholics of New England.

Mr. Henry A. Hinkson is the author of several spirited historical novels dealing chiefly with Irish society just before and after the union. Mr. Hinkson has recently transferred his allegiance from literature to law and is now a practising barrister in London, England. His books

GEN. JAMES R. O'BEIRNE.

have won much commendation from the press for the vigorous, dashing presentation of scenes in the times he writes of. In 1893 Mr. Hinkson married Katharine Tynan, the celebrated Irish poet and novelist.

Rev. John J. Cummins, the popular pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, Mass., provided a splendid programme for the entertainment of the throng that attended his annual reunion. The leading feature of the occasion was the address delivered by Gen. James R. O'Beirne. For more than forty years Gen. O'Beirne has occupied a prominent place in the public eye. He is among the few survivors of that brilliant galaxy that made the Irish name a synonym for bravery during the war of the rebellion. He is a man of varied and striking attainments, of wide experience, and magnificent physical stature.

MISS MARY E. HALLORAN.

Gen. O'Beirne was born in Ireland, and was brought to America by his parents when he was nine months old. He was educated in St. Francis Xavier's and St. John's Colleges, New York, receiving from them the degrees of A.M. and LL.D. His proficiency in foreign languages rendered his services very valuable to the shipping firm with which he became connected after leaving college. When he was in his nineteenth year the Civil War broke out, and young O'Beirne immediately joined the 7th regiment, N. Y. N. G., and was sent to the front. Returning to New York when the term of his enlistment had ended, he was commissioned second lieutenant of the 37th N. Y. volunteer infantry, the Irish rifles, and quickly rose to the rank of captain, being promoted for bravery on successive battlefields. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Chancellorville. Gen. O'Beirne was especially mentioned for bravery at the battle of Fair Oaks, by Maj. Gen. Phil Kearney, and was recommended for promotion to the rank of adjutant general of the division, but Kearney was killed before the appointment could be made.

In August, 1863, being rendered unfit for field service because of wounds and exposure, O'Beirne was assigned to duty in the war department by order of the secretary of war, and was detailed in charge of a branch of the bureau of the veteran reserve corps under Col. Richard Rush, and later under Col. M. M. Wisewell, military governor of the district of Columbia.

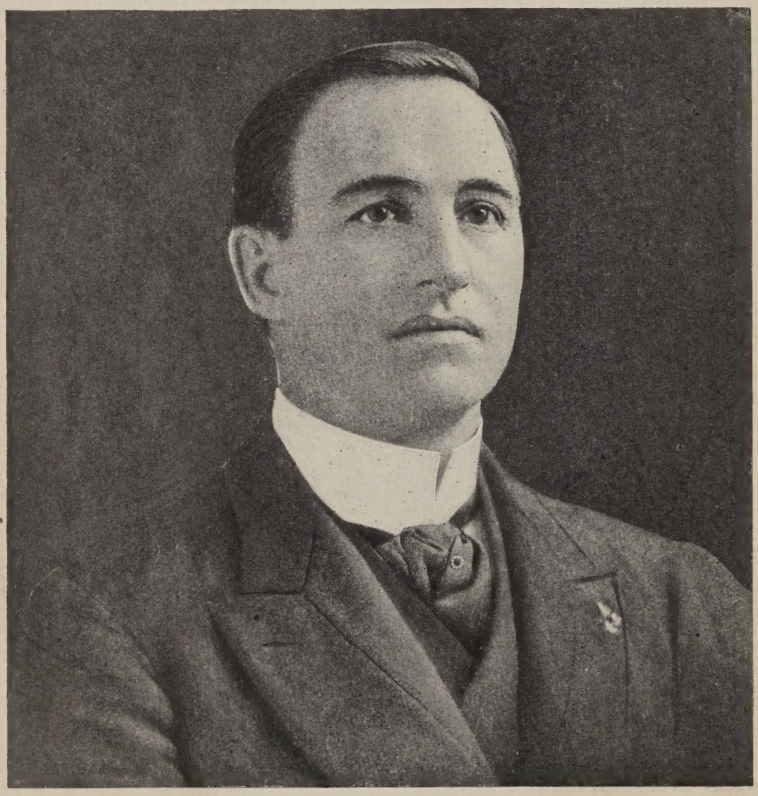
O'Beirne was provost marshal of the defences north of the Potomac when Washington was invaded by Gen. Jubal Early, whose prisoners and wounded Gen. O'Beirne paroled. It was in that capacity he kept guard at the bedside of Abraham Lincoln on the night that he was shot, and he is the only one now living of that group who stood around while the spirit of the martyred patriot sought the realms of the unknown.

Lincoln, Stanton, Hancock, President Johnson, and others of the great men of the day were his personal friends. At the close of the war he was mustered out, and was offered a position in the regular army, by President Johnson. The U. S. senate confirmed him in the rank of brevet brigadier general for distinguished conduct and gallantry in action.

In 1865 Gen. O'Beirne was appointed deputy U. S. marshal and subsequtntly register of wills, and was tendered but declined the nomination for mayor of Washington, D. C. He then took up newspaper work, and was for years Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, which he also represented during the Indian campaigns. Later he purchased and

edited the Washington Sunday Gazette, and subsequently became editor of the Union, a paper devoted to the interests of labor, which always found in Gen. O'Beirne an earnest advocate.

He wears a gold medal presented him by a committee of working men for having obtained from President Grant the order directing that the second proclamation



JOHN MITCHELL.

be issued for the enforcement of the eight-hour law on all government works, as well as the congressional medal of honor for bravery in the Civil War, and he has served as president of the medal of honor legion.

In every movement for the betterment of or regeneration of the land of his birth Gen. O'Beirne has taken a foremost place. With all the soldier's love for the rough and ready means of arbitrating a nation's wrongs, he has never failed to lend his encouragement and support to the more practical if less showy work of winning reforms by means of marshaling the social and civic forces of a people for the right.

He was one of the earliest adherents of the land league movement in the United States, and was among the foremost of those who succeeded in having Charles Stewart Parnell accorded the distinguished honor of addressing the congress of the United States in the house of representatives in 1879.

He is today just as ardent an advocate of Ireland's claims, and supports with the same loyalty that he supported Parnell a score of years ago the leaders of the move-

ment in Ireland today. He is a close personal friend of the present Irish leader, John Redmond, whom he has always been foremost in welcoming to America; of Dillon, O'Brien, Davitt and the other men whose names are linked with the present struggle for the right of national self-government for the Irish people.

When the envoys from Ireland, Redmond, McHugh and O'Donnell laid the foundations of the United Irish league movement in America last December on the eve of their departure from New York, Gen. O'Beirne was the unanimous choice of the gathering for vice president.

At the biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians held in Denver, Colorado, during July, Miss Mary E. Halloran, of Detroit, Mich., ex-president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, one of the delegates worked hard in the interests of an endowment fund for Trinity College, and its establishment is in large part due to her. The Ladies' Auxiliary pledged itself by resolution to raise $10,000 for a scholarship in Trinity College.

Miss Halloran was born in Detroit, Michigan, and was educated at Trinity School, in Trinity parish, and therefore it is only natural that she should be much interested in a college bearing the loved name of Trinity. She was elected first state president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. of Michigan and served two terms, making a success of the order as an insurance society paying a death benefit of five hundred dollars. She is much interested in fraternal work, believing that it is a source of improvement to our people, and that poverty among them has decreased since the establishment of fraternal insurance. She has been State organizer for the C. R., and B. A., the Woman's Catholic Benevolent Legion, and was elected high auditor of the Woman's Catholic Order of Foresters, last April, this being the first time that anyone outside of Chicago was elected to such office. Miss Halloran was chairman of the local committee for the Columbian Catholic Summer School for the two years it was held in Detroit, is a member of the Cathedral Reading Circle, and has been on the board of trustees of St. Mary's Home for Working Girls since it was organized.

Despite these numerous duties, this public-spirited woman has not neglected home or family interests, and in addition to many other household cares, has been the devoted guardian of four little orphan children entrusted to her at her sister's death, seven years ago.

Feeling that the A. O. H. had done so much for the Catholic University, and that the Ladies' Auxiliary should do its share for Trinity College, Miss Halloran devoted her energy to the noble work of providing a scholarship for qualified members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, thus aiding at the same time, the development of the college for the higher education of Catholic women. Every four years a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary will graduate from Trinity, fully equipped to do her part in combating the advance of irreligion. Miss Halloran's example is surely worthy of emulation in these days when club women so frequently misapply their zeal and waste energy in frivolous pursuits.

John Mitchell, the young president of the United Mine Workers, in his address at Philadelphia made some statements that should carry conviction to the minds of his audience, if they were not already in sympathy with the men and the cause he stands for. Mr. Mitchell said in part:

"I was taught to believe, when a boy, that God loved all His people alike. I was taught to believe that He conferred no more power or favors upon one than upon another; and notwithstanding the declaration of the controllers of trusts, I am not prepared to abandon the teaching of my boyhood days.

"Every year sees some struggle of the workers that stands out more conspicuously than other struggles. This year it happens that the coal miners of Pennsylvania are engaged in a life and death struggle for the right to live. The struggle of the coal miners of Pennsylvania is not only the greatest contest between capital and labor in the history of the world because of its magnitude, but it stands out in bold relief as the greatest struggle because of the issues involved.

"The miners of Pennsylvania are fighting for the rights granted them by the laws of our country, and as exercised by their employers. The coal miners of Pennsylvania are engaged in a life and death struggle trying to secure sufficient to take their little boys and little girls of tender age and frail physique from the mines and the mills and send them to

school, where, as American children, they properly belong. Had the coal trust known four months ago that it would have to fight the American people before it could crush the Pennsylvania miners, it would never have engaged in the fight.

"I have an abiding faith in my countrymen. I have sublime confidence in the American people. I believe that once the American people believe a wrong is being perpetrated their great heart will go out in sympathy, and they will see that the wrong is righted. If my reception in Philadelphia, if my reception here is a representation of the sentiment prevailing throughout the country, I believe the coal miners cannot lose.

"The history of the inception and progress of that strike is known to you all. It is imprinted indelibly in the hearts of the workingmen of our country. It is unnecessary for me to review it now, but I do want to take this occasion to say that the struggle was not started until we had exhausted every conceivable conciliatory method known to mankind.

"The struggle would not have been continued—would not have been inaugurated—if the operators had agreed to mediation, conciliation or arbitration. To all our overtures they turned a deaf ear, and the issue now is that we must win or we must be crushed. To win this struggle will require the assistance of our fellow-workers and all generous citizens of our country.

"Nearly all well-informed workers know that I had identified myself with every peace movement that I thought would help the workers. I am not prepared to say that they are failures, but they are failures as long as employers will not listen to reason and to truth."

Of the rate of payment Mr. Mitchell says:

"The total number of persons employed in and around the anthracite coal mines is 147,500; they are employed never to exceed 200 days in any one year, and they receive as compensation for their service an average of $1.42 for a ten-hour workday. It will thus be noted that they earn annually less than $300. Such pay may supply a living on a par with some classes of European laborers, but who will say that it is sufficient to support American citizenship or enable parents to educate and properly maintain their families?"

THE GREEN HARPER.

A TALE OF OLD IRELAND.

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

Once upon a time in the fragrant heart of beautiful Ireland, lived a king called Connal with his wife Queen Maura. His realm was very fair. There were orchards that blushed with a pink burden of blossoms in spring, and drooped down on the grass in autumn under a crimson plenty; there were golden stretches of wheat and corn; there were mountains empurpled with heather standing like guardians over the peace of the land, so that Connal was counted fortunate among men and his people loved him.

In the middle of his kingdom lay a shimmering loch, silver-sanded and never rudely stirred by aught save the wings of homing birds or the lazy dip of the fisherman's oar. Upon its banks the King had a palace built, and he had its walls limewashed white like snow. When the sunlight cast green shadows upon it from the circling trees it looked as if the waves of the sea had been made into solid arches and towers flecked with streaked sea-foam. All

about it rustled the ever-whispering forest. Trees in the beauty of health clothed bog, and brae, and steep loch-side. Where are they now? Ah, my grief! they left Ireland when her splendors fell away from her. Gone are the silver birches and the sombre yews! Gone the rows of stately elms and groves of sacred oaks! Nothing remains of the wooded glory, save when some peasant digging his load of turf cut of the bog comes across a blackened oak-stump, or red roots of the fir, with perhaps some dead warrior's torque tangled therein. It means only firewood to him, nothing more, and he digs stolidly again.

King Connal and his Queen, for a time were as happy as any could hope to be upon earth, and then trouble began. There was one thing Connal lacked to make him the happiest man in the world; he had no children, and this preyed on his mind until he grew so sullen in his discontent that his Queen seemed as if overcast by the cloud of his gloom and pined in the shadow of it.

And moreover, because he was childless and had never known the joy of fatherhood, he became hard-hearted, and in time where he had been beloved his people feared him.

One sunny afternoon he came upon his oldest and gravest Brehon playing solemnly some childish game with a toddling mite of four in the palace garden. Both were so engaged that they failed to see that envious watcher. Wherever he went that day he seemed to come upon children. They sprawled over the emerald lawns; they tugged the shaggy coats of the great wolf-dogs; they made fools of the gruff old guardsmen. It was maddening to the childless monarch.—"Even from the highest to the lowest my menials are blessed," thought he. "I alone am bereft."

There and then he resolved to torture himself no more with the sight of the happiness of others. Indoors he went and straightway called a meeting of his Counsellors. And he decreed a new law sending them forth to announce that "henceforth only those who were childless could be in or about the palace, or in the retinue of the King, and all those who were in any office, bard, brehon or herald, if that law affected them, were given two days wherein to gather their goods and depart."

When the law was proclaimed great sorrow fell upon the Court. Queen Maura sitting peacefully spinning among her maidens was supplicated to alter the King's heart, but as he had gone a-hunting in the forest she was powerless. They were not long in going away for they feared him in this strange, mad mood. The poor Queen wept salt tears over her embroidery until it looked by evening as if she had trailed it through the sea.

After that there fell a haunted silence upon the palace. No pattering feet ran over the floors, no shrill voices echoed from the walls of carven red yew, no tiny hands meddled with the ripening fruit in the royal apple-yard. Then King Connal gathered about him a new set of courtiers very different from those tender-hearted fathers of little children whom he had banished. None were with him now but grim veterans whose sons had grown to years of manhood, fit for war, or men of bitter mood whom love had rejected and set aside. These he assembled in his feasting-hall and made this speech to them:

"I have been made a lonely man by the anger of Heaven, so since this is

my lot I needs must content myself. I will shut myself up in this house with you my warriors and friends, and feast and laugh the days away. No stranger shall cross my threshold to annoy us, and if an enemy look upon my kingdom with eyes of desire let him plunder it. I have no son to follow me, why should I preserve it?"

And they all rose up and saluted him, and no one heard the heart-break grating under the smoothness of his voice. But it was there none the less.

Then the foreign wine ran in rivers down the pine tables, like blood, and yellow mead foamed in methers. Revelry and madness dethroned Connal and reigned in his stead. The rust came upon spear and shield and no man accounted it shameful. War came a-knocking at the gates, but the King only jeered and filled him another flagon of mead. His enemy was a brave man and scorned to take advantage of the kingdom left kingless. When the great yellow moon of the harvest gilded the stooks in the grain-fields, the Queen arose, and with a company of her women took the woodland way that wound into the heart of the distant hills. Had the uproar of those wild carouses affrighted her? or had she still some secret hope that led her away to the holy gloom of a far-off shrine?

* * * * * *

The first shy leaves were uncurling on the black boughs of every tree in the woody girdle round the palace. There was a softness in the winds that ruffled the blue waters of the loch, Birds sang from full throats in the joy of springtime. It was winter yet in Connal's heart.

They were feasting in the great hall one twilight as usual, when suddenly there came a bold knocking at the door. The sentinels asked who was there? The answer came clearly,

"It is I, Cian, a harper and an herald."

"Whose herald art thou, and what thy manner of message?"

"I come to herald my Prince. In my song I will tell thee more of him than I can in any speech."

Without more parleying he pushed aside those who delayed him and walked up the long hall to the King's footstool. The warriors looked at him in wonder as he stood there holding his silver harp. His cloak was the green of the willow-trees. His face had a great gladness. Connal said never a word to forbid or command. Then lightly the harper drew his fingers across the wires and began his music.

At the first sound of it his listeners started, and the King trembled on his throne. That soft, clear rippling was but to them the laughter of a little child. How dared he awake that forbidden memory? As he played on, so too, it laughed and lived on, until the men began to scowl at the player and move uneasily in their places. But no man moved hand or foot to touch him, and still the music continued. Now the child was a babe no longer, but the pure days of boyhood were twining in and through the notes in one unbroken melody. And, lo! the boy had left off childishness; he was a man-grown warrior, and he thirsted to lead men to battle and from victory to victory. He was glorious in his strength and bravery.

Across the listeners' faces crept the dark flush of shame, and they avoided looking one at the other. The pine-knots died into darkness on the hearthstone. The King's face was

hidden in the gloom. To one and all the harp-notes told things they writhed to hear. They were drinkers of mead! wine-sleepers! wasters of noble life! And still the music wove its spell upon them so that no rude hands tore the harper from his place.

The crimson sunset was fading across the loch and glaring on the rusted armor on the walls when he suddenly ceased. "The herald's lay is finished," said he. "The Prince is here."

The door at the end of the hall opened slowly and a woman crossed the threshold. She walked proudly as if that she bore in her arms was a treasure of great price.

"Who is this that disobeys my order?" called Connal hoarsely. "It has been said no child shall enter here."

"This is one who hath the right," she answered, and she stood before him fearlessly. The moon was shining whitely now, in through the glassless openings, so that all saw her plainly. Unconsciously the warriors rose to their feet like men in a dream. As the King bent forward to her there came a few notes from a harp, very clear and sweet, like a sleepy bird-song when the night is at its stillest. None could see the player. Connal stepped down beside her as if the music was a golden chain drawing him onward.

"Who art thou, and whom carry ye?" he said.

"This is the Prince, your son," she answered, "and I, your Queen, bear him home."

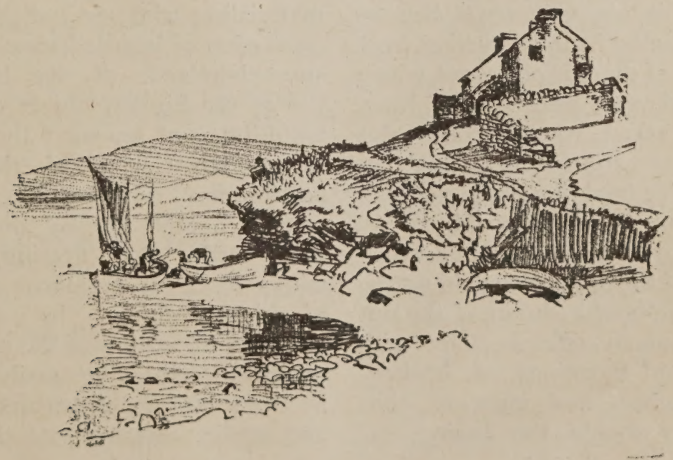
She threw back the heavy veil that had shrouded her till now and laid her sleeping burden in the King's arms.

"This was my secret in the absent time," she whispered, as he greeted her in rapture and bowed his face over the little one reverently.

"Where is the harper whom you sent to herald your coming, my Queen? He shall be guerdoned as never harper was before."

"I sent no harper or herald," she said in wonder. "We journeyed in no state, we two. But he must be found and questioned."

They sought through the company for him of the willow cloak and his cunning harp of silver, but behold! he had gone as the wind or had never been.



SOME IRISH SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

BY J. J. O'MAHONY.

For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the name.
I weep for all her woes, I remember all her fame,
And still my heart must hope I may yet repose to rest
On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel of the West.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

The thought ever foremost in the mind of the true-born son of Ireland is the Motherland that bore him. It haunts his memory wherever his footsteps wander, and fills his imagination with pictures of the old places and scenes that he gazed on as a boy, ere he became an exile from his home and a pilgrim on the highways of life. In the course of his travels he may find scenes as charming as those found in the Old Land; he may find out climates as perfect, but there is no spot on earth so beautiful, no palace so gorgeous as could for a moment bear comparison with the shieling in the sequestered valley in Connemara, and no natural beauty of landscape could appeal to his aesthetic sense half so keenly as the turf smoke curling from the chimney of the old homestead, where his boyhood years were spent. Now, it may be asked, whence comes this extraordinary attachment? this devotedness to a land that could not give them a home that they could call securely their own, a home around which the sound of the crowbar would not be heard, or the hoarse shouts of the unruly government officials blent with the sobs and moanings of broken-hearted mothers and innocent children? Why should the brainy, enthusiastic Celt cast even a thought on a land that could not offer him an opportunity of hoarding up golden treasures, or prophesy even dimly to himself, that exert himself ever so much, he could ever find himself endowed with the sonorous title of "gold magnate" or "copper king?" Why trouble himself about a sorrow-stricken land, a land, for, I might say six centuries groaning under the twin burdens of exorbitant taxation and misgovernment? Why then this sentimentality, this clinging to ideal, abstract entities? "Why this useless talk of loyalty, of attachment?" is the answer of the materialist of our day who has never gazed beyond the narrow boundary of his own surroundings, and centres within that little space, taken up with his material cares, everything worth living for, both for time and eternity.

But there are human beings whose idea of human happiness is not quite in accordance with the views of the materialist; who do not regard the possession of hoarded treasures or the superabundance of the luxuries of life as the highest object of a man's ambition, and amongst those human beings the Celt is of that nature, passionate, adventurous, intrepid, never content to lie dormant on the earth, but fleeting on the wings of Heaven, always in search of higher things, by nature allotted to the realms of the fanciful and ethereal spirit-loving, easily led away by the subtle enchantments of poetry and music, chivalrous to the highest

degree when confronted by any obstacles which would debar him from the pursuit of the dreams of his fancy. This is, perhaps, the grand characteristic of the Celt which marks him off from the Teuton, his finely strung spiritual nature, which spurns the shackles of sense and desires to look beyond the world, no matter how much the fortunes of this world may favor him. And where will an Irishman find that spirituality, his unalienable birthright, flourishing to the same extent as in Ireland, where the atmosphere breathes of prayerfulness, where, as St. Columbkille sang, well nigh fourteen centuries ago, "The young are so gentle and the old so mild." Yes, seated beside the old fireside, listening to the old Gaelic accents as they fall from the lips of the Irish peasants, listening to that conversation so pure and free from taint of anything coarse, you realize that there, in that social life, is centered the attraction which draws the Irish wherever scattered, which makes them ever feel like the immortal Goldsmith—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down
To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill.

Around my fire an evening group to draw
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes my long venations past
Here to return—and die at home at last."

But like many another Irishman, whose ashes are smoldering in foreign cemeteries, Goldsmith did not die at home. He sleeps his last long sleep in the quiet cloisters of the Temple Bar in London: Still, I am sure, it was the fondest wish of his heart to be laid to rest in his own sweet Lissoy, among the scenes that his "Deserted Village" so beautifully depicts.

It is the memories connected with the social life in Ireland, then, it can be truly said, that have ever riveted Irishmen the whole world over, by ties more powerful than steel, to their beautiful country. Could not the old fairy dells, the green hill-sides, the magic streamlets that play so gracefully down the verdant slopes of heather-covered mountains, and more than all that each of those places possessed, of a history artfully told by the old Seanachies, congregated around the peat fires on the winter's night arouse interest, if not sympathy, in the mind of the most stoical member of the human family that ever breathed God's air, or basked in God's sunshine. Oh, it is sweet to dwell in Ireland! There is music in the winds that play around the old fairy raths, the ancient habitations of Ferbolg or Tuatha-de-Danaan. There is a melancholy pleasure in the rustle of the breeze amongst the green ivy that decorates the castles which stud the land, now roofless, tenantless, yet once the scene of high-sounding cheer, where the council boards determined measures regarding war and peace.

A passion for home seems to be in a particular manner a social virtue of the Irish race. The thought of the thatched cabin and the old mother sitting within, murmuring in the language of other days the verses that lulled to rest baby forms, now arrived at manhood's prime, is ever present to the Irishman, and that passionate attachment no lapse of moons can can-

ker, no change of scenes obliterate. It is imprinted indelibly on his heart, and although among strangers it is always more or less concealed, yet, as soon as the occasion offers itself, as soon as any question regarding Ireland is mooted, then the Irishman gives free vent to his feelings, and you can thoroughly realize with what ardor he longs for the old spot where his footsteps wandered in the days of his youth. It was this deep abiding spirit of home the stolid English invaders forgot when they freighted the transport ships with thousands of Irish men and women and sent them forth to perish of fever in the fetid holds of emigrant vessels and be consigned to watery graves, or be swallowed up in the large and populous cities and become so infatuated with their surroundings as to never cast once a glance on the ill-starred land they had left behind. But the spiritual instinct of home was not to be uprooted out of the Irish heart, and the young Irishman and the blithe Irish maiden from their hard earned pennies have never forgotten the necessities of the poor old mother praying for her banished children in the mountain cot at home.

It is a great and grand characteristic, one of the many noble traits of the proud Celtic nature, attachment to home. For many children of the persecuted Gael, it is many a year since they gazed on the shores of the Old Land. The grass may be growing green on their mothers' graves: The old boon companions, who shared their youthful gambols, are now far away from their native haunts, and the few that still hover around the scenes of childhood would not remember them. Still, there is a magic charm in the winding of the old borheen that leads up to the thatched cabin, now roofless and tenanted by the owl, whose cry is heard on the night wind, from those walls whence once the chorus of gladsome children was borne aloft on the evening breeze.

Oh, My Home, my lost home, my loved home,
There can never be another home for me.
My soul flies nightly back through the wild winds and foam,
And with its wet wings hovereth over thee.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

These are the words of poetry, but they convey the feelings of the Irish heart, that, after religion, nothing else is so entrancing, nothing else comparable to the unpretentious cottage away in Ireland where the exiled child of Innisfail first saw the light, and no perplexing cares disturbed the sweet contemplation of sunrise over the holy hills of Ireland. After devotion to home, devotion to his country finds a warm place in the breasts of the Irishman. The two are, perhaps, linked so together that it would take the subtlety of the metaphysician to dissever them. There is nothing endears a person to a good hearted individual more than patient suffering. Even the most stolid cannot help feeling sympathy with a sufferer. Ireland, the most prejudiced cannot deny, has suffered untold wrongs at the hands of England. What she has suffered during the Victorian Era, without going further back, is heartrending even in print. This is sufficient to win the hearts of Irishmen. Every son and daughter of Ireland has heard over and over that sad history narrated. It was whispered beside their cradles: In their youth, it was but too manifest when their innocent eyes beheld the dreaded hordes of police, constables

and bailiffs, who marched in hostile array across a peaceful country to cast adrift on the world the family that lived hard-by. All these things, coupled with the fact that Irish hearts are naturally sympathetic, make them feel for their country and cement their attachment. How that genuine devotion to Ireland has been borne witness to in the past, and is being borne witness to in the present, is known to everybody. It was no false devotion that inspired the deeds of Owen Roe O'Neill, Sarsfield, and hundreds of other Irish warriors, whose names are inscribed in golden letters on the annals of warfare. It was from no motives other than those of genuine patriotism that those masters of oratory, Grattan, Flood, Curran, Shiel and O'Connell ceaselessly thundered and wore themselves to death in an incessant fight to remedy the wrongs of Ireland. Attachment to their country, a heroic resolve to lay down their lives for its liberties has been in the past, is at the present moment and, I my confidentially predict, will be in the future, a characteristic of the fiery Celt, an heirloom transmitted from sire to son, a pledge of inviolable fidelity to their native land.

During the last few years, Ireland's home life has suffered somewhat of a change, and, I am sorry to say, not for the better. The young generation has endeavored to ape the manners of the English, at least to a certain extent. They thought their fathers and mothers, who spoke the old Gaelic speech, not fit patterns to be copied. They became infatuated with the ridiculous prints which English News agents, through the medium of their Irish agents, circulated throughout the country. But just now the ax, I think, is being laid to the root of the tree. This onward current, which would inevitably produce pernicious effects on the national and religious life of the country, has been checked in its onward march by means, principally, of the Gaelic League. The Gaelic Language is the title-deed to the rich genealogical inheritance every Irishman possesses; it is the only link which connects the Ireland of today with the Ireland of the past. So you see how invaluable a means such an institution as the Gaelic League is in carrying back the present Irish generation to the pure manners and customs of their forefathers, while at the same time they can share in all the modern literary and scientific discoveries by their knowledge of the Saxon speech.

Irish home life in the past was certainly ideal. Speak of the simplicity and purity of home life, it is certainly realized in the Irish home. Cares, indeed, they had, innumerable; worries that would have driven another people to desperation; but in spite of all the persecution directed against them, they never budged one inch from the doctrines of their faith. Succoured by that faith, every scourge was only a gem on their crown. And it is exceedingly wonderful how cheerful the people were in their private life after that dark night had passed. Generally, suffering makes people morose, melancholy, sour in their dispositions and conduct, but not so with the Irish. Persecution left them as it found them, fewer in numbers, no doubt, but, nevertheless, with the same hot blood thrilling through their veins, the same faith in the world unseen, the same joyful serene countenances. They were still anxious to dispense, as their fathers were before them, from their scanty stores, bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty who came along

the way. Before emigration had reduced the country to its present scanty population, a traveler would imagine that the Irish were a very well-off people, because on every side his ears were greeted with the words of song issuing from the lips of the children of toil. It is different now; you travel for miles in some parts of the country, and no signs of human activity challenge your attention. It is an awful change. No longer do the neighbors congregate around the peat fire and tell their fairy stories to interested audiences; no more do they scramble over the mountain crags in search of fairy treasures; but with the revival of Gaelic speech we hope that the firesides will be again lit up with the carol and the story, that the good old fairy hosts will still hover instinctively around the winter's blaze.

Emigration has, indeed, done mischief which is now irremediable. It has helped to lessen a very marked social characteristic of the people—their hospitality. Hospitality was ever a virtue of the Gael. It was peculiar to the chiefs and the clansmen and it has survived to the present day. The wedding and the wake, and the patron and the fair are instances of the occasions in which hospitality finds a place. The Irishman is glad, but he cannot keep his joy to himself. He must have his neighbors to participate in his simple celebration, and, as during his life he expects partners in his joy or sorrow, when he is dead he confidently expects a large gathering of people to accompany his remains to their last resting place. But the thinning of the population by emigration has sadly interfered with all those customs. With the young life fast ebbing out of the country, nothing remains behind but the aged and the feeble, who can do but little to perpetuate the old customs and manners.

The Irish have fine social characteristics, the loss or complete decay of which would be a serious loss to humanity. "The Celtic Spirit," as Wm. O'Brien finely expresses it, "is the saving salt of a materialistic age." It should then be a work of great merit on the part of those who have the power to procure for the Irish in their country proper industries, proper means of subsistence. It is only at home they can benefit substantially their country. Once emerged in the busy multitudes that scramble for wealth and gain in the American cities, they lose those finer charms of character which they imbibed amidst the home scenes. Let us sincerely hope that grand old Irish customs be long-lived; that the grand old Christian spirit, that has survived through the turmoil and storm of centuries, may never falter or fail; and the fine old Gaelic speech, the language of the most chivalrous, religous people that ever peopled the earth, may flourish to such an extent that it may realize the prophecies made in its behalf, and shower blessings on the new century as it did on the centuries that witnessed it in noon-day splendor.

THE GRADUATION OF CONSOLATION.

BY ELIZABETH LYONS.

"You're in luck at last, Tom," said the harbor master. "Here's a government position begging you to take it. What do you say to that, my boy?"

"Is it anything I can fill, sir?"

"None better," was the confident reply. "What do you think of being a bank clerk, Tom?"

The bright look faded from the young man's face as he answered, a touch of quiet dignity in his tone, "You know I've no schooling, Captain. Never had a chance to get any, but—"

"Hold on, old fellow!" interrupted the genial captain. "You don't think for a minute that I want to make one of those perfumed dandies out of you, do you? No indeed. Your bank runs round the freight track, and your duty is to patrol it, to keep our energetic citizens from using the new track for a dumping ground. There have been several accidents already. One poor chap, a trolley driver, is lying in the hospital with a smashed head and arm. Such things won't happen once you are installed,—that is if you'll take it, Tom."

"That I will," was the vigorous assent. You'll never know all this means to me, Captain."

"The terms are small to begin with, only forty dollars a month, but it will lead to something better. Who knows but that some day a fortune may be cast over, and it will make yours."

"Mine is made now, Captain," said the grateful Tom, joyously. You know how luck has been again me. Now I can see my way to—"

"Getting married?" suggested the captain blithely.

The newly appointed clerk blushed like a girl, and stammered "stranger things have happened, sir."

The harbor master's voice lost its bantering tone. "The man who risked his life to save another man's child" he said, "brings better than riches to his own home. God bless you, Tom, and the girl of your choice. I wish I could do more to show you how I feel about little Richard,"

"Don't mention it," pleaded Tom. "It was the most natural thing in the world that your boy should be hanging round the water, and that I should be near to fish him out when he tumbled in. Don't speak of it again, Captain."

"Well, I won't since you don't like it, but I'll never forget it," he added as Tom fairly ran away from his expressions of gratitude.

He went his way blithely, the sunshine falling on the shabbiest coat ever worn by a public official. Not a clerk or cashier in the banks he passed but would have repudiated any connection with his craft, and yet as he passed them by his heart was filled with pity for them.

"There you are, poor chaps, shut up in caskets long before you have any need to be," he reflected. "Now, my bank—but here I am!" Turning down a side street he paused before a door set in a brick wall, and delivered a message that was promptly answered by a tall young girl, who welcomed him with a radiant smile.

"You've had a stroke of luck, Tom? she questioned eagerly.

"Now, Emmie, how did you guess?"

"Your eyes gave it away; look Tom."

She held up a pocket mirror, and reflected in it Tom saw a pair of blue eyes, trustful as a child's.

"I didn't think you were vain, Emmie."

"And I haven't any cause to be. But when things go again me I like to look in that little glass and wonder what you saw in me, Tom."

"The glass will never show you all that," he asserted, stoutly. "I just found out for myself; and the question is, can you see anything in me to make you risk taking me for better or worse. Just now it seems better, I have charge of the bank at steady pay, and findings is keepings. What do you say, Emmie?

"It will be for better always," she said, her eyes shining with love and trust. "All I've got to say, Tom, is that since you found me, I'm one of your perquisites. Findings is keepings you know."

A month later the lovers walked out of St. James, man and wife. Their wedding trip extended over ten blocks, and in less than an hour they were at home. No bank clerk ever set up a smaller establishment—two rooms in a tall tenement, up a back yard, but no bank clerk's lady ever entered more proudly into possession of her home than did Emmie. Tom led her through the two rooms, gleefully showing her the treasures he had put together for her reception, and finally pausing before a three-cornered glass closet he exclaimed, "Look here, Emmie! I meant this for a surprise. I won it at a fair long ago."

This was a silver butter dish. While Tom's eyes beamed on her the thrifty housewife tested the metal with a pin, and finding it genuine turned her head away, entreating—"Take it away, Tom; do put it away. I don't want to give way to pride on my wedding day.'"

If pride was Emmie's besetting sin, she was often tempted in the weeks and months that followed the happy home-coming. Tom revelled in the joy of homemaking, and every pay day invested in something that made the young wife wish that people could see it, or that their door opened on the front street, so that passersby might share her admiration of the willow rocker with red ribbon bows and the little work table "set out like any lady's."

To do her justice Emmie bravely resisted her sinful inclination to be over-proud of her possessions, and frequently she exhorted herself sternly, "If you give way in little things, Emmie Robbins, you'll fall before big ones." After she had repeated this exhortation, even the new curtain pole with brass rings that Tom had fitted into the window proved powerless to tempt her.

"That's the last touch," said Tom, falling back to view the effect. "It doesn't seem that anything more can be done, unless it's to set rose bushes between the draperies. I'll go out to the country for them before our wedding anniversary comes round."

Some weeks later the bank clerk came in with the roses, but no Emmie greeted his return. Old Mrs. Jewett, a neighbor, stood at the head of the stairway, and commanded him "to come up easy," adding with stern disapproval as she caught sight of the shrubs in his hands, that she didn't know "what any man wanted prowlin' round the country after weeds, while a

blessed flower was waitin' a father's welcome."

During his absence, Emmie had gone on a much longer journey, even to the borderland 'twixt life and death, and had just returned faint and weary, with a little daughter for Tom.

And now life in the two rooms took on a glorified aspect. Tom roused himself repeatedly from day dreams in which the bundle in Emmie's arms had a prominent part. When the young mother was strong enough to sit up in the willow rocker plans for the baby's future were eagerly discussed. The choice of a name was also a matter of grave consideration.

"She ought to be named for both of us," declared Tom.

"O, Tom, just imagine the poor little thing being called Tom Emmie!" laughed the mother. "Was there ever such a name!"

"If we'd only had more schooling, Emmie," deplored Tom, "we could see our way clear to do right by her more clearly. But neither of us ever got a chance."

"But baby will," said Emmie, softly, "and that will make up for our want, husband."

Tom drew a line on the table while turning over this thought in his slow way, and having grasped it he added one of his own.

"You've settled the question, my girl, as neatly as you did the other one. Baby shall have an education. And now what's her name? you'd never guess it, so here goes for a bit of reasoning! If baby makes up for what we lost or didn't get, why then she's consolation—and Consolation is her name."

"But it seems such an odd one! Now if it were Faith or Hope or Charity"—

"Or Prudence or Patience," put in Tom, "all qualities belonging to her mother; but Consolation is for both of us, so if you're willing."

"You can have your way, Tom. What a man you are for making pretty speeches. Do you know why I never look in that little glass now."

"Maybe it's because you are free of a bigger one."

"You say that, but you know different. I never need to, Tom, nothing goes against me since I married you. Even if baby doesn't have all them shining qualities of mine, if she has her father's brave heart and loving nature, she'll be—what will she be, Tom?"

"Just what she is now—the bank clerk's baby," laughed Tom.

Consolation proved worthy of her name, every day she added a trifle to the sun of her parents' happiness; the roses in the window were not fairer or fresher than the winsome baby, with Tom's blue eyes and a quick bright smile—a tiny duplicate of Emmie's.

The idea of giving her a thorough education became a leading one. Before she was six months' old, Tom had become familiar with the working of a kindergarten; and by the time she celebrated her first birthday, with Emmie's assistance and a school course laid out on the table he had traced every step of her progress, from the first uncertain movements in the baby class, to the proud moment when, gowned in white, she delivered the valedictory.

No bank clerk's baby was ever happier than Consolation, and certainly no millionaire was happier than Tom. Every day some delightful surprise

awaited him; some new instance of baby's cleverness.

One evening he brought home a parcel, and untying it, produced a pair of shining rubber boots that made Emmie scream with merriment.

"Why, Tom, what were you thinking of? Them are big enough for a child of five."

"And Consolation will soon be two, and every day she'll be gettin' up to five; it will be no time till you see her going off in the shiny boots, on her way to school, wet days. When she does go, she'll want a little lunch, won't she?"

"Yes," assented unsuspicious Emmie, thoroughly enjoying this planning ahead; "just a biscuit or two and an apple, or may be an orange."

"An' she'll want something to carry it in, so I bought this," bringing in a tiny basket. "Two covers and handles that swing both ways. Let's see how she'll look. Stand in 'em, Connie."

Connie stood in the boots bravely.

"There you are!" shouted the delighted father. "A trifle big, to be sure. Now, here's the basket! There you're off. Emmie, did you ever see such a child? Ain't she plucky?

"That she is," said Emmie, catching the tiny traveler just in time, the boots having entered into a conspiracy to secure her downfall. "Doesn't it seem odd, Tom? You and I haven't a set of features between us, an' Consolation is really good-looking,"

For answer he drew the child to him and studied her baby face with such love and pride beaming on his own, that Emmie felt it her duty to remonstrate.

"You mustn't set too much store by her, Tom; after all, she's not really ours. She's only lent by the Lord, husband."

"I wont dispute that," he said reverently. "We'll pay the interest regular in raising her for His service, and maybe," with a touch of wistful speculation, "the principal won't be called for, in our time."

"Why, Tom, you're beginning to talk like a real bank clerk."

"If I'd the learning, I might have been a real one."

"Be content as you are," she admonished gently.

"I'm more than content. I often wonder what I've done to deserve such happiness. When I'm down on the track an' there isn't anything going on, I look at the water and it kind of preaches to me till my heart is full."

"Yes," assented the wife, leaning forward eagerly, touched by the homely eloquence, though quite unconscious that her husband was one of the "poets sown by nature." Yes, an' then, Tom."

"Why then I think of what I can do for Him, if I can give any one a helping hand for His sake, and today—"

"Well, Tom, today."

"I was thinking, Emmie, if we could take in that little orphan, the trolley driver's boy, it might be the saving of him. Just think, wife, a baby not much older than our Connie, and with such a set! It's a shame for the town to put a child in such hands—two dollars a week is dear for starving the life an' spirit out of a child; but fearful cheap for an immortal soul. Can we help him, Emmie? Can we take him in without wronging Consolation?"

The answer came promptly.

"We'd be wronging Connie more if

we let her stand in the orphan's light. Take him in, Tom, and may God do by our child as we do by the stranger's."

"Amen," murmured Tom, tenderly lifting the baby, who had fallen asleep during this serious conversation. He tucked her into the little crib, and returned to his wife, "now for ways and means, Emmie."

"There isn't any need to talk about them just now. There's enough to begin with. I've been laying by again the time Consolation will be five. Yes," catching a knowing smile, "I'm foolish about her, too; I laid out to have six lawn aprons with lace trimming, and two merino frocks, one blue and one red, with four plain white for summer wear. That money will buy what the little stranger needs, and the Lord will provide for Connie."

Prophetic words uttered with unconscious pathos! The Lord did indeed provide.

"I'll get things ready tomorrow, and you can bring him home as soon as you like. How did you come to hear of him, Tom?"

"Well you see, his father's misfortune seemed like the cause of my good fortune, so when I heard of his death, I hunted round till I found the boy."

"Ah, Tom," with a loving smile, "your perquisites 'll never make you rich; findin's is keepin's again."

Two hours later silence reigned in the little home in the tall tenement. The moonbeams slanted in across the floor, and seemed to turn whiter with pity as a shadow flitted by the parents and laid its cold fingers on the baby's throat.

A hoarse, gurgling cry followed by a frightened exclamation, brought the sleeping father from viewing a dream picture of a fair, young girl in graduating gown, receiving her degree rolled in a gold ring from the trolley driver's boy, to the little crib, where the future valedictorian was struggling for life.

"Run for the doctor, Tom, while I get up the fire and heat the water; don't lose a minute."

Needless counsel, as he was already down the stairs on his way. The doctor came promptly, and all that skill and love could do was done—in vain. Before morning broke the struggle was over—the loan was returned with two years' interest.

"Don't take on like that, Tom, don't," pleaded the young mother in a voice shrill with pain, yet anxious to comfort. "It's flying in the face of Providence."

"I can't help it, Emmie. I meant to do so well by her." His glance strayed from the rigid little figure to the boots and lunch basket, and grief broke forth anew. "She looked so cunning in them last night, but now she'll never need them. I meant to give her such an education."

"Don't, Tom," laying her hands caressingly on his shoulders. Then brightening with a new idea. "Why, husband, she has it now; she began and finished at the same time; when the gates swung open our girl graduated."

The sun rose merrily and peeping in at the window grew brighter still with the kindly purpose of warming hearts numbed by sorrow. With a broad ribbon of golden light it drew the parents from their dead child and led them in spirit to the source of eternal day, where they sought and found an immortal Consolation.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS OF ULADH.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

My sire, the King, hath made a feast,
And set the couches by the wall
Encrust with gems and carmogal
More gorgeous than the East.

The tables, spread with linen fine
And seven times broidered at the hem,
Groan with the goodly weight on them
Of venison and swine,

And ewers of mead, like amber morn,
And little apples, red and white,
And blackberries, and berries bright,
And cakes of honeyed corn.

The Heralds call, with pleasant din,
The generous doors are opened wide,
And like a golden-crested tide,
The noble folk surge in.

The spencers serve: the chiefs carouse;
Each champion, beneath his shield,
Dreams of the combats on the field,
With glory on his brows.

He hears the poet's dulcet praise,
While every ruddy maiden pours
The ready wine from brazen ewers
Elf-wrought in ancient days.

I, Finnavar, the princess pale,
Move, ever silent, 'mid the throng,
As if a Druid's magic song
Had stricken me with bale.

I give no word, I have no smile;
No man of Erinn is my choice.
I walk in dreams. A fairy voice
Is troubling me, meanwhile.

I heard it by a mystic wave
That washed against a mystic land;
Nor day, nor dark, did there command,
But grey fogs seaward drave.

It called me from that magic mist,
It called me from that sleepy tide,
I cannot journey, nor abide,
Nor follow, nor resist.

I know not what the calling saith,
This spell from Faery fallen on me
From good or evil powers that be,
From Lords of Life or Death!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer. By Ethelred L. Taunton.

This book will undoubtedly be widely read. The unique career of Cardinal Wolsey is one of the strongest lessons which can be read upon the uncertainty of human affection and the unstable character of human popularity. Born of a respectable, but not wealthy, family in Suffolk, Thomas Wolsey distinguished himself in boyhood and in youth by his brilliant parts and his captivating manners. At the early age of fifteen he secured his degree from Magdalen College, Oxford. From that date his promotion was very rapid, one dignity following another in close succession. He was successively Fellow of Magdalen, Master of the Grammar School of Waynflete's foundation, Bursar of Magdalen and Rector of Lymington. All these offices were obtained before Wolsey had reached his thirtieth year. His advancement after that time was phenomenal. In 1505 he was made Chaplain to Henry VII., in 1506 Rector of Redgrave, in 1509 Dean and Prebendary of Lincoln and Almoner to Henry VIII., in 1510 Prebendary of Hereford and Rector of Torrington, in 1511 Canon of Windsor, in 1512 Dean of Hereford and Commendatory Abbot of St. Albans, in 1514 Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York, in 1515 Cardinal and Lord Chancellor. The Bishopric of Bath was given him in 1518, that of Durham in 1523, and that of Winchester in 1529. His whole life, up to the time of his disgrace, was one round of ecclesiastical preferment.

The general view of Wolsey's character is that he was a man of surpassing mental acuteness, of sound judgment, of exceptional good sense, of keen insight into human nature, and of unwearying energy in carrying out every duty with which he might be entrusted. It is also the general opinion that Wolsey made his conscience subordinate to his ambition, that he was avaricious and selfish, greedy of power and *careless as to the means by which he attained it*, that his private life will not bear scrutiny, and that he condescended to purchase his own advancement by flattering the weaknesses and vices of his royal master.

Father Taunton desires to clear the character of the great English cardinal. He holds that his home life will bear the most rigid examination, and that in nothing can it be proven that he was guilty of failings inconsistent with his ecclesiastical profession. He even goes farther than this and claims for Wolsey the character of a man of deep spirituality, of religious enthusiasm and of absolute loyalty to the Church. We should like to see weightier proof in support of this assertion. It is always a matter of rejoicing when clouds are driven away from the name of anyone, and much more so when the individual has wrought so much good as Wolsey did along certain lines. But for the reversal of the verdict which historians al-

most unanimously pass upon this remarkable man, more evidence than that furnished by Father Taunton will be demanded by the dispassionate critic. Why, we may ask, is the author so bitter about everything Roman? Why does he not follow the usual method of Englishing the Latin word "abbas"? The general finish of the book in quality of paper, in style of engraving, in printing and in binding, is all that the most fastidious could exact. The work reflects great credit upon the publishing house of John Lane, of New York and London.

First Lessons in the Science of the Saints. By R. J. Meyer, S.J.

If all Catholics would master these "First Lessons," what a bright world this would be! They contain in germ all the principles of personal sanctification. They are fundamental, clear and practical. Only a master in the ascetic life could have written this book, only an experienced guide could have formulated so precisely the leading principles of the interior life. The good common-sense shown throughout the book is particularly welcome. Take the following, for example: "For one cause or another, many have come to believe that humility makes us unnatural and gloomy, weak and cowardly; compelling us to shut our eyes to the good that is in us, in order to gaze exclusively upon the dark and dismal picture of our utter worthlessness, to stifle the loftiest aspirations of our nature and to crouch in abject servility at the feet of our fellow-men. . . . The picture which they draw for themselves of this amiable virtue is a caricature; and a caricature converts even the most beautiful forms into monsters.

No! humility does not make us unnatural, nor does it compel us to shut our eyes to the good that is in us. On the contrary, provided we do not claim as our own what is God's, we do well to dwell in loving meditation upon all the good that we have, both in the natural and in the supernatural order."

This is a sample of the healthy spirituality throughout the book, which we heartily commend to all Religious Communities and to all who are striving to lead the Higher Life in the world.

B. Herder, St. Louis. $1.25.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By Dr. Nicholas Gihr. Translated from the Sixth German Edition.

How grateful we should be to the enterprising firm of Herder for publishing this translation of Dr. Gihr's magnificent work! It is a perfect treasure-house of knowledge, of faith and of solid devotion. Upon a true understanding of the sublime act of sacrifice and upon reverent attention at the celebration of the Mass, Catholic piety depends, in great measure, for its warmth and its vigor. How important, therefore, that our people should be constantly instructed upon this transcendent act of Christian worship! Dr. Gihr gives us an almost exhaustive work upon the subject. The book treats first of the Dogmatical and Ascetical part of the Mass, then of the Liturgical and Ascetical. It will thus be seen that the author never loses sight, even in knotty theological questions, of the direct influence which the Eucharistic Sacrifice should have upon the lives of the faithful.

Dr. Gihr is clear and complete in his expositions. Notice the lucid manner in which he distinguishes between the offering of gifts to God and the offerings of sacrifice: "Not every gift offered to God is a sacrifice. It greatly depends on the way and manner of offering. Some change or destruction of the gift must take place to constitute a sacrifice. An entire destruction of the gift, or such as is at least morally equivalent, pertains essentially to the idea of sacrifice. Whatever has not been liturgically transformed, e. g., destroyed, cannot be a real sacrifice, but is only a religious gift essentially different from sacrifice. . . . The intrinsic reason why such a transformation, or destruction, of the gift is requisite for the act of sacrifice, lies in the peculiar meaning and in the special object of sacrifice.

Sacrifice, that is, the transformation of the gift offered, is intended to represent symbolically that God possesses absolute authority and dominion over all things, and, consequently, that man is essentially dependent upon God, belongs and is subject to Him, and, therefore, that he is bound and is ready to give and dedicate his life entirely to God. . . . And how could this sovereignty of God over all that is and that can be outside of Him, be more appropriately expressed than by the destruction of a visible object, as is done in sacrifice? How could man's dependence and obligation to serve God be more suitably made apparent than in sacrifice, wherein a tangible, material object is destroyed in the place of a human life?"

With regard to the essential characteristics of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Gihr follows the opinion that the Mass is a true

Sacrifice simply and merely by Jesus Christ becoming present, in virtue of the words of consecration, under the separate species in a state of immolation or death. Would it not have been possible to have given the various views held by theologians upon this important point?

It is interesting to learn that not until the epoch of the newly revised edition of the Missal in the sixteenth century was the selection of the liturgical colors finally determined and settled. Yellow and cerulean blue vestments are positively forbidden, though in some Spanish dioceses it is obligatory, in virtue of a special papal privilege, to use sky-blue vestments at all the Masses of the Immaculate Conception, both on the feast itself and in votive Masses.

The sincere piety manifested on every page of this scholarly work is a clear proof of the exalted character of its distin guished author. The book should have a very large sale, and every priest, every religious should make it the companion of daily meditation and reflection. Seldom have we seen a work of excellence so uniform. May it pass through many editions and lead many souls to appreciate the ineffable blessings of the Christian Sacrifice. We hope that a less cumbrous form will be adopted for the second edition, even if, in order to accomplish this result, it should be necessary to publish the work in two volumes.

B. Herder, St. Louis. Price $4.00.

From Canterbury to Rome. By B. F. De Costa.

This is an account of Dr. De Costa's journey into the Church, with notes of travel in East and West. The incidents are vividly described and make interesting reading, while the varied mental changes undergone by this eminent man throw much light upon the strange inconsistencies of Anglicanism, and show conclusively the utter inability of Protestantism to satisfy the spiritual cravings of a truly devout soul. There is much to be learned in following these gropings of a candid mind after the truth. Dr. De Costa possesses the rare gifts of fearlessness and of absolute frankness, and it is a matter of constant pleasure to read the writings of one who is not afraid to unmask error, while giving the full tribute of praise to those who are sincere, though ignorant and misguided. The book is published in a neat, attractive style, and will make a most suitable gift for the vast army of our upright fellow-citizens, who, amid the clouds of conflicting doctrine, cry out with intense fervor: "Lead, kindly light." A work of this nature will dispel many a prejudice, and will open the way for more direct expositions of Catholic teaching.

Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York.

The Death of Sir Launcelot and other Poems. By Condé Benoist Pallen.

This volume contains several poems by that eminent literateur, Condé Pallen. They are all conceived in an exalted strain and expressed in graceful, forceful language. The ode for Georgetown University is an exquisite piece of poetic outburst. How well the foundation of that venerable college is told in these noble lines!

"When virgin Liberty yet stood
Within the dawn of maidenhood,
Upon these hills was fixed thy seat,
The home of truth, and learning's calm
retreat
By blue Potomac's peaceful flood,
Scarce then had died the furious beat
Of rolling drum in loud alarm
Sounding the patriot's call to arm
Against the tyrant foe;
While yet the reeking sod was warm
With martyr blood spilt in fearful throe
Of battle, and the trembling earth
Groaned in travail of a nation's birth,
Came the man of peace, who bore
The cross and laurel to the shore,
Where sweet Cohonguroton's waters pour,
And planted here the sacred tree,
And this was he
Of that same faith and race
With him who, taking up the bloodless
steel
To make the Nation's woe or weal,
Alone of the signers dared to trace
Not only his heroic name, but native
place,
And with the dauntless front of Freedom's son
Wrote, 'Carroll of Carrollton.' "

These are throbbing lines, and a sample of the rest of the book. "The Death of Sir Launcelot" has a Tennysonian ring about it, in fact, to be frank, it follows Tennyson's peculiar phraseology too closely. Lines like the following should, we think, for this reason be avoided:

"And all the goodly fellowship of knights."
"Who sent the deathless ardor of her eyes
In Galahad's."

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Philippines—The First Civil Governor. By Theodore Roosevelt.

Civil Government in the Philippines. By William H. Taft.

We have here reprinted for permanent preservation two articles published in The Outlook, the former in September, 1901, the latter in May, 1902. The interest of the reader will naturally be centred in the article upon the Civil Government in the Philippines. We are somewhat puzzled by the following statement of Mr. Taft, when speaking upon the school arrangements made by the American authorities: "The exact attitude of the Catholic Church to the schools has not been clearly defined. It is quite probable that this will not be the same in some provinces as in others. *It is known to vary in this country, according to the views of the priesthood in the particular locality*, and the same thing will be true in the Philippines. The Commission has not the slightest objection to the spread of church schools, if only a proper standard of education is maintained in them; on the contrary, it welcomes any aid in education." The former part of this quotation is rather novel information, while the condescension shown in the latter is embarrassing. From the report one would imagine that, until the arrival of the Americans, the poor Filipinos had been entirely deprived of the means of education. Yet they had a university in Manila, which was founded as a college in 1611; they had eleven colleges of the first grade, sixty-seven private Latin schools, several schools for Teachers, Arts and Trades, Commerce, Agriculture, Merchant Marine, Painting and Engraving, while the number of primary schools in the whole archipelago, according to the statistics of the year 1896, was 2,167 for both sexes, there being two schools for each sex in every town of 5,000 inhabitants, three for each sex in towns of 10,000 inhabitants, and so on, the number of schools increasing in the ratio of one schoolmaster and one schoolmistress for each 5,000 inhabitants. Why are these facts so constantly kept in the background?

The Outlook Company, New York. $1.00.

Valid Objections to So-called Christian Science. By Rev. Andrew F. Underhill. New York. Edwin S. Gorham. 1902.

The clever unveiling of the absurdities, inconsistencies, and horrible blasphemies of Christian Science, by the Rev. Mr. Underhill, deserves unqualified praise. The Holy Scriptures inform us "that the number of fools is infinite," and, assuredly, we see a remarkable confirmation of this blunt statement, when we look at the crowds of respectably-dressed men and women who throng to the various temples of the Christian Scientists. All honor, then, to those who tear away the veil from this monstrous absurdity and show, by *compellent* argument, that it is neither Christian nor scientific. Christian Science, by denying the reality of sin, throws to the winds a fundamental dogma of Christianity; while by denying the reality of matter, it joins hands with those irrational philosophies, which seek to make a man believe that he is not what he is. But, we might ask, what is the attraction in this new fangled creed? To this question we may answer that Christian Science is the popular religious fad of the day, it is the fashionable cult of the well-to-do, and, consequently, draws into its maelstrom all those who dance attendance upon the comfortable or who wish to be regarded as progressive in matters of religious doctrine. It will have its little day of triumph, but its doom is sealed. Travesty and blasphemy cannot flourish long in a healthy atmosphere, where sound judgment is the rule and morbid fancy the exception.

Warburton Publishing Company, Yonkers, N. Y. 25 cents.

A Short Grammar of Classical Greek. By Dr. A. Kaegi. Authorized English Edition, by James A. Kleist, S.J.

All lovers of the classics should thankfully acknowledge Prof. Kleist's service to education in giving us an adaptation of Kaegi's excellent Grammar. For years we have labored under the disadvantage of grammars, either too diffuse to be of practical help, or too brief to give a clear knowledge of the language. Kaegi's Grammar avoids both extremes. It is neither too learned, so as to be above youthful comprehension, nor too superficial, so as to merit the contempt of scholars. It is, what it professes to be, a grammar for college-boys, and in this respect it is without a rival. Methodical in arrangement, complete in necessary details, clear in expression, simple and direct in the treatment of difficulties, Kaegi's Grammar has the elements of a successful instrument for the mastery of the Greek language. We hope that all our Catholic Colleges will adopt this as the ordinary School-Grammar, and thus further the cultivation of the wonderful Hellenic language and its marvelous literature, which are fast disap-

pearing from the list of studies in non-Catholic Colleges.

B. Herder, St. Louis.

Stories of Napoleon will always find interested readers. Among the latest published are two folk tales, published under the title, "Folk Tales of Napoleon," and translated from the Russian and French by George Kennan, who also writes the introduction. These tales are valuable as self revelations of national character, and as further evidence of the profoundly deep impression made by Napoleon's personality upon two great peoples—the Russians and the French.

The first story "Napoleonder" is of Russian origin, and was put into literary form by Alexander Amphiteatrof of St. Petersburg. It is a characteristic specimen of Russian peasant folklore. The narrator throughout endeavors to show that sympathy and mercy are better than selfish ambition. The French story was first reduced to writing by Honore De Balzac. It purports to be the story of Napoleon's life and career, as related to a group of French peasants by one of his old soldiers. The only feature that the two tales have in common is the recognition of the supernatural as a controlling factor in Napoleon's life.

The Outlook Company, New York.

A unique character in New York City was the giant figure of Thomas Nolan, the "Irish barrister," as he liked to be called. He was conspicuous in the politics of the great city, and any Democratic gathering without his presence seemed to be robbed of its most distinctive characteristic. Famous no less for his droll humor than for his audacious actions in defying his superiors in politics and in taking liberties with judge and jury, the kindly barrister established for himself a reputation that will survive the test of time. He kept the bench and bar of New York laughing for a long period of years. On the rare occasions when he was not witty himself, Counselor Nolan was the cause of wit in others, so that at the time of his all too early demise there had clustered round his name a large if somewhat nebulous mass of anecdote, the greater part of which is founded in fact as well as in genuine Irish wit and humor. From this store of promising material, Mr. Charles Frederick Stansbury has compiled an admirable book of anecdotes and facts relating to Mr. Nolan's career. And though the compiler modestly states that the book does scant justice to its subject, his readers will not agree with him, for it would be difficult indeed to bring together more satisfactorily such a large number of varied tales about one man. Mr. Stansbury has indeed observed the injunction he placed before himself to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Mab Press, New York.

"Stephen Holton," by Charles Felton Pidgin, is a story of life in town and country, and has as its purpose the consideration of means to remedy the evil of intemperance. The time is before the day of college setulements, and the central figure is the Rev. Stephen Holton, a progressive young minister, who voluntarily takes up mission work in the slums. Here he establishes a reputation as a hard worker and an earnest preacher, but his success as a reformer is at times most discouraging. He is invited to substitute for a month at the Riverside Avenue church, where the wealthy worship, and through this invitation he meets with Charles Lempster, who, posing as a model, is in reality leading a double life, being a thief, a gambler and a drunkard. His evil deeds and those of his boon companions are written up unsparingly by the author, and the fate that befalls them is sufficiently dreadful to warn others from entering on a similar career.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston.

Another novel written with serious intent is "A Blighted Rose," by Joseph F. Wynne. It is a simple recital of real incidents in real life and may be read with much interest. The publishers claim for it that it is a novel in every sense, save one not uncommon to the class—nonsense. This claim is certainly justified in the mind of the reader as the story progresses from the opening scene in the convent to the final page, which leaves the heroine, Rosamond, in peace and content, after many sad vicissitudes and much experience of the thorny paths of life. There is much in this story to warn the ambitious mother who takes into her own hands the destiny of her child, and who, despite the calling of religion, forces her into the realm of society.

Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich. $1.50.

"I have rarely failed to meet each day with some occurrence which aided digestion and promoted cheerfulness when given at a dinner or during the evening," says Chauncey M. Depew, in his intro-

duction to "The Man in The Street," a collection of more than six hundred short stories. These stories deal with accidents and incidents of life, lively adventures and encounters of wit between well known people, and are crisply and attractively told.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. New York. $1.00.

Daniel Webster graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801, and in September, 1901, the college celebrated in an elaborate manner the centennial of that event. Mr. Samuel W. McCall delivered on the occasion an address or, as it is termed in the college official report, "The Webster Centennial Oration." This address, with certain additions, has recently been published in book form under the title, "Daniel Webster." A fine portrait of Daniel Webster appears as the frontispiece.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston. 80 cents.

A charming book for young people is "Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories," by Ellen Velvin. Miss Velvin is no imitator; her field is her own and she puts enough of human interest into her stories to show that it is barbarous and cruel to kill out of pure wantonness, creatures whose intimate life is so absorbingly interesting. There is also another lesson for the children, as shown in the story of "Siccatee, the Squirrel," the victim of a grave blunder made by the child whose pet he was. The book is delightful reading from cover to cover and the admirable full-page drawings which have been reproduced in color are all that can be desired in the way of illustration.

Henry Altemus Company. Philadelphia. $1.25.

St. Michael's Almanac for 1903 is early in the field, and as usual it brings an excellent list of contents to ensure its welcome. There are short stories, poems, pictures, and a comprehensive review of the chief events of the year of special interest to Catholics. The almanac is published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home, an industrial home for boys, and is printed at the works of the Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.

"The Danger of a Youth and a Tried Antidote," by Rev. Jos. Jordans, S. J. From the German.

This is a frank warning about one of the dangers of the age, dangers which, so frequently, sap the life of the young and destroy both physical and moral energy. The antidote prescribed will be welcome to all those who aim to keep mental and moral vigor intact in their youthful charges.

B. Herder. St. Louis. 15 cents.

Rev. F. X. Lasance has compiled a little manual of St. Anthony of Padua, giving in convenient form the story of the saint, the devotions and pious practices in his honor, and the prayers to be recited on certain occasions. It also contains aspirations to St. Anthony and the prayers for the Mass in honor of the Holy Trinity. The book is neatly bound as a vest-pocket edition.

Benziger Bros., New York. 25 cents.

A suitable book for fostering devotional exercises in honor of the Mother of God is "May Devotion," compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O.F.M. The meditations consist of a series of reflections on some of the principal truths of our holy religion and on the virtues practiced by the Blessed Virgin.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York. 20 cents.

"Kansas Zephyrs" is a collection of western poems by Edward Blair, who covers a wide range of subjects, all reflecting Kansas life.

American Threshing Man Publishing Co., Madison, Wis.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. Can a Roman Catholic be President of the United States? And if not, why not?

A. Theoretically, a Roman Catholic can be President of the United States: practically, under present conditions, he cannot. So far as the constitution goes, a Catholic is as eligible as any other citizen. But men are not chosen to political office simply because they meet the requirements of the law. Many other factors are to be considered. In the case of Catholics, the matter of prejudice and powerful ignorance against them cannot be overlooked. The day will come when the Catholics will be numerous and strong enough to prevail over prejudice and ignorance. The opposition to them was great formerly in city and in state politics. They have become mayors of cities and governors of states. Still, there are cities and states where a Catholic would not be considered for high political preferment. Catholics are found in Congress, in the House and the Senate, and upon the Supreme Bench of the United States. Progress requires time, and prejudices die slowly. The people scattered over the vast extent of the United States are not lacking in prejudices of race, color and religion. You cannot reason away a prejudice, but you can become strong enough to control it.

Q. Is there any American Saint?

A. St. Rose of Lima, Peru. Then there are some who though not born in America performed here their great works of sanctity, and so are very dear to the Church in America. And then, too, there is a movement in progress at present that is looking to the canonization of a few other saintly souls of our country.

Q. I have heard it stated that a Catholic girl, even a graduate of a Normal school, finds it hard to secure a position as a school teacher in certain portions of New England. Is this true?

A. In the month of August, this present year, 1902, a graduate of a Massachusetts Normal school made application to a leading agency in Boston, that supplies teachers to towns and villages in various districts of New England. Almost the first question was: "Your religion?" "Catholic." She was then informed that in his list of places, the agent had no place for her, that in all of these places a Protestant was required, that there were localities where a Catholic school teacher would not be tolerated. If her name were colorless, there might be a hope. But the name was positive. About ten years ago, in a town some forty miles from Boston, a young lady, graduate of a Massachusetts State Normal school, was teaching for some weeks. Observant eyes noticed her attendance on Sundays at the Catholic Church. The removal of the teacher was demanded of the school committee. These gentlemen refused to honor the request, because they found the teacher in every way most competent. Then the parents took their children from the school, subjected the teacher to annoyance, and made living so wretched for her that she could not remain.

Some years ago a man named Wheelwright left a fund to the city of Newburyport, Massachusetts, for the establishment of an industrial school. The city has not established the school, but sends the applicants to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston, paying all expenses. A young man, native of Newburyport, wishing to study architecture, sought to enter the Institute of Technology on the Wheelwright fund. His religion was Catholic. Mr. Wheelwright had debarred Catholics from the benefits of his gift. There is an "Old Folks' Home" in Malden, Massachusetts, but no Catholic may enter. Business men in Boston, applying for help at mercantile agencies, are often asked if they have any unwillingness to take Catholics.

Q. What are the tenets of socialism?

A. Here is the authorized platform of the Socialists of America:

THE SOCIALISTS' PLATFORM.

The Socialistic party of America in national convention assembled, reaffirms its adherence to the principles of International Socialism, and declares its aim to be the organization of the working class, and those in sympathy with it, into a political party, with the object of conquering the powers of government and using them for the purpose of transforming the present system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution into a collective ownership by the entire people.

Formerly the tools of production were simple, and owned by the individual worker. Today the machine, which is but an improved and more developed tool of pro-

duction, is owned by the capitalists and not by the workers. This ownership enables the capitalists to control the product and keep the workers dependent upon them.

Private ownership of the means of production and distribution is responsible for the ever-increasing uncertainty of livelihood and the poverty and misery of the working class, and it divides society into two hostile classes—the capitalists and the wage-workers. The once powerful middle class are rapidly disappearing in the mill of competition. The struggle is now between the capitalist class and the working class. The possession of the means of livelihood gives to the capitalists the control of the government, the press, the pulpit, and the schools, and enables them to reduce the workingmen to a state of intellectual, physical and social inferiority, political subservience and virtual slavery.

The economic interests of the capitalist class dominate our entire social system; the lives of the working class are recklessly sacrificed for profit, wars are fomented between nations, indiscriminate slaughter is encouraged, and the destruction of whole races is sanctioned in order that the capitalists may extend their commercial dominion abroad and enhance their supremacy at home.

But the same economic causes which developed capitalism are leading to Socialism, which will abolish the capitalist class and the class of wage-workers. And the active force in bringing about this new and higher order of society is the working class. All other classes, despite their apparent or actual conflicts, are alike interested in upholding the system of private ownership of the instruments of wealth production. The Democrats, Republicans, the bourgeois public ownership parties, and all other parties which do not stand for the complete overthrow of the capitalist system of production are alike political representatives of the capitalist class.

The workers can most effectively act as a class in their struggle against the collective powers of capitalism, by constituting themselves into a political party, distinct from and opposed to all parties formed by the propertied classes.

While we declare that the development of economic conditions tends to the overthrow of the capitalist system, we recognize that the time and manner of the transition to Socialism also depend upon the stage of development reached by the proletariat. We therefore consider it of the utmost importance for the Socialist party to support all active efforts of the working class to better its condition and to elect Socialists to political offices, in order to facilitate the attainment of this end.

And such means we advocate:

1. The public ownership of all means of transportation and communication and all other public utilities, as well as of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts and combines. No part of the revenue of such industries to be applied to the reduction of taxes on property of the capitalist class, but to be applied wholly to the increase of wages and shortening of hours of labor of the employes, to the improvement of the service and diminishing the rates to the consumers.

2. The progressive reduction of the hours of labor and the increase of wages in order to decrease the share of the capitalist and increase the share of the worker in the product of labor.

3. State or national insurance of working people, in case of accidents, lack of employment, sickness and want in old age; the funds for this purpose to be collected from the revenue of the capitalist class, to be administered under the control of the working class.

4. The inauguration of a system of public industries, public credit to be used for that purpose in order that the workers be secured the full product of their labor.

5. The education of all children up to the age of 18 years, and State and municipal aid for books, clothing and food.

6. Equal civil and political rights for men and women.

7. The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall of representatives by their constituents.

But in advocating these measures as steps in the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, we warn the working class against the so-called public ownership movements as an attempt of the capitalist class to secure government control of public utilities for the purpose of obtaining greater security in the exploitation of other industries and not for the amelioration of the conditions of the working class."

There is not space here for comment, but the exaggerations and impossibilities and generalities and vague use of words may be noted. As an economic scheme in politics it is a dream. And in religion its leaning is in accord with the lives and principles of many of its chief expounders and supporters, and that is to materialism, ending in irreligion.

MONUMENT TO SISTER ALICE O'SULLIVAN.
ERECTED AT THE PRESENTATION CONVENT, CLONMEL.

(See Page 449)

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THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

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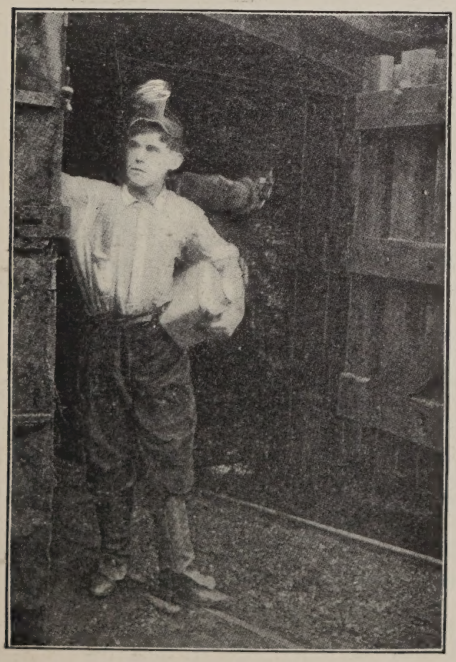
Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. XLVIII. NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 5

AT THE CLOSE OF THE STRIKE.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

The American press, or, to be just, a certain portion of it, has familiarized us with a reckless, lawless element of society supposed to represent the miners of the anthracite region. Troops were needed to subdue them, drunkenness was common among them, and their domestic life was one of squalor and misery. Never was there a greater libel published against a sturdy, God-fearing, thrifty, industrial class.



A DOOR BOY.

The closing days of the great strike afforded exceptional opportunity of studying the miners at a time when anxiety and excitement might naturally be supposed to find expression in noisy demonstrations. For the miners a tremendous issue was at stake, and yet perfect order obtained in the streets, before the strike headquarters and at the assembly hall. From every point in the anthracite region men had gathered into Wilkes-Barre, and it was surprising to note the sobriety that characterized the throngs. The delegates were a notably representative body of self-respecting working men. Quiet, alert, intelligent, neatly dressed to a man, they offered in themselves the most convincing testimony of the high standard they live up to as a class. No convention of capitalists could bring together as strong an array of those character forces that make for the good of a nation. To see those men entering the auditorium, assuming their places, and following every word and motion with earnestness of purpose and clear understanding of its import was a sight never to be forgotten. There was no hesitation in demanding information, or contesting a point that the delegate considered inimical to the interests of those he represented, and in organizing the meeting every detail was carefully taken

CAVE-IN OF MINES AT RED ASHE, GEORGETOWN.

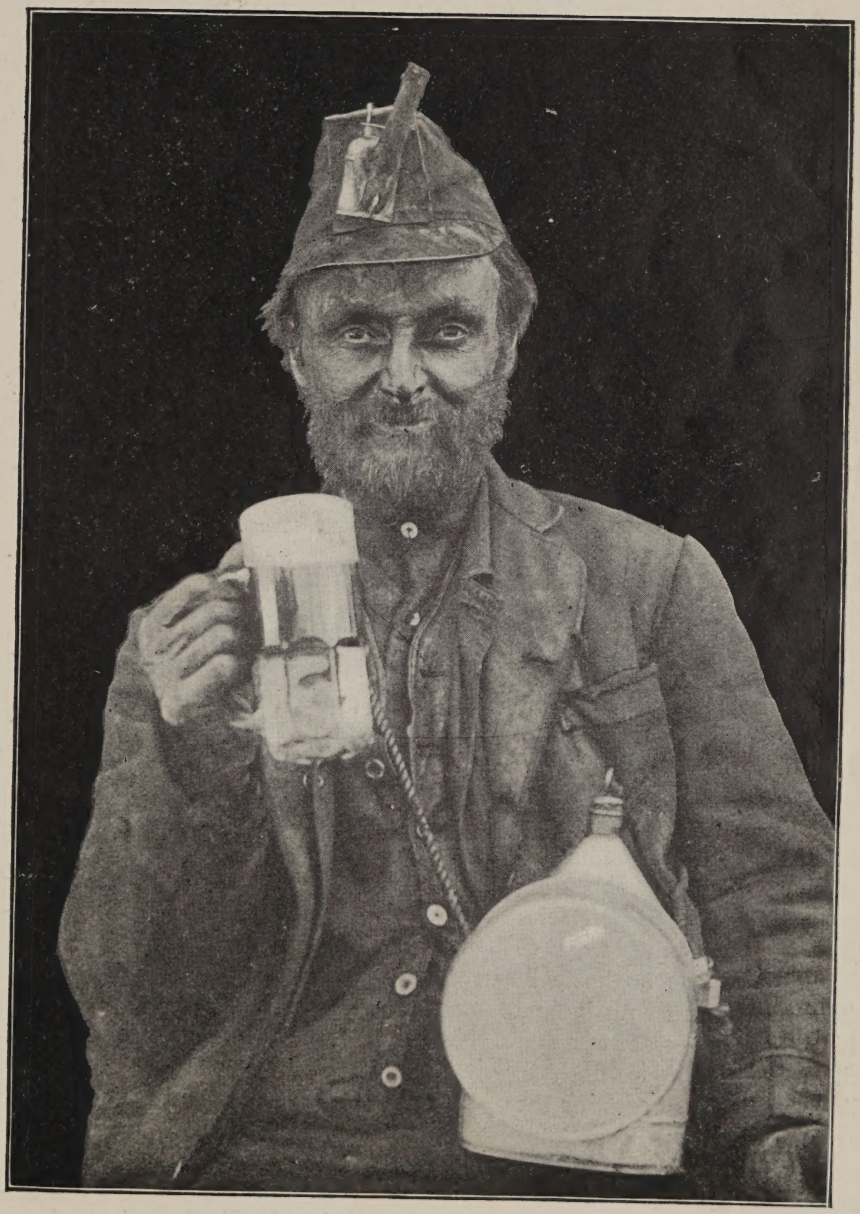
up. And yet, when the business of each session was concluded, the members entered into a programme of songs with the enthusiasm and abandon of a party of pleasure seekers. Love of music is strong among those people, and songs of sentiment and pathos hold them spell-bound. A favorite is "The Door Boy's Last Good Bye," and when this was rendered the audience listened with rapt attention. Songs with hits at capital were loudly applauded, and one ending in the refrain,

"Then give three cheers for Mitchell,
And the strike that we have won."

called forth a tremendous demonstration of approval.

After the long strain of waiting, and considering the weighty nature of the issues involved, it is difficult to believe that the strike could have come to a close so simply, but the miners' confidence in their leader is implicit—and this is the greatest compliment that can be paid to this extraordinary man, the highest tribute to his integrity and incorruptibility. "Honest as the sun and bright as a dollar, he can't be bought or duped," is the general estimate of his moral and mental calibre, and no other credentials are needed by the 147,000 men whose fortunes he sways.

President Mitchell is fully as guarded in speech as the papers have reported him to be, and his eyes as well seem to be under the control of caution. I know no better way of describing the effect they produce when you



AN OLD MINER IN A SOCIAL MOOD.

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PICKING COAL IN A DRIED-UP CREEK AT PARSONS.

meet his direct gaze for the first time than to say that at the moment a curtain seems to drop between them and his mind lest you might get an inkling of his thoughts. I met him at strike headquarters, and, like everyone else, was much impressed by his simple courteous manner. The desk in the corner was piled with mail and telegrams—it was the day after he had issued the call for the miners' convention—and the presence of two secretaries denoted that there was much work to be done. But there was no haste in Mr. Mitchell's movements, no indication that his time was not at your disposal. Still, a man who does not talk is not a likely victim for bores, or the unduly curious, and only those genuinely interested in the strike and strikers were among his callers on this particular morning.

Having followed the movement from its inception, the desire to study conditions for myself grew so strong upon me that, toward the close of the strike, I started for Wilkes-Barre with a collection of clippings that represented as varied a mass of information and misinformation on both sides as one could get together in five months. Among them were numerous "Agony stories," as the reporters term them, of the miner's wretched hovel, his starving wife, and the sad-eyed breaker boy. Personal observation convinced me that these are new American myths discovered by writers whose imaginative powers are abnormally developed, or who are under the compulsion of turning out a certain quantity of highly colored copy. A sad-eyed breaker boy I did not see, though the boy himself was much in evidence after school hours and on Saturday. I have seen him playing foot-ball, quoits, picking coal from the culm heaps, and yes—even enjoying a quiet game of cards.

A GENUINE "HOLD-UP."

on an accommodating step supposed to be out of range of the chance observer's vision. He has been my escort through alley-ways and short cuts I never could have discovered for myself, and I owe much to his infallibility as a guide, but under no circumstance have I seen him "with heart bowed down." There is a wonderful, wholesome vitality and enjoyment of life in the breaker boy despite the hardships of his lot. That he is willing to be educated is proved by the fact that during the months of enforced absence from the breaker he was in school, getting what instruction he could.

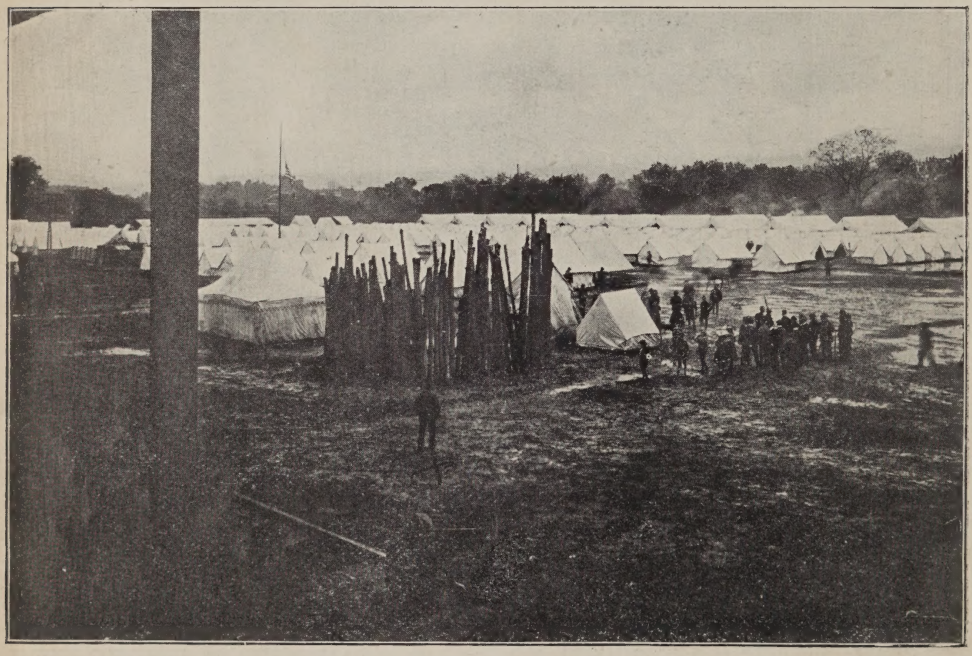
Pasted in a corner of Father Curran's scrap album, a treasure-trove of strike data, I found the following story that happily illustrates the pluck, judgment, and sound commonsense characteristic of the boy forced by circumstances to become a wage-earner.

"Condy McCole, a nine-year-old breaker boy, stopped the strike of a couple of hundred pupils at the Hilliard Grove school, this city (Wilkes-Barre), Friday, by a wholesome bit of advice. They were going to leave because some of the children had relatives working in the mines. Condy was asked to make their speech to the principal, D. L. O'Neill, but instead, spoke to them. "When there ain't no strike," he said, "I've got to work in the breaker, and now when I can go to school I'm goin' to get all the schoolin' I can, and not go on strike. And that's what all of you ought to do."

What wonder then that I found the real breaker boy a deeply interesting study, as all boys are, or that his

rights were uppermost in my mind when opportunity came to question the strike leader as to the future of the miners' children. While he was bringing his plans to a successful issue, it was difficult to get President Mitchell to talk, and it was said at headquarters that he was not only extremely reticent and careful himself, but had educated his followers to the exercise of like discretion. He came and went almost silently, and seemed to hold little intercourse with the people he met. His unfailing courtesy to press representatives has won for him many staunch admirers in their ranks, but they recognize the futility of trying to get an expression of opinion from him until the right moment for talking.

But the interests of the children lie near his heart, and when asked if there was any truth in the statement that miners would keep their boys in the breakers even if they could afford to keep them at home he spoke out with a marked absence of his usual deliberate utterance, and the quick light in his eyes denoted how much he felt the charge made by some prejudiced writers.



THE "BULL PEN," WEST SIDE PARK, INTENDED FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF DRUNKEN OR DISORDERLY SOLDIERS.

"That is not natural," he said, that is not human. The miners love their children. They are ambitious for them, and the mother who can keep her little boy in school will not put him to work in a breaker. She loves her child, she has raised him herself, she had no nurse for him, and she knows his needs, and what is best

for him. There may be a few exceptions, but most of our people would make any sacrifice to give their children an education. An increase in wages will help to do it."

Later on, while riding through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, I learned much of the breaker boy's life, from another passenger, a young man who had risen from the breaker to a position of trust. A very pleasant feature of travel in this region is the courteous treatment of strangers by public officials and, in fact, by every one in possession of the information you seek. Not only are your questions answered, but suggestions are made opening up new places to explore, and points of interest that you should visit.

"How are those breakers heated?" I asked as the car rolled by one of the ugly wooden piles with its great culm heap, disfiguring the landscape.

"When I was a breaker boy these buildings were heated by stoves. Wherever a gang of men or boys were picking there would be a big iron stove. Did it keep us warm? Oh, dear no! we suffered everything with cold, and when our fingers would get too numb to pick we'd have to get permission before we could go to the stove to warm them."

"You can't imagine anything like the work. I have been in mills and factories, and everywhere that boys work, and there's no work as hard as the breaker boy's. When I went to work, twenty-three

POLISH WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT DUCK POND.

MINERS' HOMES AND FAMILIES AT SCRANTON PATCH.

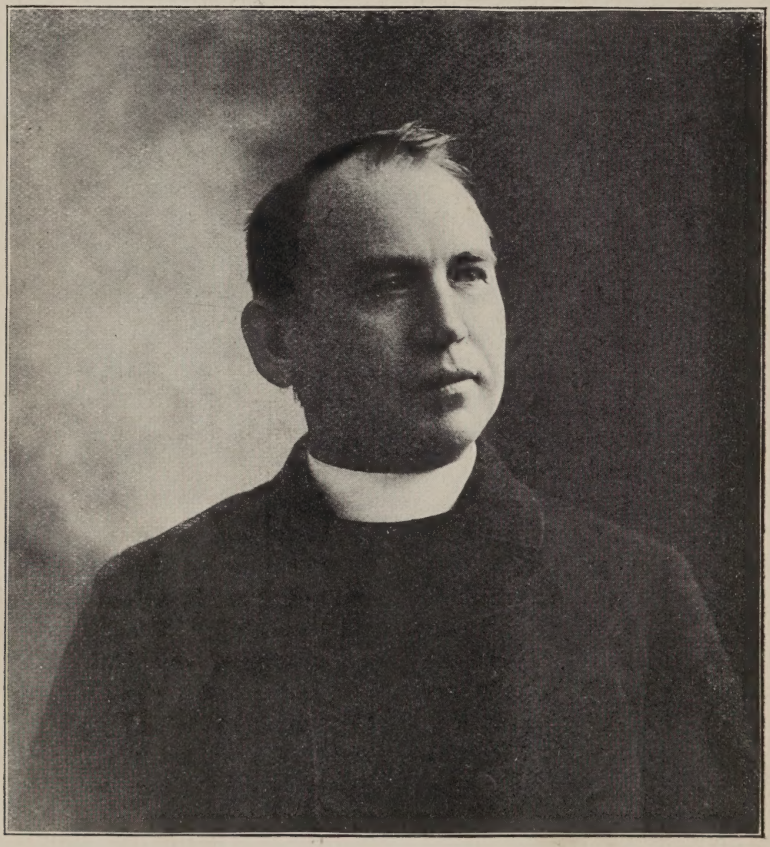
years ago, I began when I was eight, there were fewer mines, and the boys had to work more steadily than they do now. Ten hours was our day, picking as hard as we could pick. I never got over it. See how round-shouldered I am! You'd bend like this," he crouched low and imitated the act of throwing aside slate, "and keep that up all day long. I'll never forget my first day. We never stopped from seven until noon, and then again until six. I fell asleep over the supper table and didn't know anything until next morning. Ache? I guess I did. I was sore all over, and I earned forty-five cents! I'll never forget my first money. Now they start in on fifty cents, and run up to eighty or eighty-five. There are lots of little ten-year-old fellows in the mines, and I think that most of them will stay there for some time yet.

"The increase won't be enough to keep the little chaps in school. Where there's a big family the boys must go to work to help out. I thought I'd never get there soon enough. I kept at mother till she gave in and let me go. I tell you there wasn't much fun in it. People outside the mining region know little of the real state of affairs. Some think that miners aren't much better than cattle, that we live any old way. Look at those houses," pointing to groups of comfortable little homes, "the miners not only live in these, but they own them. Why, when father went to the bi-centennial at Philadelphia he heard

BREAKER BOYS AT PLAY

BOSTON PUBLIC

lots of people wondering how miners could have won the prize in the singing contest. Here are imported men," he interrupted, as a group of strangers entered the car, "decent, bright-looking fellows they are too," he added, impartially. "But they oughtn't to come in on our men. The papers do lots of romancing about the way our boys use them."



REV. J. J. CURRAN.

This was in reference to various sensational reports narrating in detail the stories of brutal treatment of non-union men by the strikers. To such an extent was misrepresentation carried that children were photographed in the act of throwing stones—they were paid to assume the pose—and the pictures were then sent out as proof of acts of violence by breaker boys.

A New York journalist was instructed to get the strongest sensational account he could get and "not wait to verify it." In marked contrast to the testimony of those false witnesses is the open advocacy of the miners' cause by almost the entire body of clergy of the country,—the strongest evidence of the justice of the miners' claim and the moderation characterizing the strike campaign. Rev. J. J. Curran, the devoted pastor of the Church of the Holy Saviour, who has contributed largely to the happy culmination of the strike, is second to none in his knowledge of affairs in the mining region, and in pulpit and press has borne witness to the law-abiding character of the men, "The most sober people in America." Their right to this distinction is plain to all unprejudiced observers. A large percentage of the miners are total abstainers, or drink in moderation, a glass of beer being the most frequent form of indulgence. Father Curran's contributions to the literature of the strike should be collected and published in permanent form. He possesses in a remarkable degree the power of organizing and controlling, and from what was once a place of doubtful reputation has evolved a fine parish with a temperance union numbering 1,200 men, sodalities, Sunday school, clubs, and classes, to meet every need of his people from the oldest down to the juvenile members, forming a well-trained band numbering one hundred little singers. This zealous pastor dwells with pride on the patience and good temper of his people during those months of trial, and as an instance of the thrift of the mining class calls attention to the fact that in his parish not one application was made to the St. Vincent de Paul Society throughout the time the miners were on strike, and in a neighboring parish only two or three requests for relief were received.

No doubt there must be much privation in the miners' homes, particularly in those sections where income is derived solely from the mines. Wilkes-Barre is fortunate in the possession of other industries that make the families less dependent on the coal operators. In this town many of the miners own the houses they live in, and before the strike the savings banks showed a handsome aggregate deposit to their credit. A noteworthy plan to encourage the putting by of small savings by children is the placing in the home of a little bank, each child receiving one on the deposit of one dollar at the savings bank. As the cashier is the only person in possession of a key there is no opportunity for the parental bank wrecking practised in so many homes, and when the child takes the little box to the savings bank he is certain that his pennies and nickles are all inside, and that they will be placed to his credit at three per cent interest. In two weeks one hundred small accounts had been opened.

As has been said before, in other sections where mining is the sole industry, evidences of prosperity are not so marked, but nowhere did extreme, dire poverty seem to hold sway. On every side there was an abundance of one article—coal—and the products of little garden plots, with the flocks of hens, ducks and geese, aided materially in keeping the table spread. The

goat, too, contributes to the family comfort in generous measure, and the cow appears quite numerously.

The name "hovel" has been used unsparingly as descriptive of the miner's dwelling place, but even the company houses scarcely deserve to be classed as such, though an occasional one merits the title. As a general rule they are frame buildings, uninviting, plain to the last degree, and must be cold, but the presence of the thrifty home-maker works wonders with even these ugly dwellings. As in all industrial classes, the wife and mother who hasn't what the New Englander calls "faculty" for housekeeping, cannot make a home, no matter what her income may be. And again, the mode of living followed by some of those foreign people is radically opposed to American ideas of what constitutes comfort. Living in crowded quarters seems to be almost a racial characteristic in some cases, and it will take years of intercourse with the English-speaking races to bring about a marked change in this respect.

A noticeable feature—and one to make the visitor from the distant cities sigh with envy—was the well-filled coal shed, in most cases filled without cost except that of the picker's labor. A Devonshire woman told me that she had picked two loads of coal from the creek at her door, the deposit of the flood in the spring. "God knew the strike was coming," she said, "and He put it there for the people. I dug down so deep (an arm's length) and underneath were great chunks of coal that I carried up to my yard and broke into small pieces. My house is 'ard to warm." She was twenty-one years in America, but there was a wistful look in her eyes as she spoke of her old home and recited the history of her struggles in the new country. Her husband's precarious earnings as a miner were so insufficient for the family needs that he abandoned the work, and was now employed in the mills. "He gets paid every two weeks and I know how much I 'ave to do with. My boy works too, and we are quite comfortable now, but it was a 'ard struggle."

In another settlement, a voluble little woman, a Slav, willingly talked of her expenses and income. She had the same story to tell of the difficulty of making ends meet on a miner's income. Perhaps her case was a fair sample of the home dependent on the earnings of one individual. "My husband he gets sometime thirty-five, sometime forty dollar a month, but not work all the year. I pay my house eight dollar a mont, the union take one, church thirteen dollar a year, my cow ten dollar a mont; there not much left. I marry five year, have four boy, two live, two dead,—him live," pointing to a round little chap tightly buttoned into a reefer, and evidently very much alive. "Him three and a half. Yes, him fat, my other baby fatter'n him. I give him milk, lots milk. Yes, him like candy. What you say to lady? Don't buy candy," she counselled him, "you lose tooth same as me, buy kegs, him lof kegs, him eat lots of kegs."

This preference for kegs as a dainty induced reflection till the illuminating word "cakes" flashed across my mind.

"I not speak English good," she explained, "nine year in this country.

My little boy speak English good—same as you." The compliment was a doubtful one, but the little mother did not think so. That three-year-old represented to her much achievement, and her pride in him was great.

Sturdy, fine-looking children are to be met at every turn, and coming from school they present a neat, comfortable appearance. Whatever the custom may be in warm weather, in those chilly Autumn days both boys and girls were well-shod, a barefooted child being the rare exception.

Many of the women are expert in tilling the bit of soil around their cottages. At Parsons I found a German woman busily digging potatoes out of the ground, while two neighbors leaned over the fence, commending her industry. "She planted that potato patch herself," said one of them, "and now she is taking out the crop. It isn't as good as it ought to be, but they'll make a start for the winter. As soon as the strike is over, we'll all pick up again, though it's been a long one. But strange as it seems, no one has gone hungry." Here again was the same story, hope for the future and no gloomy memories of what they had come through, though it will take them years to get back to the footing on which they stood at the inception of the strike. Their little savings must have been severely taxed. It is difficult to understand how they manage to save anything where earnings are so small, but no doubt the sobriety of the men and the frugal housekeeping of the women account for the forehandedness that enabled them to stand out so firmly. The Poles and Slavs are notably shrewd and saving, and basing a forecast of their future on what they have accomplished since coming to America fifteen or twenty years ago, one can readily determine their part in the country's material upbuilding. They are tenacious of their national customs, but are also adaptive and imitative and ambitious for the rights of American citizenship.

These foreign people contribute generously to the support of their churches, according to their means, and are very regular in church attendance. It is an impressive spectacle to see them on Sunday morning, dressed in their best, wending their way through the streets, each nationality seeking its own place of worship. In Wilkes-Barre on the Sunday before the convention, in addition to the usual church-goers, the troops marched down from West Side Park to attend religious service. The band played "Adeste Fideles," and to its uplifting strains the Catholic soldiers marched into St. Mary's, while the Protestants went on to the Episcopalian church. At the same moment a procession of young girls, their ribbons and medals proclaiming them to be sodality members, came around another corner on their way to the German Catholic Church.

Church-going seemed to be the weightiest part of the work required from the military force in Wilkes-Barre. At the west side of the bridge spanning the river, sentinels stood on guard, and every evening out over the plain where the white tents were spread, here and there log fires threw into relief groups of privates, for the most part very young men. There was little else to suggest that the city

was under military protection, except the infrequent appearance in the streets of soldiers with mule carts, or enjoying an undisturbed promenade. An unexpected result of the presence of military guards at the mines was the augmentation of the ranks of the strikers by numbers of men who objected to the humiliation of continuing work in the mines under such conditions. They surely lacked appreciation of the kindly care promised to them by the saintly President Baer, when he wrote:

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country, and upon the successful management of which so much depends."

The "rights" and "interests" the miners demanded of those "Christian gentlemen" are, in their leader's own words:

"First—An increase in wages for men employed on piece work.

"Second—A reduction in the hours of labor for men employed by the day.

"Third—Payment for a legal ton of coal.

"Fourth—That the coal we mine shall be honestly weighed and correctly recorded.

"Fifth—We favor incorporating in the form of an agreement the wages that shall be paid, and the conditions of employment that shall obtain, for a specific period. As to the reasonableness of these demands, we have proposed to submit to and abide by the award of an impartial board of arbitration."

A legal ton of coal is 2,242 pounds, and the anthracite workers are obliged to give 3,300 pounds to a ton! An impartial board must agree with the decision already rendered by an impartial public that the strikers are not over-exacting in objecting to such measurement, particularly in view of the great difficulties and dangers attendant on their work. The other conditions are based on equally just grounds. The strike has already cost the miners $28,000,000 in wages, but so firm was their purpose not to return to work on the old terms, that those who know them best say they would have stood out all winter if necessary. They fought for a principle, and looked to the future to make good their loss, in the better living conditions that must prevail. A conservative estimate of the cost involved up to October 17th, is as follows:

Loss to operators.	
Twenty-six million tons of coal, unsold price at breaker, at $1.22	$31,720,000
Maintaining 5,000 deputies and arming them	3,000,000
Damage to colliery workings by reason of idleness	2,000,000
Loss to railroads, freight receipts	26,000,000
Cost to State maintaining troops at $50,000 per day	1,500,000
Miners' loss in wages, averaged at $1 per day	17,400,000
Merchants' loss, estimated at three-fourths	12,000,000
Total	$93,620,000

The unanimous vote of the convention proclaiming the confidence of the strikers in their leader and the men he had approved was a fitting conclusion to the most remarkable strike in the history of industrial America. Labor laid down its terms to capital, and, forced to the wall by public sentiment, capital has surrendered. What will be the finding of the arbitration commission? Let it be what it may, the anthracite region must be bettered ultimately by the strike. It has won the respect of the world, and inspired an almost universal desire—amounting practically to a demand—that a people who have progressed so marvelously, despite adverse circumstances, shall be given their rights and admitted to at least a fair share in the material prosperity their labor has largely helped to create.

HALLOW EVE AT JENK M'QUILLAN'S.

BY THE LATE ETHNA CARBERY.

A gleam of firelight shone out from Jenk M'Quillan's open door and made a golden track down to the end of the narrow loaming where the high road wound up. The bare thorn-bushes on each side, white with rime, looked like sad ghosts of the dead summer, and the rugged stones of the pathway sparkled in the faint starlight as if crusted with diamonds. It was a perilous approach at the best of times, as far as the unwary were concerned, since young Jenk had persisted in turning it into a sort of open-air storehouse for the farming implements, but now in the darkness and the frost it required a keen eye and steady foot to reach the hospitable threshold without mishap. Indoors the long table, spread for the feast, stood in front of the fire, and the rosy-cheeked apples piled thereon seemed to blush a warmer red as the little sudden flames shot up from the turf. They had grown in Jenk's orchard, back of the house, and the hazel nuts in misty Glen Murrycan, where the river sings between its banks of sloe and alder.

There was no lack of homely fare for the expected guests; rolls of yellow butter, pyramids of potato-cake and soda-bread, bore testimony to the generous heart and housewifely talents of the mistress; while in the "room" beyond, a black bottle was held in reserve for the middle-aged or delicate who needed "a sup o' somethin' warm to keep the life in them this frosty night." Invitations to the "room" were never extended in words—a sly nod in that direction or a beckoning finger gave hint sufficient. A huge three-legged pot swinging from the crook treasured the apple dumpling, in which a ring lay hidden for the lucky one to be married within the year, a thimble for the wife who would wear widow's weeds, and a button for the unfortunate maid or bachelor condemned to single blessedness. And the boys had cleared a rafter of its hung beef that the cords might be strung up for snap-apple. The ducking tub was not forgotten; it stood in a safe corner, freshly filled with sweet spring water on the surface of which

the small, smooth apples already bobbed. This was for the amusement of the children when their elders took part in the more sentimental games of burning nuts and dropping boiling lead through the door-key that they might discover the occupations of their future true lovers. And young Jenk meant to have a hand at spoil-five in the loft later on for the couple of turkeys that Paddy Neeson had promised to stake. Then there was Blind Will, the fiddler from the Cross-Roads, who could sing the "Great Thimble War" from beginning to end without pause or breath:—

"The sun is rose like blood, an' the pale thunder broke,
An' o'er Craigbilly Wood there wor dense clouds o' smoke
An' the sons o' the patch, high an' low, near an' far,
Crippled up to the scratch at the great Thimble War."

That was when the tailors of the country-side had their famous meeting, remembered to this day in song and story. And Jenk's servant boy, hired at a Derry fair, and all the way from Barnesmore, could spin yarns by the hour about ghosts and fairies, that would make your blood run cold, in his soft Donegal accent; while the old schoolmaster who had left the "kindly hills of Connemara" long ago, to seek his fortune, and had never found it, told, as only the honey-mouthed Connaughtman can tell, how the wild western chieftains had fought and feasted and wooed in the vanished days of Ireland's glory. What wonder then that Hallow-eve at M'Quillan's bore a far-reaching reputation for sake of the hospitality and mirth that made the hours fly! But to Jenk and his sonsy wife it held a holier significance as the birthday of their only boy. Twenty years ago he had opened his sleepy eyes on the world at midnight when the fairies are abroad, and the unbaptised child is in danger of being spirited away, but Mary, fastening with trembling fingers a cross to her baby's neck, prayed that he might be safe in her love and faith. So the fairies dare not bring their changeling nigh the warm shelter where young Jenk nestled, with his mother's pale lips pleading to heaven through the long watch until the cocks crowed forth their salutations, and the dull November dawn lightened in the East. The christening feast was the talk of the country, such pride had Jenk and Mary in their first-born, and, when the anniversary came round it grew to be recognized as the proper thing that each neighbor should pay his or her respects at Sproulestown, and wish the heir health and long living.

Often on the way home from market one might hear scraps of conversation bearing on the important event: "Ye'll be over at Jenk's Holly-eve, I'll warrant, Jock?" and the reply, "Ay, man, I'll be there. Feth, I wouldn't miss it for onythin'."

Wee Mary, the elder daughter, so called because she was her mother's namesake and some distinction was necessary, stood on the doorstep, with a hand on each lintel, and peered forward into the darkness. Her tall, slender shadow was thrown waveringly across the stones, and someone stumbling up the loaming seemed suddenly to have come to grief, for there was a rattle like the sound of a fall and a few irreverent words arose from the obscurity behind the cartwheel.

"Stand out o' the light, girl, dear,"

cried her father, stepping to the door. "Ye're not glass, an' a body can't see through ye."

"Sure, I'm only lookin' out to warn them." Then her sharp young voice rang shrilly on the frosty air. "Take care o' the plough, och, there yer up agen the harrow, an' that's the gurbber to the right o' ye. Why, it's Charlie, an' I might ha' known when I heard the big feet trampin' down the cassey."

She drew back into the kitchen laughing provokingly, and the stalwart fellow who followed cast a look of sorrowful embarrassment upon her. Wee Mary had led Charlie Johnston a dance, the gossips said, but the tender smile curving his lips at her least kind word told plainly of the faithful love that made forgiveness possible when she claimed it. Her pert little face had a certain sweetness under the tangled curls of red-brown hair, and the dark grey eyes matched the shadows in the Dievnagh where the sally-trees droop low over the stones. Watching her he said in his heart that the sight brought back a memory of wild roses bending in summer across the wishing well, the pale pinkness of her cheeks was just as fleeting; and her voice uplifted in a lilt at milking time was dearer than any tune the linnet sang from its secret places in Crevilly Wood. He never expressed himself thus. Had he done so, Wee Mary would have laughed her merriest, probably, and mimicked him for his simplicity. So the unconscious poetry in his nature was kept for hours when sleep refused to bless him with forgetfulness and his love's changing face hovered in the dark above his bed. Her other admirers made more headway in the girl's esteem. They had jest for jest, and were not above pressing a salute on the red lips now and then, while poor Charlie dare not trust himself to lead her through the reel, nor take his turn in the game around the kissing chair.

That Jenk and Mary approved of his ambition was quite evident. They would have Rosie, gentle and industrious, her father's pet and her mother's comfort, still left to them. Wee Mary would settle down when she had a home of her own, and, perhaps, by and by a little child to lie within her arms, and where could better or steadier be found than Charlie Johnston. So the young fellow felt he was being made much of tonight when he stepped in from his encounter with the cart-wheel to find Jenk offering him his own particular chair in the chimney corner, and a draw of his favorite briar-root. Such kindness almost revived the courage put to rout by his sweetheart's scoffing, and under the smiles of Jenk and Mary a frail blossom of hope sprang up in his heart. The house had filled rapidly, and the host was casting uneasy glances towards his better-half. There had been many inroads made upon the black bottle which had but sharpened the appetites resolved to do justice to the anticipated good fare.

"Is the dumplin' ready, wife?" he queried.

"Aye, troth it's ready when you're ready for it. Here it's been ploutin' for the last half hour."

How the guests fell to that "dumplin'" washed down with draughts of fresh milk. And the anxiety with which each examined his or her plate for the ring! An unusual blush arose to the weather-beaten cheeks of Hugh

Brodie, a recognized old bachelor, when it met his teeth in the last spoonful he had taken up. He tried to drop it on the floor unperceived, but quick eyes were on the alert. Hugh bore the jesting good-naturedly, while this maid or that widow was recommended as a partner for him. They had forgotten that his house, now so lonely, had once been waiting to welcome a young bride, who had become the bride of Death instead, but he remembered, and every careless word wounded him. A diversion was happily created by the handing round of fruit. The apples and little ripe pears disappeared like magic, and the baked bread was praised with great tact for its lightness and sweet flavor. Kindly compliments prevailed until the mistress grew embarrassed, and, raising her hands in protest, suggested an adjournment of the elder folks down to the "room," while the younger ones amused themselves in the kitchen.

The quiet boy from Barnesmore followed the master of the house. He had no heart for the fun tonight, his thoughts were away in the gap with the little girl who used to herd sheep with him in summer time and listen to his stories. So he sat, modestly, in the back-ground, hanging on every word that Black Jack uttered—Jack, who had been through the battle of Antrim, and had wielded his pike with the best of them. He related how Captain Archer had been betrayed, and how Captain got his pass to America from the Yeomanry Colonel.

"Ay, troth he was the fine man, Jack Fullerton, thirty-six inches from shoulder to shoulder, an' he wus born an' bred in M' Trusterystown over beyont. He was a captain o' the united men as well as a captain o' the Volunteers, an' the bravest that iver stepped. I wus one o' his band the day we set out for Antrim, an' the sun wus shinin', an' the pikes glintin', an' we wor ready to do onythin'. The boys o' the Braid joined us down in Ballamena, an' we tuk the market-house in a rush. We thought the battle wus in our han's, but night saw us flyin' from Antrim all scattered an' done for. Well, I'm tellin' ye about Fullerton. He gev a Defender's dance over at Liminary, an' invited all the neighbors, an' had picked men stationed roun' to gev warnin' if the sojer's wur comin'. But Andy Swan, the scoundhril, put them on the scent, an' only that one o' the men outside heard the far away trampin' they wid ha' caught us all. We got off but they laid han's on Jack. He was in his shirt an' trousers, only, an' axed them politely to wait a bit till he dressed. Then says he, turnin' to his mother, says he, 'These poor men must be coul' an' hungry afther their long tramp, is there nothin' you can offer them?' She wint over to the chist, an' the sojers grounded arms, when me brave Fullerton dashed between them an' out at the open door, just as he wus. There wus no overtakin' him, for he wus wan o' the best runners in the country, an' knew the bogs off by heart. So they had to go back to Ballamena, an' their heads hangin'. But Andy Swan got his deservance over near oul' Jack Taylor's o' Liminary, where he was found one mornin' lyin' dead up agen the tree. They sed his ghost used to walk that loanin' for long after.

"Ay," said Neal O'Hara, "my grandmother, Kitty Gaulter, used to tell me he was met many's the time

by the boys comin' home from card playin', an' that there was always a big black dog along with him, wi' red eyes like coals of fire, an' a long chain hangin' from his neck. She had heaps o' queer stories, the same Kitty Gaulter —ye know she was called that by reason o' bein' O'Hara to her own name as well, an' a stranger to the townlan' she married into. When I was a wee chap she'd take me down to the river in the glen, not a stone's throw from Molshie Creelin's shebeen, an' show me a thorn-bush where the banshee used to sit combing her long white hair. Her face was white an' old an' her dress white too, that ye cud see through, an' she'd lane up agen the tree trunk wi' the feet o' her quite close to the little bubbles at the edge o' the water. An' ivery now an' then she'd give a cry that wakened people in their beds an' made their blood freeze, it was so wild an' sorrowful. She always came when an O'Hara was goin' to die, an' they said she came for Kitty Gaulter in the long run. My head used to be filled with them oul' stories, an' I was always on the loom out for the leprechaun, an' my grandmother had me instructed not to turn roun' when I'd meet him, not even if the noise behind was louder than thunder. If I'd see a red bucky-berry in the hedge, I'd think it wus his wee red-cap, an' when the wood-pecker wud be at his tricks in the tree I'd think it the tack-tack o' the wee lad's hammer. But, more's the pity I missed seein' him at the right time, an' the crock o' goold that they said was buried under the fairy's thorn in Weir's meadow is safe enough from me. Some folks tried to dig it up without meeting the leprechaun first, but they got somethin' to make them quit, for one man's head was turned right round till his face was above the back o' his neck, an' another lost the power o' his right side. An' the spade fell from them into the earth an' niver appeared agin. Och! it's a bad thing to meddle with what doesn't consarn ye."

"Ah, sure," broke in the servant boy, "there's many's the strange things happen, as the oul' people do be tellin' us often an' often, but 'tis up in the gap that the queerest of all wor seen an' heard. An uncle o' me mother's met the good little people there, an' they wor not too civil because he walked in on their sports wan midsummer eve. But a neighbor man o' ours saw a fearsomer sight nor that. He saw the divil chasin' a poor soul through Barnesmore, an' she runnin' her best, all dressed in white, her hair streamin' an' a lighted candle in her hand, an' he tearin' after her, a big black fellow on a black horse, sweatin' an' pantin' wi' the hurry. The woman was a good bit ahead, an' the man, seein' her runnin' so hard, stud out o' her way, an' she dashed by without a sound. The big black fellow stopped him an' called out: 'Did ye see a woman goin' by this way?' an' he, havin' a hoult o' his beads says: 'What sort o' a woman?' an' the *ginfleman* replied: 'A young woman, all in white an' her hair flyin'. 'I'm thinkin' I met her beyont the Gap goin' down to the town,' says the man, for he wanted to put himself off the scent. 'Had she a candle in her hand?' 'Ay, she had, an' a lighted wan, too.' 'Then she's escaped me,' says the divil, an' givin' wan screech he disappeared in a cloud o' black smoke. When the neighbor man got to the Lough House he heard

the keenin' an' cryin', an' there was the woman o' the house lyin' dead on her bed, the very young woman he met in the Gap, an' the blissed candles burnin' round her. He fell on his knees an' said a prayer that she had won the race, but, God be good to us, it was a long time till he got over the fright."

"Och, boy," exclaimed Jenk, "them creepy stories o' yours will keep me from sleepin' the night. We'll ha' no more o' them; give us 'Davy Wilson's Servant Man,' to cheer us up a bit, Roger."

And Roger M'Carte, nothing loth, began Taylor Murray's favorite song. Every man in the room joined in the chorus, beating time with his feet on the sanded floor.

"Now," says the host to the old schoolmaster, "ye'll sing us that Irish song o' yours before ye go. Though I don't know the manin', to me sorrow, it goes to me heart to hear ye, sir." And the old man, clearing his throat, raised his thin voice in Lavelle's "Mournful Lament." He sang in Irish, and the notes trembled like the croon of the wind through the tree-tops.

In the kitchen the fun was at its height. Sportin' Harry had danced the hornpipe upon a plate without breaking it, the crowd of young people had stepped through the reel, while Blind Will fiddled away in the window seat. The rafters echoed peal after peal of gay laughter, and loudest of all rang the voice of Wee Mary. She was in her glory tonight. Oliver Murray had long been said to favor Nellie Quinn, but since he crossed Jenk's doorstep this evening he had been Wee Mary's shadow. They stood together peeling their apples, and when the long rind was thrown over the girl's left shoulder and in falling formed an undeniable C upon the floor, he curled it up with his foot, and cried out that it was an O instead. "O is for Oliver, ye know, Mary," he whispered. An' G is for goose," she answered back. Nellie Quinn, tossing her black head, called Charlie over to watch the nuts burning in the ashes. "That big one's for you, Charlie," she said coquettishly, "an' who do you think the other is for?" "Wee Mary," he replied absently "Ho, ho," she cried flippantly, "the name nearest the heart. But I wudn't be as mean as you for the world. Can't ye see ye're no more to her than old brogues." He rose up from the hearth where he had been kneeling and went out into the night. A louder burst of merriment followed him. He leaned against the stone ditch in Jenk's cabbage garden, and looked up at the little friendly stars, that seemed to say in their twinkling, "Here's a poor boy in trouble, and we must try and comfort him." They were very friendly little stars and he almost forgot his pain and the flying time in gazing at them. A step sounding near roused him from his meditations. He turned in the direction to see a woman's dim form poised for a moment on the top stone of the stile. She jumped lightly down and went quickly towards the far end of the plot where the shadows were deepest. Half-unconsciously Charlie followed, threading his way through the kail stalks still left standing. Suddenly he was caught in a close embrace. He threw out his arms, in astonishment, as a pale little face was upturned to look at him. He saw it was Wee Mary. In a trice he

understood. She had come to clasp the kail stalks three times for sake of the charm, and in the darkness he had walked right into her arms. "Oh, Mary dear," he cried happily, "I'm to be your true love after all, an' now I'll get tellin' ye what's been in my heart for so long;" but she broke away from him like a young fury.

"Comin' out here to frighten a body, an' you that quiet by the way. I'll listen to none o' yer yarns, Charlie Johnston; I could thatch houses with better men than you, an' I'll be no farmer's slave, milkin' an' churnin' an' wearin' the skin off my bones, an' little thanks to me. Ye can talk to Nellie inside if ye want to, maybe she'll be glad o' my lavin's." He heard a contemptuous laugh as she crossed the stile again to be met by Oliver Murray running at full speed round the corner. They returned to the house whispering, and Charlie took his sorrowful heart homewards.

He passed by the kitchen door, left on the latch for his coming, and climbed up to the loft. He threw himself down on the hay and wrestled all night with the grief that came from his very soul. The stars watched him pityingly through the gap which the last storm had made in the roof, until the brightening sky outshone their silvery lustre while he lay and wondered, in the drear cold hours, how much a man's heart may bear without breaking.

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Wee Mary, curls all ruffled, and eyes radiant with conscious satisfaction, tucked her nut ashes carefully under her pillow and went to sleep with a happy smile on her face.

THE PIOUS FUND CASE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY CYRIL ROBERTS.

For the past few months public attention has been called to the Pious Fund case of California. As the first case before the International Arbitration Commission, the Pious Fund matter has been a subject of much speculation and interest, especially to the legal fraternity, the world over. Now that the Church of California has been successful and has been awarded its claim in full, the matter is of increased interest to Catholics. When the International Peace Commission which was convened a few years ago at the request of the Czar of Russia agreed upon arbitration as the future method of settlement of difficulties between nations—no one would predict that an ecclesiastical matter would be the first subject to be brought before an International Arbitration Commission. Leo XIII was excluded from the International Peace Convention, and strange it is that the initiatory of that great movement should serve to show so strongly the ill-advisedness of such exclusion. The first case is wholly an ecclesiastical matter, having the claim

of the Catholic Church of California against Mexico,—practically a Catholic country,—as the subject for settlement. Outside the State of California, and even there, the Pious Fund case is scarcely known beyond the name, and so a few words of explanation of this now historical matter will be of interest to DONAHOE'S readers.

Spain, as a discoverer of nations of new lands, is almost synonymous with Spain the propagator of Catholicity. As is well known, nearly all of South, Central and a large portion of North America give to Spain the credit of discovery. Wherever the Spanish flag was hoisted there also the cross was raised. Spain's strongest aid in conquest was the civilizing influence of Catholicity. With the adventurous spirits who sailed forth from Spanish harbors in quest of new lands always went the Spanish missionary. This love for the propagation of the Faith in Spanish peoples was the inspiration of the Pious Fund. Away back in the latter part of the 17th century some pious, self-sacrificing children of Spain, by donations of monies and properties, created a missionary fund, one purpose of which was the support of missionary Fathers in the Californias. By further donations this fund increased as the years went along until the value of the properties reached beyond the million mark. In fact those now interested in the matter have never been able to secure a full record of the original fund, and the Mexican government is not giving any information on the matter. In the beginning the fund consisted of about ten thousand dollars. The care of these monies was given in charge of the Jesuit Fathers as a trust fund. The amount was too small to accomplish much, and soon after the Jesuit Fathers started out to collect, in order to enlarge the fund.

Rev. Juan Maria Salvatierra and Rev. Juan Ugarte of the Society of Jesus, commenced this work in 1697—which is practically the date of the birth of the Pious Fund. They named the purpose the "Pious Fund of the Californias." The Spanish government gave permission for the work and encouraged it, but never contributed any money or properties to it. This was a fortunate fact, as it excluded any claim of Spain or its succeeding government to the fund itself. For fifty years the Jesuit Fathers had charge of the fund, and under their administration it was greatly enlarged. In the year 1735 Marquis Jose de la Puenta y Peña and his wife added to the fund by giving an estate valued at that time at about $400,000. In the deed which conveyed these properties and which is known as the "foundation deed" the purpose of the gift is clearly stated. The following is an extract from that deed:

"To have and to hold, to said missions founded, and which hereafter may be founded, in the Californias, as well for the maintenance of their religious, and to provide for the ornament and decent support of divine worship, as also to aid the native converts and catechumens, with food and clothing, according to the custom of that country; so that if hereafter, by God's blessing, there be means of support in the reductions and missions now established, as ex. gr. by the cultivation of

their lands, thus obviating the necessity of sending from this country provisions, clothing and other necessaries, the rents and products of said estates shall be applied to new missions to be established hereafter in the unexplored parts of the said Californias, according to the discretion of the Father Superior of said missions; and the estates aforesaid shall be perpetually inalienable, and shall never be sold, so that, even in the case of all California being civilized and converted to our holy Catholic faith, the profits of said estate shall be applied to the necessities of said missions and their support, etc."

A few years later the Duchess of Gandia contributed $120,000, and this was followed by another large bequest from Senora Josefa Paula de Arguelles, a wealthy resident of the Province of Guadalaxara. Other bequests followed, but no trace of the full amount of the Fund has been found. The sum allowed to belong to the Fund by Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, who rendered a decision in the case in 1875, was $1,436,033.00. One-half of this amount was granted in that decision as the share of Upper California, the territory ceded to the United States after the war of 1846, and which is now known as the State of California. It was also decided that the other half belonged to Lower California, which is still Mexican territory. This latter half has never been paid. The monies, properties, which at various times were bequeathed to the Pious Fund, were administered by the Jesuits as a trust fund until the year 1768. In this year the Jesuits were suppressed and expelled from the Mexican country by the decree of Charles III.

After the expulsion of the founders and original administrators of the Fund, the Spanish Crown took possession of the Fund. The Spanish government did not confiscate the properties. It simply took charge as trustee of the fund, and the records show that in the administration of the same, Spain regarded these properties strictly as a trust fund. For the better management of this great trust the Spanish government appointed a special commission. This commission used the interest proceeds of the Fund for the benefit of the missionary Fathers until the Mexican Independence. Then the Mexican government became the trustee of the fund until the year 1836, when the territory of the Californias was made a diocese of the Church. That Mexico did not confiscate or look upon these properties as her own, but as a trust fund over which Mexico was trustee, is evident from the administration of the funds, and is acknowledged in the arguments of defense made in later times. Very Rev. Francesco Garcia Diego was chosen as the first bishop of the new diocese of the Californias. The Mexican government by act of Congress Sept. 19th, 1836, turned over the office of trustee and appointed Bishop Garcia administrator of the Pious Fund. The good Bishop lived in Monterey, Cal., and, as this was too far from the scene of the properties which made up the Pious Fund, he commissioned one Don Pedro Ramirez to act as agent. The Bishop thus exercised the office of administrator for six years, when General Santa Anna, the provisional

President of the Republic, took away the trusteeship. The general again made the government of Mexico act as administrator, appointing General Gabriel Valencia as special commissioner to look after the properties for Mexico, Feb. 8, 1842. The inventory made by Don Pedro Ramirez on the occasion of the transfer of the Fund properties to General Valencia is still in existence, and was the chief source of information upon which the amount of the Pious claim was based. About eight months later, October 24, General Santa Anna ordered that the properties which made up the Pious Fund be sold, and that the monies accruing from the sale be incorporated in the treasury of the Mexican government. This was not intended as an act of confiscation, but as a simpler method of controlling or managing the fund. The Mexican government agreed to pay six per cent annually upon the sum realized, to the support of the missions in the Californias. This duty was performed by the Mexican government until the breaking out of the war of 1846 between the United States and Mexico.

At the close of that war, which ended with the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, Feb. 2nd, 1848, what is now known as the State of California, and then as Upper California, became the property of the United States. As a consequence of this division there were many claims of citizens of both countries for war damages and otherwise. To settle such claims amicably, the authorized agents of the two governments met in convention, and under an agreement which bears the date July 4th, 1868, decided to appoint a sort of international board of arbitrators. This Board of Arbitration commenced its work at Washington, July 31, 1869. This Board, which was known as the mixed commission, was made up of one representative of each government. In this convention it was stipulated that in cases of claims where the commissioners were unable to agree—power of decision would rest with the Minister to the United States from Great Britain and Ireland, who at that time was Sir Edward Thornton.

After the cession of Upper California the Mexican government made no further payment of the Pious Fund interest money, and so one of the claims presented to this commission by Archbishop Alenary and Bishop Amal, the successors in California of Bishop Diego, was for the unpaid interest money from 1848 up to that date. The representatives of the Mexican and United States governments on the Mixed Commission could not agree upon this claim. The American member gave the opinion that the Church in California, being one-half of the Californias, was entitled to one-half of the interest of the Fund. He fixed the amount of the Fund at $1,436.033. The Mexican representative denied the justice of the claim altogether. In accord with the agreement already mentioned, since these representatives in no way agreed, the question was left to the decision of Sir Edward Thornton.

After many delays, on Nov. 18, 1876, Sir Edward Thornton gave his decision. That decision awarded $904,070.79 as the amount of interest due the Church in Upper California

from the Pious Fund from 1848 to 1869. The amount of the claim of Upper California was decided by him to be $717,516.50. This interest money, $904,070.79, was paid soon after Sir Edward Thornton's decision, to the Church in California. After expenses were allowed, the monies were divided between the dioceses of Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Certain sums were also allowed to the Franciscans and Jesuits of California, and to the dioceses of Portland, Ore., and Salt Lake City, Utah. The terms of the division were fixed by Pope Pius IX.

The Church in California based its right to these monies upon the claim that Mexico is simply a trustee of the Fund, and as such is bound to pay annually the six per cent guaranteed when Mexico converted the Pious Fund properties into cash and turned the principal into the Mexican treasury. Since the award of Sir Edward Thornton and the settlement of the same by Mexico of the interest up to 1869, that government has not made any further payments. Year after year the successors of Bishop Diego in California have requested the annual interest, but the request has not been heeded. On behalf of the present incumbents of the Sees of California, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan of Los Angeles and Monterey, and Rt. Rev. George Montgomery of the United States, insisted upon the payment of the accrued interest due from 1869 at the rate of $43,050.99 annually. This demand on the part of the United States led to the signing of the protocol of May 22nd, 1902, by which the whole matter was to be left to the decision of the Arbitration Committee provided for by the International Peace Convention of a few years ago. That Protocol signed by Mr. John Hay and Don M. de Azpiraz, gives clearly a knowledge of the matter adjudged by the Commission. It also contains the mode of procedure of the first meeting of this great international body.

The arbitrators of this matter were five in number, two selected by the United States and two by Mexico, and these four selected the fifth member, the umpire. Hon. Sir Edward Fry of England and Professor Theodore de Martens of Russia were the selection of the United States, Messrs. Alexander F. Lohman and Tobias M. C. Asser were the choice of Mexico. In accordance with the provision of the Hague Convention and the Protocol, these four met at the Hague on Sept. 1st, and there selected the Hon. M. Matsen of Denmark as the fifth member. These five men sat as judges in the case and with equal rights. The gentlemen selected for the first International Court of Arbitration are all men of renown—learned and well suited for the responsibilities of their high office. Sir Edward Fry is a native of England and is now in his 75th year. He is an alumnus of the University of London. He was admitted to the English Bar in 1854, and has held many positions of honor and trust in England. From 1877 to 1883 he sat in the High Court of Chancery, and for the nine following years was Lord Justice of Appeals. For many years, Professor T. de Martens occupied the chair of International Law in the University of St. Petersburg. Fifty-five

years of age, he is well known in all Europe. He is a permanent member of the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Some years ago he acted as arbitrator in a claim between England and the Netherlands.

Mr. A. F. Lohman is a Hollander by birth and is now in his 65th year. A man of great legal knowledge, he has been for many years a professor in the University of Amsterdam. For the past two years he has held the office of Minister of the Interior. Mr. Tobias M. C. Asser is a native of Amsterdam. At the age of twenty-two, in the year 1860 he was graduated an LL.D. from the University of Leyden. For many years he was professor of International and Naval Law in the University of Amsterdam. He has held many high governmental positions. For five years he has been President of the State Committee of International Private Right. The umpire, Hon. M. Matsen, is President of the Danish Chamber of Deputies. He is best known for his able writings on questions of law.

A strange fact in this case of the Church against Mexico is that not one of the arbitrators is a Catholic. Mr. Fry is a Quaker, Mr. Asser a Jew, Mr. T. de Martens is a member of the Russian church, Mr. Matzen is a Lutheran, and Mr. Lohman is a Calvinist. The lawyers for both sides of the controversy are also men of great reputation. Mexico was represented by Senor Prado, the Mexican Minister to Holland and Belgium, and a famous lawyer in his country. He was assisted by his brother, a learned attorney from the City of Mexico. M. Beernaert, the President of the First Section of Conference on Armaments at the Hague Peace Convention, assisted in the defense of Mexico: Among the legal lights who presented and defended the case for the United States, although not an attorney, must be mentioned above all others, the present Archbishop of San Francisco, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan. To his untiring efforts, great tact, and large influence, is due the fact of the United States taking so deep an interest in the Pious Fund claim. Without the archbishop's wonderful work in this matter this claim would have met the fate of hundreds of others—sure defeat.

Mr. John T. Doyle is the prominent attorney in the case. For years and years he has been interested in the Pious claim. Mr. Doyle is an authority in Mexican history. He gathered the facts and prepared the argument upon which the Pious Fund claim was won in 1875, and these formed the chief evidence in the trial at the Hague. Mr. John T. Doyle is a resident of Menlo Park, California. He is a very devout Catholic. The imposing figure at the Hague proceedings was Mr. Garrett McInerny of San Francisco. As attorney in the celebrated Fair Will case, Mr. McInerny is well known in the legal world. He is a native of California, a graduate of St. Mary's College, Oakland, and a very practical Catholic. As a lawyer, he easily stands at the head of his profession on the Pacific coast. Mr. McInerny was the chief pleader for the United States. His brief is a legal masterpiece. Senator William M. Stewart, the representative of the State of Nevada in the United States Senate, is a well-known public character in America.

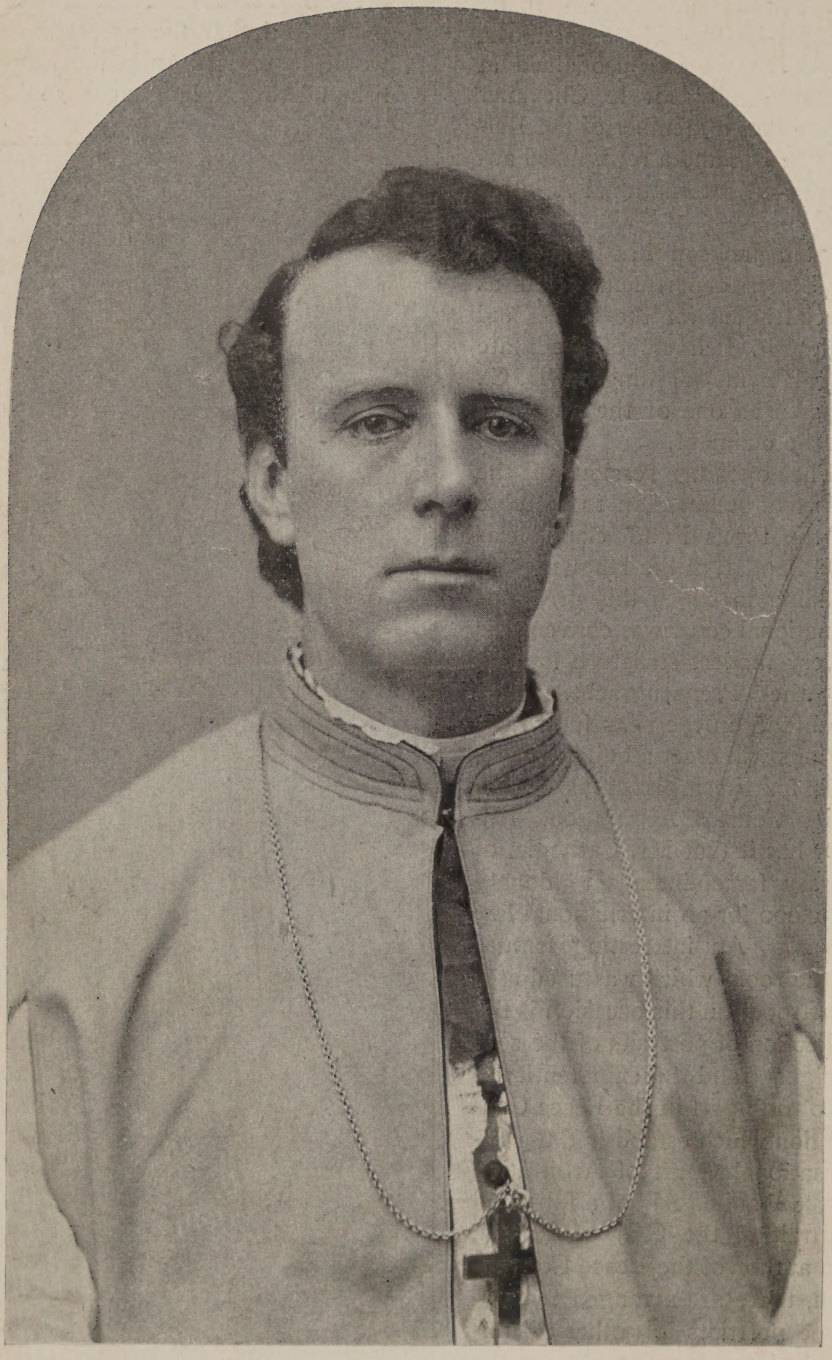
Mr. Stewart has been one of the assistant attorneys for the Pious Fund claimants for many years. Besides these men, the United States was also aided at the Hague by M. le Chevalier Descamps, a member of the Belgian Senate and a recognized authority on International Arbitration.

Hon. Jackson M. Ralston of the States department acted as special agent for the U. S., and Judge F. Penfield of the State Department, Washington, D. C., assisted as one of the attorneys for the claimant.

The opening session of the Court of Arbitration to adjudge on the Pious Fund claim, was held Sept. 1, at the Hague. The building in which this great international court was convened is a very modest structure located on the Prenzengracht. Undoubtedly in the near future the nations will erect a building suitable for the arbitrations of this High Court of Arbitration. Rumor has it that Mr. Carnegie, of library fame, intends to donate $250,000 for an international law library. An interesting feature of the room which was used as a courtroom on this occasion is the collection of portraits of the sovereigns and plenipotentiaries who took part in the Peace Convention which established the International Court of Arbitration at the Hague. About a full-sized portrait of the Czar of Russia, the author of the Peace Convention, there are arranged twenty-three portraits of other distinguished persons, one of them the late President of the United States, William McKinley.

At 11 A.M., on Monday, Sept. 1st, the court opened with an address by President Matzen. He announced that the proceedings would be carried on in the English and French languages, spok-

M. DE MARTENS OF RUSSIA.
(The world's greatest international lawyer and one of the arbitrators for the United States.)

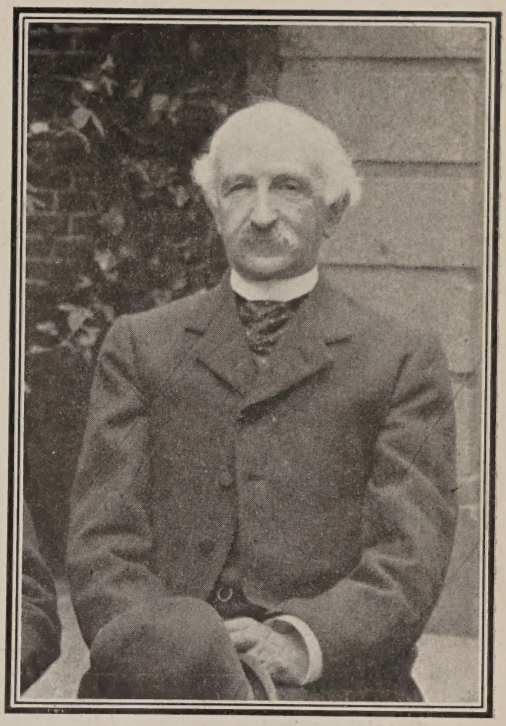


MOST REV. P. W. RIORDAN, D.D.

en by all participants. The court then adjourned until 2 P. M.

The sessions of Monday afternoon and the following Wednesday morning were taken up by Senator William Stewart, who spoke in behalf of the United States. The rest of that day's session, as also both sessions of the next meeting, which was held on Sept. 8th, were used by Mr. Garrett McQuerny. As a lawyer Mr. McQuerny is noted for the strength, brevity and clearness of his briefs, and his presentation of the Pious Fund claim certainly was an important factor in the winning of the case. In a simple, forcible, logical manner he gave a history of the claim and a strong résumé of the arguments in favor of the same. Mr. McQuerny was followed by Hon. Jackson H. Ralston. Mr. Ralston's whole argument was to show that by the decision of 1875 the Pious Fund claim was "res judicata." The next sessions of the court were held on Sept. 10th and 11th. Mr. Delacroix of Brussels opened the defense for Mexico.

In a wonderful oratorical effort in which he dwelt but little on the facts of the case itself, he tried to impress the judges with the doctrine of the sovereignty of the State over all things, and so the right of Mexico at Church. He was followed by Senor Prado and Mr. M. Beernaert, both attorneys for Mexico in the controversy. On Sept. 24th and 30th, Senator any time to repudiate a claim of the Descamps and Judge Penfield spoke in defense of the claim of the United States. On the afternoon of the 30th, Messrs. Delacroix and Beernaert again addressed the court, and then



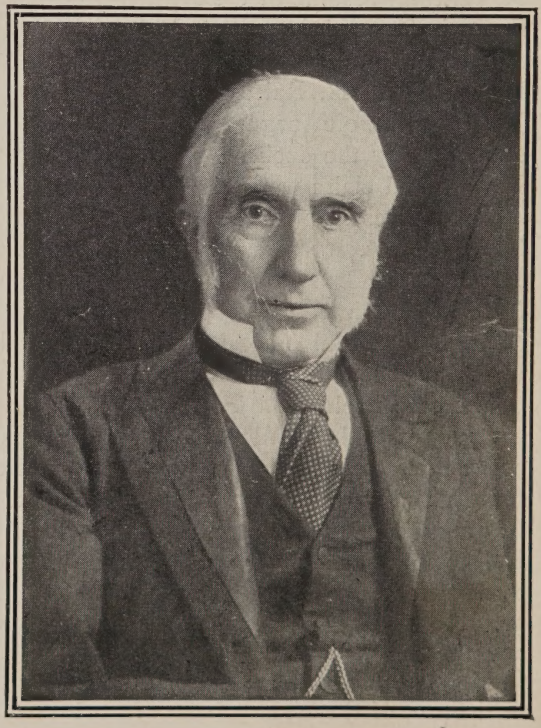
M. ASSER OF HOLLAND.
(One of the arbitrators for Mexico.)

argument in the case closed. After a delay of two weeks the court again convened to announce its decision. That decision shows that the court regarded the Pious claim as "res judicata," that is, a controversy which had already been heard, argued and adjudged. In such case there was nothing for the court to do but to reaffirm the judgment of Sir Edward Thornton, given in 1875. The decision of the court was unanimous.

Whilst the judgment seems to be a complete victory for the Church in California, the real claimant in the case, there is a clause in the Hague decision which gives to the settlement of the controversy the look of compromise. The award of 1875 by Sir Edward Thornton was for $904,070.79 for accrued interest to be paid in Mexican gold coin.

M. SAVORNIN LOMAN OF HOLLAND.
(One of the arbitrators for Mexico.)

He fixed the sum of the State of California's claim to one-half the Pious Fund, at $717,516.50, on which interest was to be paid annually, also in Mexican gold coin. Since then silver has become the currency of Mexico, but silver is now a depreciated money. The Hague decision awards $1,460,682 as interest due for thirty-three years, the time that has elapsed since the payment of Sir Edward Thornton's judgment in 1869. The Hague Court also awards $43,050 as the annual interest to be paid on the 2nd of February of every year. At the present value of the Mexican silver dollar, these sums will be just half their face in gold money. The Hague Court of Arbitration in this decision has given evidence of the ease and justice with which disputes between nations may be settled. The Pious Fund case, being solely an ecclesiastical matter more than anything else, tests the fair-mindedness, courage and strength which the United States always exercises on behalf of her citizens in protecting and demanding their rights. It is also to be hoped that this, the first case before the International Court of Arbitration, will help to show to nations the need of men learned in church laws and customs as members of such a court, and forever prevent the exclusion of the Roman Pontiff from future International Peace Conventions.



SIR EDWARD FRY OF ENGLAND.
(One of the arbitrators for the United States.)

WEST-GATE, CLONMEL.
IN THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT ALICE O'SULLIVAN WAS BORN.

THE MARTYR OF CLONMEL.

BY FRANCIS HOGAN.

In front of the Presentation Convent at Clonmel, Ireland, is a beautiful life-size statue of St. Joseph, which bears the following inscription:—

A VOTIVE OFFERING
to
Commemorate the Glorious Martyrdom of
SISTER ALICE O'SULLIVAN,

Born at West Gate, Clonmel, 1836.
For some years a pupil of this Convent.
She died for the Faith at
Tien-Tsin, China. 21st June, 1870,
Pray for the Donors.

Sister O'Sullivan was a daughter of the late Cornelius O'Sullivan, who died in Syracuse, N. Y., several years ago. Captain O'Sullivan, her brother, is very well known in Syracuse. The Very Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, visiting priest to the English speaking Sisters of Charity throughout the world, is another brother. Father O'Sullivan has had his headquarters near Cork for the last twenty years, and in 1891, in London, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination.

Thirty years ago Tientsin came suddenly before the world as the scene

of an awful massacre by the Chinese rabble of ten daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, holy souls intent on the apostolic mission of spreading the Faith. Among these gentle sisters who had renounced the ties of home and fatherland were daughters of France, Belgium and Italy, and one of Irish nationality, Alice O'Sullivan, known in the religious life as Sister Louise.

Alice's parents had come from Newry, County Armagh, to Clonmel, shortly before her birth, and Mrs. O'Sullivan dying while her daughter was still a mere baby, the child was

THE MARTYRS OF CHINA.

left very much to the care of a devoted nurse, and to the loving attentions of her brothers, all older than her-

fortunately, beyond exciting her lively imagination no great harm was done. She received her early education in

SISTER ALICE O'SULLIVAN.

self. At a very early age she learned to read, and was permitted to indulge her love of reading as she pleased, but,

St. Mary's Presentation Convent, Irishtown, Clonmel, a convent that has been instrumental in sending religious

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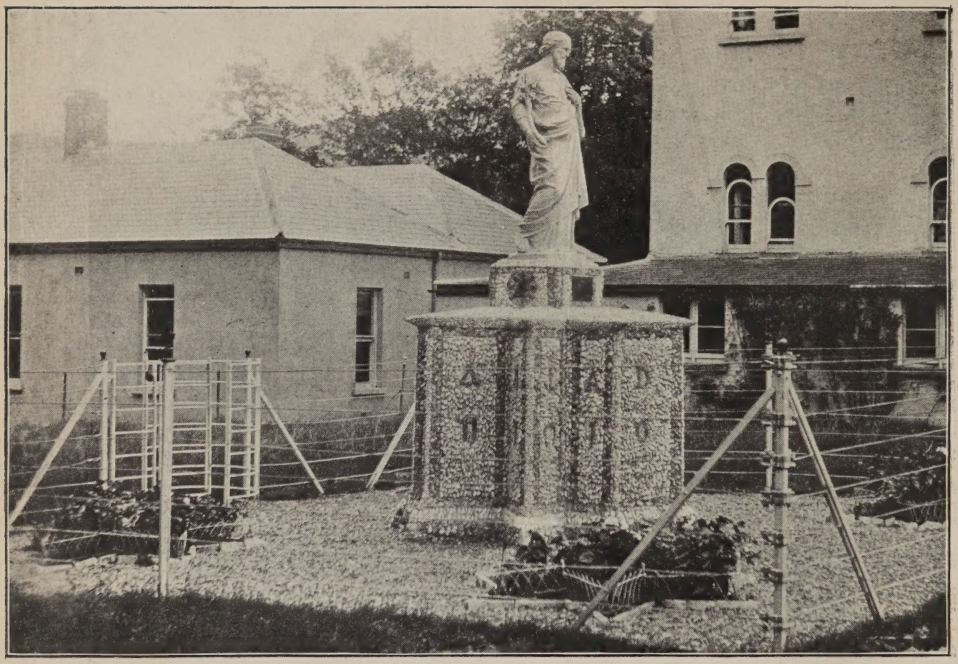


PRESENTATION CONVENT, CLONMEL.
CLOISTER AND TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

to all parts of the world. Some of the nuns who welcomed the little girl in those happy days still survive and speak with deep affection of their pupil, who when only ten years old showed great piety and expressed the desire to enter the religious life.

At a later date it was decided that she should become a Sister of Charity. Her brother was a Vincentian missionary, and, no doubt, this circumstance in part influenced the choice of the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. A daughter of St. Vincent she would become, and with a view to this, her father sent her to the Dominican Convent, at Kingstown, near Dublin, where her time passed happily under the care of the sisters. Alice's open and simple disposition and her great piety so impressed her mistresses that they would have gladly admitted her to their community had she desired it. The present Prioress of the convent, who knew Alice very intimately, when asked to give her recollections of the appearance and character of her schoolfellow replied that Alice was rather older than most of her companions, was dark in complexion, attractive in appearance, and possessed of a strong sense of humor, combined with mature common sense and the truest piety. She was loved by teachers and pupils.

It was not necessary for her to stay very long at Kingston, and then came the parting. "Courageously she bade farewell to her father and her home on the pleasant banks of the Suir, where never again should she roam through

(Continued on page 503.)

THE PROSPERITY OF ULSTER COMPARED WITH THE REST OF IRELAND.

BY REV. JOHN HAND.

Lord Macaulay, in his Essay on the Popes, asserts that Protestantism has proved to be more conducive to prosperity than Catholicism; that since the sixteenth century, Protestant nations made greater progress than their Catholic neighbors; that the people of Protestant countries are rich, progressive, and intelligent; and that this is mainly on account of the Reformation; while Catholicity has a contrary tendency, and leads to but slow progress, at best and on the whole a retrogression. The slow progress or retrogression of Catholic people is a favorite theme of Protestant writers. They harp on it continually. They compare Protestant and Catholic countries, always to the disadvantage of the latter, and leave the impression that the Catholic religion is a barrier to progress.

Protestant writers deal for the most part with the comparative prosperity of Catholic and Protestant countries in mere material things—wealth, comfort, and what they call "progress,"—and give the verdict against Catholicity on all these points. They say that when in one and the same country it can be affirmed that Protestants advance more rapidly and steadily than Catholics, it is difficult not to attribute the superiority of the one over the other to the religion they profess.

The religion of a people may indirectly affect their material prosperity; but to what extent it would be most difficult to determine. So many circumstances and conditions enter into the problem as to make its solution impossible. It seems to us that the circumstances and conditions of no two countries are so precisely alike that a comparison could be instituted between them, and that it could be said of one of them that its superior prosperity over the other is due to its religion.

That a nation is superior in war or commerce by no means proves the superiority of the religion it professes. The scattered nation of the Jews has surpassed the Christians in commerce; but still no Christian admits that on that account, the superiority of the religion of the Jews over that of the Christians; or no Jew ever thought of alleging that as an argument against the Gentiles. The nation which in our times has made most rapid progress is Japan; but that does not prove the material advantages of the modified form of Buddhism, which the Japanese profess. The rapid conquests of the Mohammedans and their progress in science and learning are no proofs of the superiority of Islamism over the religion of Europe in the ninth century. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, Prussia overthrew France. But when the same two nations grappled in deadly conflict, in 1806, France was the victor. Those facts furnish no argument for Protestantism more than for Catholicity. Still Protestant writers hold that it was the superior intelligence of Protestantism,

personified in the Prussian armies, that conquered at Sedan. But we must remember that Prussia had a system of compulsory education before the year 1789; and notwithstanding that, victory very provokingly perched herself on the standards of the French at Jena.

Whenever the comparative prosperity of Catholic and Protestant countries is discussed, and it is discussed very often, the superior prosperity of Ulster over the rest of Ireland is always brought forward to clench the argument in favor of Protestantism. The fact is emphasized with oratorical flourishes, and a touch of sarcasm. We are reminded that in one and the same country, under same laws, and having equal advantages, Protestant Ulster is prosperous and contented, while the rest of Ireland is miserably poor. We hear of nothing but stagnation and decay in the other provinces, and the improvidence and lawlessness of their people; and on the other hand the progress and prosperity of Ulster, and the high regard for law and order that prevails among its people. That there is less regard for law and order in Ulster than there is in the other provinces is shown by the fact that every year, as July approaches, the police and military are drawn from the other provinces and sent to Ulster, to insure the observance of the law and the preservation of the public peace. This shows the reverse of a high regard for law and order; and when we come to examine it in detail, the boasted prosperity of Ulster is just as visionary as the exceptional peacefulness of Ulstermen.

That Ulster is more prosperous than the rest of Ireland is a false assertion; absolutely and entirely false. It has been made so often, and in so many places, that people have actually begun to believe it. Without taking the trouble to analyze it, or to examine what data it has to support it, they silently acquiesce in it. We admit that Ulster ought to be more prosperous than the rest of Ireland. For from the time that the English rule was established in Ireland, the country was governed in the interest of the English and Scotch settlers, who were planted in Ulster. Repeated confiscations ruined the native proprietors, and placed the land in the hands of men who were foreigners, and who became an armed garrison, holding the country in their own interest. Macaulay, in his History of England, says that the domains of Ulster which were forfeited to the crown in the reign of James I, were soon peopled by English and Scotch emigrants. The new settlers were in civilization and intelligence superior to the native population. The superior civilization and intelligence of these new settlers did not hinder them from being participators in one of the most atrocious robberies of modern times. The lands of Ulster were given to those new settlers, on condition that no laborer would be allowed to dwell on them, unless he took the oath of supremacy, a condition that was equivalent to sentence of death for tens of thousands of the native population. The faith of the Catholic Irish was proscribed in every part of the country. For six hundred years the laws of Ireland were framed to pauperize and degrade the Irish Catholics, and to give every advantage to their Protestant fellow countrymen. With these facts in view, it is not hard to see that Ulster ought to be more

prosperous than the rest of Ireland, since political oppression and tyranny went as far as they could to make it so. Even if the Catholic provinces were poorer and less prosperous than Ulster, it could not be attributed to their religion, only in the sense that as Catholics they preferred their faith to earthly goods and earthly prosperity; they chose to suffer as Catholics, rather than to share the good things of this world with their all-powerful, Protestant rulers. To make a comparison between Ulster and Connaught would be very unfair. Connaught is naturally a wilderness of bog and mountain compared with Ulster. Place the most industrious race on earth in Connaught, and an inferior people in Ulster, and the Ulster people, in a few years, ought to be wealthier and more prosperous in every way. Yet if Connaught is so poor, and Ulster so rich, how comes it, that Mayo, the poorest county in Connaught, presents a valuation of three hundred thousand pounds yearly for tax assessment, while Ulster has five counties that present each a less amount of valuation yearly for the same purpose?

Irishmen from the south and west of Ireland are equally as successful as those from Ulster, in all the countries which they emigrate to, in spite of the fact that there is a prejudice against their race and religion to which Ulstermen are not exposed. This does not show any characteristic weakness on the part of the Celtic Irishman abroad as compared with the Irishman of Anglo-Saxon blood, and in the matter of prosperity it remains for us to see how far one has exceeded the other in their native country, "in the qualities that conduce to the advancement of men and nations."

In the three southern provinces, there are twenty-three counties; in Ulster there are nine. The total annual valuation of Ireland, for purposes of taxation, is something over 13,000,000 pounds. Of this Ulster's share is about 4,000,000 pounds. This does not seem to be much, if any, above its due proportion. Dublin, the metropolitan county in the south, which is in extent only 354 square miles, has a valuation of 741,506 pounds a year. The valuation of Antrim, the metropolitan county of the north, in extent 1164 square miles, is 634,353 pounds a year. Thus Dublin is one-seventh more than Antrim, which is the seat of the linen manufacture, "the model county of Ireland, and the centre in which the imperial race has proven its superior qualities." Belfast is the capital of Ulster. There is no end to the forms of impudent braggadocia and insulting insinuations that have been made use of to extol the wealth and enterprise of Belfast. The "new Tyre and Sidon," the "Irish Liverpool," "the busiest mart in the world," yet its yearly valuation is but 519,032 pounds, while Dublin, with its dead industries and shipless quays, and "its beggarly, popish corporation," presents for imperial assessment yearly, a property valued at 639,854 pounds. Those are government statistics and consequently are beyond question.

The valuation called indiscriminately tenement or government valuation is the basis of all assessments, whether local or imperial, and is the only reliable test of wealth in the country. Income-tax is no exception to the

principle, because it depends mainly on valuation. The income-tax per head of the population is in Ulster $28.56; in Munster it is $30.14; while in Leinster it is $51.34. As to the valuation of houses and lands for assessment, Ulster is a little less per capita than Munster, and about one-third less per capita than Leinster. The exact figures would suppose every man, woman, and child in Ulster to be possessed of lands and tenements worth $12.36. In Munster every man, woman and child would be possessed of lands and tenements, on the same principle, worth $12.60; and of those in Leinster each would have possessions to the extent of $18.31.

It must be admitted that Ulster has been favored more than the other provinces of Ireland. The land-holder had the benefit of what is called the Ulster Custom; this Ulster Custom conferred on every tenant a sort of joint ownership with his landlord; and yet for three-quarters of a century subsequent to the year 1717, Ulstermen were flying from the country at the rate of many thousands a year. In the early part of the eighteenth century an effort was made to extend the linen manufacture to the other provinces; this effort was successfully opposed in the interest of English woolen merchants. Thus Ulster was left a fair field, and the rest of Ireland unjustly discriminated against. And in the face of this unjust discrimination, we are coolly asked why is Ulster more prosperous than the rest of Ireland?

Another instance of the boasted prosperity of Ulster is to be found in the working of the Arrears' Act of 1882. A larger number of tenants in Ulster were able to obtain benefit from this act than in any other of the provinces. If Ulster were as prosperous as represented there should have been no tenants in that province able to prove insolvency, so as to obtain remission of arrears at the expense of the state. But the fact is, Ulster had the largest number of insolvent tenants of any province in Ireland.

It appears that the Catholics of Ireland, on the score of prosperity, are quite able to hold their own with their Protestant fellow countrymen. Statistics of wealth show nothing to the contrary; and one who travels through the country sees as much appearance of decay and unprogressiveness in the north as in the south. But the pen of the defamer has been at work. It tries to make the world believe that the Catholics of Ireland are a lazy, shiftless lot; and that in their own country, having equal advantages, they are found to be poorer, less intelligent, and, in every way, lower in the scale of humanity than their fellow countrymen of Scotch and English descent, which, not to speak it profanely, is a lie.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. J. F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XII.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

CONFESSION AND CONTRITION.

I shall endeavor in this paper to explain to my non-Catholic friends, in the simplest manner, the doctrine of the sacrament of penance. The Catholic Church teaches that Christ established on earth a means whereby forgiveness should be imparted to poor sinners—whereby all who have offended God may obtain authoritative forgiveness. This institution which we call the sacrament of penance is made up of three parts—contrition, confession and satisfaction. It is often asserted by non-Catholic writers that the institution maintained by the Catholic Church is confession. This is a misstatement for the Catholic Church holds that confession is only one of the three parts of the sacrament of penance, and that not the most essential part. Before confession there must be sorrow for sin with a firm purpose of amendment. The Catholic Church teaches that sorrow for sin, which involves all that any other religion means by repentance, has always been necessary to obtain the forgiveness of God. It maintains that without that sorrow no forgiveness can possibly be obtained in the New Law any more than in the Old; that without a deep and earnest grief and a determination not to sin again no absolution of the priest has the slightest value in the sight of God: that, on the contrary, any one who asks or obtains absolution without that sorrow, instead of thereby obtaining forgiveness of his sins commits a dreadful sacrilege and adds to his guilt and goes away from the feet of his confessor still more heavily laden than when he approached him. Such is the Catholic doctrine with respect to this portion of the sacrament.

I.

Now what is the contrition or sorrow which the Catholic Church requires? If anyone should take the trouble to analyze the doctrine of any Protestant sect as to the exact meaning of the word repentance, distinguishing its different steps from the very act of forgiveness—or in other words examining carefully the means by which we arrive at that last act which purges us from sin, he will find it exceedingly difficult to resolve it into any tangible system which will bear a strict examination. Everything is laid down in the vaguest manner—men are justified by faith alone without good works. Love is spoken of as an ingredient of this faith, but we are not told how the sinner is conducted to it. We are not informed how his return, like that of the prodigal son, is to be accomplished when he becomes sensible of his guilt:

in what way he is to be gradually conducted to that faith which justifies the sinner. We are not even told in what that faith consists. Are we simply to be satisfied with the firm conviction that the merits of Christ are sufficient to cleanse us from all sin? Or are we to believe that His blood has been applied to us all and that we are forgiven? Or is there some special application to each one whenever sin is regretted? What are the tests of that faith which justifies the sinner and how may the true faith be discerned from the false? Is it simple conviction and what is to authorize you to feel such conviction? What are the previous steps which make the sinner worthy of it and which assure him that he has obtained it? Concerning all this we are left in the dark. Each sect gives us the opinions of its own leaders and hence we find as many opinions as there are writers on the subject. We are told constantly in the works of Luther—and the same thought is found in the formulas of faith framed by the several Christian denominations,—that the first step is the terror of conscience; that the soul contemplating the fearful abyss of misery whereby it is surrounded is excited to a deep sorrow of its sins, and that through the merits of Christ its sins are covered and taken away in the sight of God. The preliminary step is simply terror, and the final step is an act of faith in the power of Christ to redeem and save by the efficacy of His precious Blood. Now not only does the Catholic Church require all these dispositions, but it considers them a mere preparation for a valid confession. The Council of Trent lays down the doctrine of the Church on this subject in a most sympathetic manner. It traces the steps whereby the soul is brought to turn away from sin by the desire of reconciliation with God. It represents the soul as terrified with horror at the awful state to which guilt has reduced it. But this is far from complete justification. It is but the bud which appears before the full Christian virtue has bloomed in all its sweetness. The poor sinner is indeed lost in fear and apprehension, but when he realizes the goodness and mercy of God he is encouraged to hope that he may yet rise and return, like the prodigal to his father's house, with the prospect of being one of the least and lowest of his servants. This is another step towards the feelings of affection which are naturally excited at thinking of the goodness and kindness of God in receiving such wretched beings into His friendship. Then our fear becomes the fear of the child, and not of the slave, for it is mingled with love. At last the soul, armed with an ardent love of God, and determined never more to offend Him, is brought into that state which we find described in the New Testament as the immediate cause of forgiveness. "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much."—(St. Luke VII., 47.)

Thus we see that while faith is the principal root of all justification there are other acts and other virtues through which the soul passes till it arrives at that last act which seals its justification. St. Paul tells us again and again that except through faith no man can be justified, and that all justification is through Christ, and this progress of justification begins in faith and ends in the application of the

Blood of the Saviour as the means of salvation.

These are only the preparatory steps for that act of contrition which is the essential concomitant of confession. Nay, it is even more important, for the Church teaches that if a person is unable to make confession, owing to a sudden illness, or accident, an act of perfect contrition will of itself reconcile him with God as completely as if he had confessed all his sins and received absolution. Of course there must be a willingness on the part of the penitent to go to confession the first possible opportunity, because the sacrament of penance is of itself an institution established by Christ for the forgiveness of sins. In other words, it is the teaching of the Church that in cases of sudden illness or in danger of being surprised by death, a fervent act of contrition is equivalent to all that Christ instituted for the forgiveness of sins. Now what is this sorrow? I will give you its definition in the words of the celebrated Council of Trent. "Contrition which holds the first place among the acts of penance is sorrow and detestation of sin committed, with a determination not to sin again. The holy synod declares that this contrition contains, not only the abandoning of sin and a purpose of a new life—but also a hatred of the old." —(Sess. XIV., chap. IV). This is what is expected of every penitent before absolution of the priest can be considered valid or confession worth anything to his salvation.

II.

In the second part of this sacrament the Catholic Church teaches that the sinner, being thus sorry for having offended God, because of His infinite goodness, must next perform an outward act which of itself is the natural and spontaneous consequence of this feeling. Catholic theologians have again and again described this sorrow for sin when they say that it must be interior, which means that it must come from the heart rather than from the lips; it must be supernatural which signifies that its motives must be drawn from the attributes of God; then it must be sovereign, that is, we must detest sin more than any other evil on earth; and it must be universal, embracing without a single exception every fault or transgression whereby we have offended so good a God. These dispositions naturally dispose the soul to make any atonement that may be required for the offenses it has committed. Love, which was the last step in the work of conversion, leads to this manifestation. It was thus in the case of Mary Magdalen, who did not rest satisfied with merely being sorry for having offended God, but nobly braved scoffs and insult to give public evidence to her feelings; she breaks through the crowd of attendants, enters the house of the rich Pharisee, casts herself at the feet of the Saviour, weeps bitter tears, lavishes all her precious things on His feet, shows by outward deeds that she really loves God and is overwhelmed with grief for having offended Him and is ready to make any reparation possible. Repentant love is naturally anxious to testify its sorrow by some act of humiliation and so seek forgiveness, which it so much desires.

The Church maintains that the sinner is bound to confess his offenses to

a priest authorized by the Church for that purpose, to lay open to Him all the secret sins of his soul, to expose all his wounds and, in virtue of the authority in him, to receive through his hands on earth the sentence which is ratified in heaven. But as the primary object of this institution is the salvation of the soul, and as there may be cases where the proper dispositions are wanting, such as constant relapse into sin, or want of sufficient sorrow or solid resolution of amendment, it may be prudent at times to deny absolution. Christ provided for such cases, for He gave to the Church the power of retaining sins which means the withholding of forgiveness or delaying it till a more favorable time.

I will now proceed to the proofs of our doctrine, namely that there is a power of forgiving sins in the Church which necessarily requires the confessing of hidden transgressions and that this tribunal was established by Christ Himself. We rest our foundation on the words of St. John: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." (St. John XX. 23.) As in the Old Law, confession of sins was appointed among the early Christians. They were told to confess their sins one to another. These words prove that the manifestation of sin is not of modern date, as our Protestant friends contend. The text may be a little vague for it does not say to confess your sins to a priest, nor to any private individual, although the mention of the priest of the Church in the preceding verses would naturally suggest the idea. We have something more specific in the text already quoted where Christ gives a special charge to His Apostles. What does He tell them? "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye retain they are retained." Here is a power truly to forgive sins. The expression "to forgive sins" signifies to clear the sinner of guilt against God. "Many sins are forgiven her" says our Saviour of Magdalen. What does this mean, except that she was cleansed from sin? For they said—"Who is this that forgives sins?" (St. Luke VII, 49). They considered the power which our Saviour here claimed as superior to the power which He manifested in working miracles. This appears not only from the parable of the debtor which he applied to her case, but from the words which He addressed to her—for He said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee" and then —"go in peace," words which must have led her to believe that she was fully pardoned. Again our Lord speaks to the paralytic as follows: "Be of good cheer, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." (St. Matt. IX, 2). Those who heard Him, "said within themselves, He blasphemeth." They considered it an assumption of a power belonging to God alone; they understood His words in their obvious meaning, of remitting sins committed against the Almighty; and our Blessed Saviour confirms them in His interpretation by the words that follow: "Which is it easier to say, thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say arise and walk? but that you may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then saith he to the man sick of the palsy, rise up, take thy bed and go into thy house." To "forgive

sins" therefore, signifies in the gospel to pardon, to absolve or to cleanse the soul from sin. The Apostles then and their successors received this authority; consequently to them was given the power to absolve, or to cleanse the soul from its sins.

There is another power also given; —that of retaining sins. What is the meaning of this? Clearly the power of refusing to forgive them. Now all this clearly implies that what sins Christ's lawful ministers retained on earth are retained in heaven, and that there is no other means of obtaining forgiveness save through them. For the forgiveness in heaven is made to depend on that which they give on earth; and those are not to be pardoned there whose sins they retain. Were a judge sent forth with the assurance that whomsoever he should acquit should go free, but that anyone whom he should refuse pardon should be considered as not forgiven, would not this imply that no forgiveness was to be obtained except through him? Would not the commission otherwise be a nullity, an insult and a mockery? Would it not be an insult and a mockery to his authority if another commission, totally unconnected with his tribunal, was at the very same time issued with equal power to pardon or punish delinquents, if there were other means of forgiveness over which his award had no control? Not merely, therefore, is a power given to our commission to forgive sins, but such a power as excludes every other instrument or means of forgiveness in the New Law. When Christ establishes any institution for objects solely dependent on His will that fact excludes all other ordinary means. When He instituted baptism as a means of washing away original sin that very institution excluded any other way of obtaining that benefit. In a still stronger manner, then, does the commission here given constitute the exclusive means of forgiveness in the ordinary course of God's dealings; for not only does it leave this to be deduced by inference, but, as we have seen, it positively so enacts, by limiting forgiveness in heaven to the concession of it here below by those to whom it is intrusted.

Let us see what is the character of this power. Surely a judge would not be commissioned to go through the country to sentence or acquit all whom he met at will. The discretionary power lodged in his hands could not be properly discharged by his going into prisons and penal institutions of all kinds and saying to one man, "You are acquitted"; to another, "You must be punished"; to a third, "I pronounce you guilty"; and to a fourth, "I declare you innocent," without investigating into their respective cases. He would have to carefully examine each individual case before passing sentence. The whole case must be laid before the judge so that he may examine into it and pronounce sentence consistently with the evidence before him. Thus it is in the Church. Our Saviour in giving this two-fold office to His priests as the only means of obtaining pardon surely holds them bound to decide according to the respective merits of each case. He must necessarily mean that if the Church retain or forgive it must have motives for so doing. And how can these be obtained but by the case being laid before the judge? And who is able to do that but

the offender alone? Therefore does the commission itself imply that whoever seeks through this only channel forgiveness, must manifest the guilt which he had committed. He must bring the whole case under the notice of his judge, and only upon its complete hearing can the proper sentence be pronounced.

This is the scriptural groundwork of the Catholic doctrine that sin is to be forgiven by the pastors of the Church in consequence of the institution of Christ who has appointed them as His judges; and that to obtain this forgiveness it is necessary to lay the case before him who is intrusted with the responsibility of the sentence pronounced.

This reasoning which is so clear and simple is strengthened and supported by the authority of antiquity. No doubt, dear Protestant friends, you have repeatedly said that auricular confession, as it is called, was not heard of in the first or second century of the Church. Well grant it for the sake of argument. But why do you not tell us the reason? The reason is that instead of auricular confession they had public confession in which the sinner was obliged to manifest his crimes in the presence of the whole church and undergo a severe penance on account of them. Surely this is more difficult than auricular confession, and should be adopted by those who are such sticklers for antiquity. If they reject our practice why not adopt the other practice as consistent with the usages of the ancient Church? They should remember that it matters little whether the Church may direct private or public confession. It is entirely a matter of discipline, and is sufficient to establish that there is no forgiveness except by the manifestation of sin; that they who alone were empowered to grant forgiveness are the priests of the Church, and that the practice of confession is exactly the same, with this exception, that in times of fervor when crime was more rare, the Church deemed it fit that offenders should not only declare their sins in secret, but stand before the entire congregation and manifest them publicly. Thus, instead of any argument arising against this institution from the supposed silence of the ancient Fathers, the only conclusion to which we must come is that there has been a mitigation or reduction of its rigor but no change in its essence.

Read a few quotations from the Fathers of the Church on confession. First let us see what they have to say of public confession. St. Irenaeus, who flourished one hundred years after Christ, mentions that some women came to the church and accused themselves of secret crimes. He writes of others: "Some touched in conscience publicly confessed their sins, while others in despair renounced their faith." This statement is worthy of serious attention. Some confessed and others renounced the faith. If there had been any other means of forgiveness, surely they would not have renounced their faith. Tertullian says: "If you draw back, let your mind turn to that eternal fire which confession will extinguish; and that you may not hesitate to adopt the remedy, weigh the greatness of future punishment, and as you are not ignorant, that, against the fire after the Baptismal institution, the aid of confession has been appointed, why are you an enemy to your own

salvation." St. Cyprian writes: "God sees into the hearts and breasts of all men and he will judge, not their actions only, but their words and thoughts, viewing the most hidden conceptions of the mind. Hence, though some of these persons be remarked for their faith and the fear of God and have not been guilty of the crime of sacrificing (to idols) nor of surrendering the Holy Scriptures, yet if the thought of doing it have ever entered their mind, this they confess, with grief and without disguise, before the Priests of God, unburdening the conscience and seeking a salutary remedy, however small and pardonable may have been their offenses. God they know will not be mocked." Again, speaking of smaller faults, he thus expresses himself: "The fault is less, but the conscience is not clear. Pardon may more easily be obtained; still there is guilt, and let not the sinner cease from doing penance, lest what before was small be aggravated by neglect. I entreat you, my brethren, let all confess their faults while he that has offended enjoys life; while his confession can be received, and while the satisfaction and pardon imparted by the priests are acceptable before God." Here we have two important points settled: first, that those who were guilty of only petty or smaller offenses, not of great or deadly sins, went to the priest and confessed their sins; and secondly, that the pardon which those penitents received at the hands of the priest was considered valid before God. There are a great many other passages in the writings of this Father that might be quoted, but time and space will not permit.

The Greek Church agrees with the Latin Church. Origin says: There is yet a more severe and arduous pardon of sins by penance, when the sinner washes his couch with tears and when he blushes not to disclose his sin to the priest of the Lord and seek the remedy. Thus is fulfilled what the Apostle says: Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church. (St. James V, 14.) Again: "We have all power to pardon the faults committed against ourselves; but he on whom Jesus breathed, as he did on the Apostles—he forgave—provided God forgives; and retains those (sins) of which the sinner repents not, being his minister, who alone possesses the power of remitting. So the prophets altered things not their own way, but what it pleased God to communicate." Once more: "They who have sinned if they hide and retain their sin within their breast are grievously tormented; but if the sinner becomes his own accuser, while he does this, he discharges the cause of all his malady. Only let him carefully consider to whom he should confess his sin; what is the character of the physician; if he be one who will be weak, who will weep with the sorrowful, and who understands the discipline of condolence and fellow feeling. So that when his skill shall be known and his pity felt, you may follow what he advise. Should he think your disease to be such that it should be declared in the assembly of the faithful whereby others may be edified and yourself easily reformed—this must be done with much deliberation and the skillful advice of the physician." This is a very interesting passage as it inculcates the necessity of confessing our sins and of seeking a prudent and

charitable confessor to direct us in what we should do. It also proves without a shadow of doubt the practice of public confession in the Church which far from chiding private confession—supposes it: and that it was only to be made through the advice of a spiritual director consulted for that purpose. It also proves that only priests have power to forgive and that to them must our sins be manifested. Listen to Origin once more: "They who are not holy die in their sins; the holy do penance: they feel their wounds; are sensible of their failings; look for the priest; implore health; and through him seek to be purified." "If we discover our sins not only to God but to those who may apply a remedy to our wounds and iniquities, our sins will be effaced by him who said: "I have blotted out thy iniquities as a cloud, and thy sins as a mist." (Isa. XIV., 22.)

There are very strong passages in the writings of St. Basil. "In the confession of sins," he writes, "the same method must be observed as in laying open the infirmities of the body. For as these are not rashly communicated to every one, but to those only who understand by what method they may be cured, so the confession of sin must be made to such persons as have the power to apply a remedy." In the next paragraph he tells us who these persons are. Necessarily our sins must be confessed to those to whom has been committed the dispensation of the mysteries of God. In his canons he declares that persons who had been guilty of secret crimes and had confessed them are not to be obliged to confess them publicly. The same discipline as is observed today was then in force. St. Gregory of Nyssa, another eminent Father of the Greek Church thus writes: "You whose soul is sick, why do you not run to the physician? Why do you not confess and discover your malady to him by confession? Reflect on your own ways. You have offended God—you have provoked your Creator, who is the Lord and Judge, not only of this life, but of the life to come. Inquire into the disease wherewith you are seized; be sorry, so that you may obtain pardon for your sins; show me bitter tears so that I may mingle mine with yours. *Impart your trouble to the priest* as to a Father; he will be touched with a sense of your misery. Show to him what is concealed without blushing; open the secret of your soul, as if you were showing a physician a hidden disorder; he will take care of your honor and of your cure." Again: "Whoever secretly steals another man's goods if he afterwards by confession discover his sin to the priest, his heart being changed, he shall cure the wound; but then he must restore them or give them to the poor and thereby clearly show that he is free from the sin of avarice." I shall quote a passage from St. Ambrose, the great light of the Church of Milan:—"There are some who ask for penance that they may at once be restored to communion. These do not so much desire to be loosed, as to bind the priest; for they do not unburden their own conscience, but they burden his, who is commanded not to give holy things to dogs; that is, not to easily admit impure souls to Holy Communion." To this authority we may add that of St. Pacianus: "I address myself to you," he says, "who having com-

mitted crimes refuse to do penance; you who are so timid, after you have been so impudent, you who are ashamed to confess after you have sinned without shame. . . . What then will you do who deceivest the minister? . . . I entreat you, brethren, by that Lord whom no concealment can deceive to cease from disguising a wounded conscience. A diseased man if possessed of sense, hides not his wounds, however secret they may be, though the knife or fire should be applied. And should a sinner be afraid to purchase by present shame eternal life? Shall he dread to discover his sins to God, which are hidden from him, and at a time that he holds out assistance to him?" Confession therefore was complete—it extended to all sins and obliged the sinner to manifest the whole state of his conscience to the minister of God.

Listen to St. Jerome of the same century. After alluding to the sacrament of penance—he says: "In like manner with us the Bishop or priest binds or loses, not them who are merely innocent or guilty, but having heard as his duty requires the various qualities of sins he understands who should be bound and who loosed." This has been precisely the practice of the Church from the first to the present century. The priest must not be content merely to give absolution on a vague impression of the guilt or innocence of the party, for only after judging of the different sins can he know how to direct his sentence. Hear what the great Pope Leo has to say. Thus he writes to the Bishop of Campania: "Having lately understood that some of you, by an unlawful usurpation, have adopted a practice which tradition does not allow, I am determined by all means to suppress it. I speak of penance, when applied for by the faithful. There shall be no declaration of all kinds of sins, given in writing and publicly read: for it is enough that the guilt of conscience be made known to the priest alone, by a private confession. That confidence may indeed be thought deserving of praise which on account of the fear of God hesitates not to blush before men; but there are sins, the public disclosure of which may excite fear; therefore, let this improper practice be put an end to lest many be kept from the remedies of penance, being ashamed or dreading to make known to their enemies such actions as may expose them to legal punishment. The confession suffices which is first made to God and then to the priest who will offer up prayers for the sins of penitents. And then will more be induced to apply to this remedy, when the secrets of the confessing sinner will not be divulged in the hearing of the people."

III.

I could cite hundreds of passages as convincing as these, but I think what I have given must satisfy unprejudiced seekers after truth that the doctrine of confession is not modern, and was not,—as is commonly stated by reckless writers and preachers—introduced by the Council of Lateran. If any one will read the canon of that Council, he will find that it supposes the practice to exist universally in the Church; for it simply decrees that all the faithful men and women shall confess their sins at least once a year to a priest approved by the Church. It

simply sanctions a discipline already observed in the Church, that all should confess their sins at least once a year to their pastors. It takes for granted that all knew this duty; and surely it can hardly be conceived possible to introduce a new institution of this nature into the Church by any act of Council—or by any legislation on the part of the Holy Father. Any one who would make such a statement must be considered very foolish and credulous. We must conclude, therefore, that the practice of the Church did exist long before this canon, and that the canon only regulated the times of its observance.

Dear Protestant friends, if you examine the nature of this institution which the early reformers characterized as too severe, too torturing, and too cruel to be practised, you certainly will conclude that such an institution could never have been smuggled into the Church by Pope or Council. Can you imagine it to be so introduced as to extend immediately to all ranks and classes—beginning with the Holy Father himself, and including all orders and conditions of men, from the most learned down to the simplest peasant? Could it have been possible to induce all these orders and conditions of men, laymen as well as clergymen, to go before their fellowmen and cast themselves at their feet and lay open all their hidden transgressions? Could anything but a conviction that from the very beginning of the Church it was an institution necessary for the obtaining of forgiveness have secured the complete and constant exercise of this practice throughout the Church? The more difficult it is represented and the more it is said to do violence to natural feelings,—the more doubtful it is to suppose that it could have been brought into the Church in this simple way at a later date.

There are those who speak of this institution as one which tends to disturb the peace of families: as one which causes great demoralization, which leads by the facility of obtaining pardon to the commission of sins. I have already shown that we require not only whatever is required by other Christian denominations for the forgiveness of sin, but also a more perfect disposition. Be it remembered that besides confession—the performance of penance or satisfaction is also required for the validity of the sacrament. Luther himself expressly says that he considers confession an excellent institution, and so far from wishing to see it abolished he rejoices at its existence and exhorts all to use it. The practice of confession is enjoined in the High Church branch of the Episcopalians. Among the instructions laid down for the clergy on their visitation of the sick is the following: "The sick person shall be moved to make a special confession of his sins if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession, the priest shall absolve him after this sort." Then follow the very words of absolution pronounced by the Catholic priest in confession. I mention this fact to show that the very people who caused the abolition of confession were convinced of its utility, and that so far from considering it an instrument of evil they believed it the best method of relieving the conscience and of guiding men to virtue. They believe (or pre-

tend to believe) that God has left a power to His ministers to absolve from sin, and that a special confession of sins is necessary. The difference between us is that we practice what they pronounce expedient, and that we exact as a duty what they write so beautifully about. In other words, we practice and they preach.

Dear Protestant friends, you know that Roman Catholics outnumber all other forms of Christianity: and that even here in our own beloved country we are far more numerous than the followers of any other particular creed. I appeal to you, if our practices were mischievous and led to evil would not some circumstances connected with our evil doings have ere this come before the public? Has any honorable person ever complained of it? Has any Catholic ever found that it gave him a facility for the commission of sin? That it was easier for him than the practice of other religions in this regard? Or that any advantage has been taken of it which is not strictly within the objects of the institution? Has any Catholic parent, having by experience a knowledge of the tendencies and uses of confession, ever been known to restrain the most timid portion of his family from the practice, or discourage it in his servants or children. This is surely a splendid test when we consider the enormous numbers of devout Catholics that practice it within the year. And yet not one case of abuse has ever been quoted—not one instance has been brought forward of a Catholic being led to abandon the practice of confession by finding it conducive to anything but the best results. On the contrary, you will find upon intelligent inquiry that Catholics consider it the greatest corrective and preservative from evil in the world, and that in their Father confessors they find the most faithful, the most sincere, and the most helpful advisers, who with the assistance of God's grace keep them in the path of virtue. On the other hand—one of the first symptoms of a decline from virtue and piety on the part of Catholic youth is the neglecting of this salutary practice. It is an admitted fact that those who give themselves up to vice and evil doings take good care to shun the confessional. In conclusion I would exhort all those who believe in the efficacy of this holy sacrament which I have endeavored to explain, who are conscious that in it they will find relief from their burdens and forgiveness for their sins, to lovingly partake of its benefits frequently. Holy Mother Church commands us to make use of this means of salvation, especially at the appointed seasons when her treasury of graces is open to all the faithful.

I will reserve the subject of satisfaction for the next essay.

THE LONELY ROAD.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

I turn my steps where the Lonely Road
  Winds far as the eye can see,
And I bend my back for the burden sore
  That God has reached down to me.

I have said farewell to the sun-kissed plains,
  To Joy I gave good-bye;
Now the bleak wide wastes of the world are mine,
  And the winds that wail in the sky.

No bright flower blooms, no sweet bird calls,
  No hermit ever abode,
Not a green thing lifts one lowly leaf,
  O God, on the Lonely Road!

The thick dark mists will come stealing down,
  And press me on every side,
With never a voice to cheer me on,
  And never a hand to guide.

I shall cry in my need for a Voice and Hand,
  And the solace of love-wet Eyes—
And an icy clutch will close on my heart,
  When Echo, the mocker, replies.

Oh, I know my good soul will fail me not,
  When Forms from the Dark round me creep,
And whisper 'twere sweet to journey no more,
  But lay down my burden and sleep.

"Look onward and up, O Heart of my Heart,
  Where the road strikes the skies afar!
To cheer you, and guide, thro' your darkest hour,
  Behold yon beckoning Star!"

I set my face to the grey wild wastes,
  I bend my back for the load—
Dear God, be kind with the heart-sick child
  Who steps on the Lonely Road.

MOORE HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

YORKTOWN—OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington are eight oil paintings portraying respectively—The Landing of Columbus at San Salvador, The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, The Baptism of Pocahontas, The Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delfthaven, The Declaration of Independence, The Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, The Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis, and the Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Of these the last mentioned holds most firmly the attention of the spectator. Art critics say that it is not a truly great painting and that if its artist, Colonel John Trumbull, had not possessed the advantage of being aide-de-camp to Washington, and so in a position to secure authentic portraits for his famous series of Revolutionary pictures, his fame would be less. But there are many who, standing in the rotunda, the centre of the nation, as it were, are completely fascinated by this picture of the closing scene of the Revolution. Imagination touches it with a glamour that no brush can give. Around it sunshine seems to hang perpetually, no matter though storms be raging around the stately white building, and louder than the countless footfalls across the marble floor we seem to hear the drum beats and the lively air which the British band plays as an accompaniment to their heavy hearts, as they make their final bow in the Revolutionary War.

If the spectator has a vivid imagina-

OYSTER BOATS WHERE ONCE THE FRENCH FLEET RODE.

tion and the story of the 19th of October, 1781, firmly fixed, he rehearses those scenes. He is not standing before a mere painting, but he is with Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, O'Hara and Cornwallis, at Yorktown. He resolves, if he has not already done so, to journey sometime to that Yorktown of glorious memory.

Yorktown is but one of those towns with a prosperous past with a climax that, though fame-enduring, wrote the end in big letters across its history. No wonder there is something strikingly dramatic in Trumbull's painting, for it not only depicts the closing scene of a great struggle, but marks the passing of Yorktown as one of the most prominent cities of the thirteen original states. After the Revolution it ceased to be of any note, and, today, from a commercial standpoint, it is not nearly as important as the thousand and one Lonelyvilles or Riversides. It differs from these real estate booms, however, in that it boasts of nothing new under the sun since the Cornwallis-Washington campaign. Its chief inhabitants are Negroes, and travel where you will in the south, particularly through Virginia, you will find that the poorer the Negro the more dogs he owns. It is like a complication of diseases, it is difficult to determine which causes the other, whether the many dogs make the Negro poor, or whether the poorer in coin the black man may be the more he longs for at least a lot of "houn's" to swell his possessions.

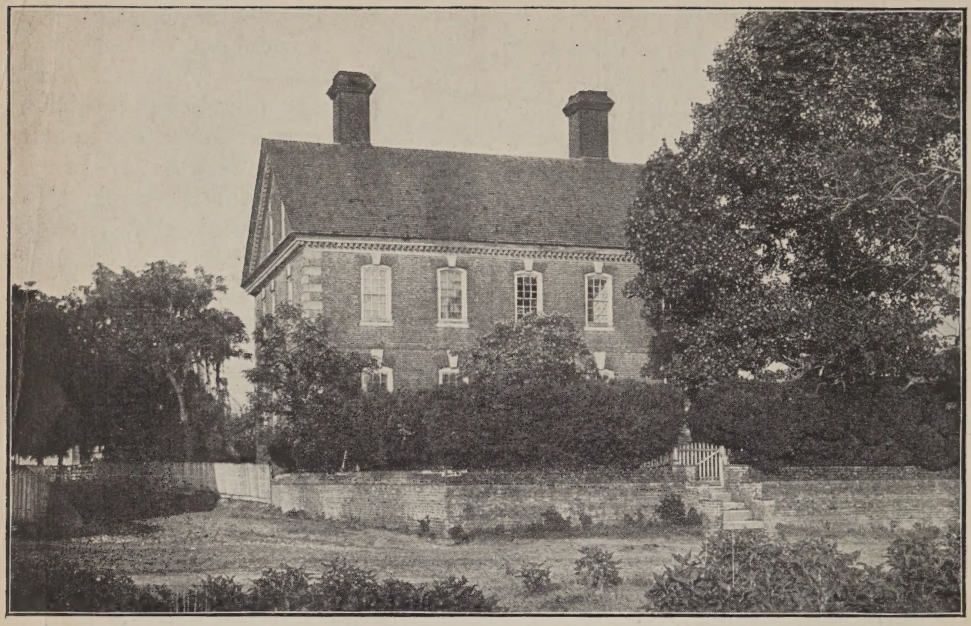
There is but one inn at Yorktown, and that of the poor class. The houses, worthy of that title, number about two score. Grass flourishes in the streets, and looking around one appreciates the remark of the Britisher, who on visiting Yorktown some years ago drawled:—"Well, I don't blame Cornwallis for surrendering this blooming hole!" But then, any mouse is willing to give up the trap in which it is caught.

We will imagine that we are taking the trip from Old Point Comfort up the beautiful Chesapeake Bay towards Yorktown. Standing on deck, we who are gifted with imaginations which take us back one hundred and twenty years ago, and make it seem as though but yesterday, can summon the scene when the French fleet under De Grasse rode up these waters during the memorable autumn of 1781, and uniting with Washington and Lafayette caught Lord Cornwallis in as neat a trap as was ever constructed in the history of honorable warfare. The bay is calm and blue, the clear skies melt softly away to the glowing horizon of Virginia's wooded shores clothed in autumnal dress. It is our first visit, and recalling our visions before the picture in the Capitol, our hearts beat like drum calls—"Yorktown! Yorktown." Then we turn from the bay to the lovely York River, and approach the old town on the bluffs. Then!

There is either keen disappointment or philosophic resignation. It all depends on your disposition. If you are one who sneers at humble appearances, broken-down places, as well as broken down persons, one who wants electric lights, trolley, telegraph, telephone, automobiles, and other modern inventions in order to be happy, then hire a team to drive you to the nearest railroad station (for no railroad runs through Yorktown), and so shake the dust of this sleepy place off your modern shoes with rubber heels. For, verily, it is what we in the south call "a finished city."

Progress has given it a wide berth and moss-grown Contentment sleeps at its port. It holds commerce with the outside by aid of the tri-weekly steamboats, horses, and ox-carts, the oxen, like their ebony masters, too drowsily content to notice the whirl of an automobile, even should one invade that country. The Negroes are of the ante-bellum type, for the most part. They work hard, when they have to work, and loaf with a gracious ease that the newly rich might strive hard to imitate. They are a happy lot, bowing and smiling to the stranger, proclaiming themselves to be either servants of Washington, Cornwallis or Lafayette, or descendants of those who served these famous men. Pleasant fictions, of course, but how these fairy tales gild their lives and cause the shoulders which have become drooped from bending over hoe or oyster dredging, to straighten up like those

OYSTER DREDGING—YORKTOWN'S PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION.



NELSON HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

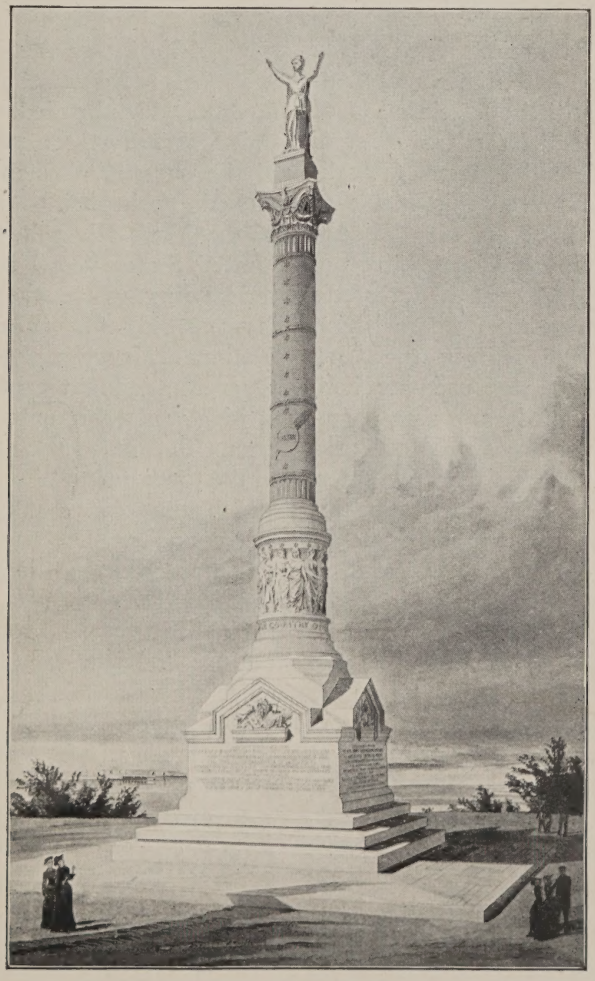
of trained soldiers! Should you happen to be one who takes exception to the oyster boats riding up and down those waters where the gallant French fleet rode, pray remember that there are those who deserve laurels for furnishing food, such as oysters, to the despondent dyspeptic, just as much as those who capture a fort. It has often come to our minds that God maps out plans for towns as He does for persons. So, if this Yorktown which was one of the most flourishing cities in 1705, which boasted of being in its prime in the days when Jefferson and his colleagues from William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, twelve miles away, came here to have a "glorious time" (as students run down from Yale to New York), Yorktown that saw the palmiest days of Colonial history, and which was in at the death of the British rule,—if this Yorktown must needs sink into silence and remain in the same aspect as at the close of October 19th, 1781, is it for such as us to criticize? No. As we venerate the gray head that had felt the beating of many storms, as we look into the faded eyes that were once bright with ambition, so let us regard this quiet spot where history has placed a golden seal that fixes the past and forbids any future that shall dim its glories.

This city on the bluffs is L-shaped, with streets that trail away into cow paths. On the main street, facing the blue river, is the Nelson mansion. It is characteristic of the time when it was erected, early in the 18th century. Its brick, imported from England, its ivied walls and old gardens, speak of a luxurious and tranquil past. Tradition relates that here Thomas Jefferson, then a student at William and Mary, met and wooed Rebecca Burwell, his first love. She was the daughter of the colonial magnate, Peter Burwell, whose estate was about six miles from Yorktown. He refused

to entertain any notion of having Jefferson as a son-in-law because he "fiddled too well." Taking into consideration the many instances when music had drawn the hearts out of all sorts and conditions of persons we are inclined to think that it was because Thomas fiddled indifferently.

In those days Yorktown was the happy hunting ground of many gay blades from the colonial capital, Williamsburg. They came on horseback and in boats, and it was no unusual sight to see big foreign ships anchored off Yorktown, their officers doing much to heighten the gayety of the town and causing the hearts of the pretty girls of York and Gloucester County to beat so rapidly as to alarm any but a physician versed in love affairs.

The Nelson mansion was the scene of many brilliant gatherings. It was the home of Thomas Nelson, who



YORKTOWN MONUMENT.

THE OX TEAM WITH ITS "DESCENDANTS OF THE SERVANTS OF CORNWALLIS."

lived and died therein. He was a member of the First Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and later Governor of Virginia. Before the siege of Yorktown, Cornwallis used this house as headquarters, but quickly, if not graciously, relinquished it in favor of Washington. Here, also, Lafayette stayed on the occasion of his revisiting Yorktown, 1824. During the Civil War the mansion was used by both Federals and Confederates as a hospital. In 1881, when memories of Yorktown were flooding the United States, when the great and grand of this nation met there to commemorate the centennial of our victory in October, 1781, it was the headquarters of the United States for the reception of its guests. A ball and reception were also held here in honor of Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to Yorktown, in 1824. The ball was to commence at eight in the evening, but the General did not arrive until half an hour later, whereupon he saw proper to apologize for his tardiness. When the band played those soul-stirring airs, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Marseilles," our adopted hero stood under a canopy draped with the American and French colors, with his hand over his heart and his aged eyes brimming with unshed tears. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room, for all knew where his thoughts were straying—towards his chief, Washington, who never visited Yorktown after the closing scenes of the Revolution. It will be remembered that it was at the siege of Yorktown that Mrs. Washington's beloved son contracted camp-fever, of which he died.

It was forty-three years to the day of the surrender when Lafayette revisited Yorktown. At the entrance of the York River he was met by a United States vessel and escorted to the landing, where was pitched Washington's old tent. (This is now in the National Museum at Washington.) Over the redoubt captured from the British was constructed a triumphant arch. This redoubt, at the eastern end of the town, led to "Cornwallis' Cave," which that officer used for holding war councils. The day of Lafayette's visit was a glorious one, like that which shone on the surrender. The bluffs of the old town were thronged with spectators who broke the placidness of the place with wild cheers, cheers such as had not been heard in that vicinity since the day Lafayette and his fellow countrymen stood by Washington and witnessed the culmination of their efforts to shake off the offending hands of Great Britain. While these cheers rang out Lafayette passed with uncovered head up to the Nelson mansion, where he received the surviving

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, YORKTOWN.

soldiers of the Revolution, after which he walked out to the garden gate and shook hands with the multitude. The next day, after a grand military parade, a reception was held in the tent of Washington. Then, heading a foot procession, Lafayette revisited the old redoubt captured by the Americans on the 14th of October, 1781. Here, General Taylor, of the Virginia Militia, made the address of the day, at its conclusion presenting Lafayette with a crown of laurels and oak, with which was mingled cypress in memory of the gallant ones who shared the campaign at Yorktown, but who, long ago, had obeyed the Great Commander's roll call and passed, please God, to eternal peace.

With emotion Lafayette responded to the address, then, turning, placed the crown upon the brow of Colonel Nicholas Fish, who had also engaged in the siege of Yorktown, saying—"Half of this wreath belongs to you." "No, sir," replied Fish, evidently overcome, "It is all yours!" "Take it then and preserve it as our common property," insisted Lafayette, replacing the crown upon the American's head. This touching incident bound tighter the hearts of Americans and French. Today, England may prate as she will of the "cousinhood" she bears us, but it is no exaggeration to say that every good American loves France a thousand times more than England. It is only human nature to be good to our own when they are good to us, but when they are not to pour out all the love of a grateful heart to the aliens who have taken up our cause and made it theirs.

When Lafayette visited the Temple farm, on which stands the Moore house, a mile or so outside the town, he found but slight change from the day when Cornwallis signed the articles of capitulation under its roof. So we find little change today. It is

no battle abbey, hung with trophies, not even our flag floats from its humble roof, but its simplicity affects us more than we could possibly be touched did the premises bristle with flags and monuments, and bands play patriotic airs at all hours. We know that here the haughty British general was forced to sign a document that was the sequel to the Declaration of Independence signed at Philadelphia, July 4th, 1776, and we thrill, remembering that in that sober Quaker town, four days after the surrender, the sentinels cried out triumphantly after they had announced the passing of the night hours—"And Cornwallis is taken!"

From ruins in this neighborhood it is believed that once a settlement was made here, and from the fact that one of the piles resembled the ruin of an old church the name "Temple Farm" was conferred upon the place. Governor Spottswood, who headed "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," once lived here. Some say that he was also buried here, but we have no authentic record of the same. That many prominent persons of the colony were buried in Yorktown is certain, among them Governor Nelson and

LAFAYETTE STATUE AT WASHINGTON—LAFAYETTE ON TOP, D'ESTAING AND DEGRASSE BELOW.

his father. Their tombs may be seen today bearing the quaint inscriptions which tell us, in part, how secure in the "certain hope of a resurrection in Christ" were the tenants beneath the stone.

After signing the articles of capitulation at the Moore house, Cornwallis held no further personal interview with the American army. On the day of the surrender, feigning illness, he sulked to his quarters, lacking the courage that even frail women have displayed when they have witnessed the marriage of the man they love to another woman. It has always been the sincere regret of Irish-Americans that the man whom he chose to surrender his sword bore an honored Irish name. But, pitted against the inglorious fame of this O'Hara is the renown of Wayne, Sullivan, Barry, Moylan, and other brave Irishmen, who, according to the impression of the British Parliament of that day, "formed one-half of the Continental Army."

The scene of the surrender lies about a mile outside the town. Adjacent is the National Military Cemetery, where are buried several thousand soldiers who lost their lives in the civil conflict which took place eight decades later, when Virginia's peninsula was again the scene of many decisive battles. The breastworks of the Revolutionary and the Civil War are intermingled, but one can easily discern the more enduring battlements of the later strife. Nature, gentle mother that she is, has done her best to obliterate these reminders of war, and the beautiful creeper that bears Virginia's name covers them with a charity-like mantle.

Standing on the spot, the day of the surrender, as handed down to us from the generation of that period, comes to us. There is nothing to grate harshly on our memories as we stand here in the sweet stillness of an autumn afternoon. It was on just such a day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, that the event took place, of which Lafayette wrote, "The fifth act is just finished. The Play is over!" As many private citizens as the whole of the conflicting armies stand in breathless silence waiting for my Lord Cornwallis to hand over his sword to Washington, a slight act, but an unfailing token of the fact that we were an independent people. The brilliant sunshine falls on the blue York, where the French fleet rides, its work over now; it floods the little town a mile away and with the October zephyrs kisses the old trees in front of the Moore house a short distance off, and the whole scene brings tears to the eyes of many who feel that God had indeed smiled upon this day and made it as bright as the memory of it should be to Americans, for all eternity. Upon one side of the road is drawn the American Army, on the other, the French. Washington and Rochambeau head the lines. The people wait. Down the road comes the conquered red army; twenty-eight furled flags they bear, while fife and drum play hysterically the tune of "The World Turned Upside Down." Whether Cornwallis in his irony or O'Hara with keen humor of the situation chose this song when, according to the terms of surrender, they were obliged to play a British air, we know not. But the words of this song which began, "Since now the world's turned upside down," were never so much appreciated since first heard in the

opera, "The Kingdom of the Birds," (written in 1705 and dedicated to the famous Kit Cat Club of London), as on this day. It was the one bit of humor in the day's proceedings, and, no doubt, was keenly relished by both forces.

O'Hara, not Cornwallis, heads the English troops. Ignoring Washington, he rides towards Rochambeau, but is cut off by General Dumas who directs him to the stately soldier on the white charger at the head of the American line. Washington, we believe, felt that, inasmuch as Cornwallis handed over his office to one of lesser rank, so he should appoint one of the same grade to meet him. Accordingly he directed O'Hara to General Lincoln, who, but a year before, was obliged to make a most humiliating surrender to the British at Charleston. It was the harsh terms dictated by the British on that occasion which caused Washington to be extraordinarily harsh in dictating to Cornwallis. General Lincoln conducts the conquered army to an open field, and there O'Hara hands him the sword of Cornwallis. After holding it in his hand a few seconds Lincoln graciously returns it with the request that it be delivered to Cornwallis. Then the delivery of the colors takes place. Twenty-eight British captains are drawn up in a line each holding a flag. Twenty-eight American sergeants stand opposite ready to receive the conquered banners. A hitch occurs. The British object to the humility of handing over their colors to officers of a lesser grade than those who hold them. Their pride is assuaged when Ensign Wilson of Clinton's Brigade is directed to hand the colors from the captains to the sergeants. Then the entire army lay down their arms in the open field and march away.

A century later the corner of the Yorktown monument was laid. The sleepy town woke up, the harbor was filled with vessels, presenting a more inspiring scene than during the days of the siege—for now assured Peace instead of uncertain Fear brooded over it. The monument is considered one of the best in the country. It tersely tells to the traveler the part this spot plays in history. The motto, "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny," is inscribed at the base of the column, on which are thirteen female figures, typical of the original states, while fitting inscriptions relating to the eventful siege are inscribed on the faces of the square base.

"The end of the play" applies to Yorktown as well as to the Revolution. True, there was a weak anti-climax during the Civil War. Within the town the Confederates took stand and held a general mustering of troops in May, 1861. It was a brilliant, confident gathering of soldiers, who, if called "Rebels," gloried in the name, as did the followers of Washington a century before. They thought of Washington as belonging to the South, forgetting the Union for which he fought. Those were merry days before the actual strife, and we are told how the dashing gallants of the Louisiana Zouaves gave a Mardi Gras carnival, and with revels in many guises seemed to bring back those far-off days when Yorktown was the acknowledged rendezvous for sporting, courting and merriment. In 1862, the

Confederate camp was broken up by the Federal troops, who took possession of Yorktown and the famous peninsula of Gloucester, across the York River.

There is another plain reminder of the palmy days of Yorktown which we cannot well overlook. It is the first custom house erected in America. It was voted for immediately on the passage of the first tariff bill of these United States, July 4th, 1789. Its vicissitudes have been many, but its walls, scarred by bullets, stand as staunch as ever. It is now used as a public hall, and the present generation of Yorktown seldom muse on the fact that the building was once as important in the United States as is the great Custom House of New York today.

Now Yorktown sleeps like an old hunter in the sun. It can well afford to rest upon such a glorious past. The sweet afterglow of a day well spent seems to hang over its river, its bluffs, and its few dwellings. Here, the dreamer, musing over its past, standing under the rare blue Virginia skies, feels "the peace that passeth all understanding," and knows that "all is well." But the practical one, looking at the rude oyster boats dotting the river, where once a mighty fleet anchored, exclaims as he waits for the boat that will take him back to the gayeties of Old Point Comfort—"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

SURSUM CORDA.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

Blithe little light leaves falling, falling, falling,
Fair in your fading 'neath October's sun!
Hear ye the spring time calling, calling, calling;
Or think ye, sadly, all your work is done?

Through autumn's wild winds sighing, sighing, sighing,
Come, born of heavenly hope, your glad replies:
"This is no endless dying, dying, dying!
No life, that God gives, ever wholly dies."

In the sweet springtime, ringing, ringing, ringing,
Chime Easter joy-bells; little, light leaves are fair;
Messages from heaven-lands bringing, bringing, bringing:
"Christ is arisen! So cast away your care!

"Hidden in death's valley lowly, lowly, lowly,
Yet ye shall see Him face to face for aye;
Hark to the chanting: Holy! Holy! Holy!
Lift up your hearts where glad Life reigns alway!"

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

TOMMY.

Tommy sat on the swinging gate meditating. His small blue overalls, which he always wore in the garden, were covered with red clay; he had been making mud pies, but having grown tired of this congenial employment, he was now trying to scrape the caked dirt from his chubby hands by rubbing them against the fence rail. He was bare-headed, but it was evident that he had worn a hat sometime during the day, for his short hair stood upright, an undeniable proof that a hat had pushed it into that position.

The sunlight fell upon his dirty eager little face and added a few more freckles to the number on his nose, but Tom's personal appearance never worried him. He had weightier things to consider. A strange man had gone through the gate and into the house. Tom thought it might be a new doctor for Ralph. Was Ralph going to die? He did not know exactly what dying meant; he had heard such conflicting stories that he had begun to regard it as a fascinating mystery. Billy Bates, his best friend, had confided to him that it was "something awful" that usually happened to sick people, "when folks go and bury you in boxes," Billy said. Tom wondered if they left anything to eat in the boxes. Billy did not know, and he had not thought to inquire. Billy had a comfortable mind with no imagination. He called Tommy "a queer one," because Tommy wanted to know everything. When he questioned his mother about dying she said it meant, "going to Heaven." Where was Heaven? Up in the sky? Were the stars Heaven? Was the moon Heaven? How did you get there? Could the birds fly that far? Did you get wings as soon as you were dead? Why had Billy talked about boxes? Did people ever eat in Heaven? Did you have to sing all day long? Did you go to bed in the clouds?—they looked like they might be soft as feathers. Why didn't Ralph go there if it was a place where people suffered no pain? Why didn't everybody go there, if everybody would be happy there?

Frances had tried to explain, but Tommy had found her explanations unsatisfactory. He had an idea that he wouldn't care for the angels if they were so good. He would prefer Billy. He could beat Billy. He was afraid that the wings of the angels would give them some advantage over him. "Specially if they flapped them in your face," he said.

He thought he would go into the house, as soon as the stranger came out, and see if Ralph was still safe in bed. He wondered why the strange man staid so long. Perhaps he wasn't the doctor after all. Perhaps he was selling books. Tommy had discovered that most of their visitors were bent on this errand. He hoped his mother would buy some if they had pictures. He liked pictures. Suddenly, he heard the great oak door bang, and he saw

the man come quickly down the steps and hurry along the narrow gravel path. Tommy swung the gate wide open by giving himself a jerk backwards; the man started to pass through, but stopped for a moment, fumbled in his pocket, put a bright dollar on Tommy's muddy knee, and then silently walked away.

Tommy, stupefied by this unexpected outpouring of wealth, sat staring after the man until a turn in the street hid him from sight. Then grasping the dollar, he let himself down from the gatepost and ran into the house. When he reached Ralph's door he was panting with pleasure, but he knocked softly before entering. His mother had taught him to announce his advent thus, for Ralph was not always in the mood to receive visitors.

"Come in, Tom," cried the invalid, recognizing the child's faint knock.

Tommy turned the knob and entered. Heavy curtains were drawn before three of the windows of this large room, but the fourth, which opened on the garden, was partly raised; the twilight was coming on and the shadows of the old-fashioned furniture were lined in ghostly array against the white-washed walls.

On a high four-poster bed Ralph Somers lay, looking, with imprisoned delight, at the fading fires in the purple clouds, bounded by the black framework of the window. It was the anniversary of his "death," as he chose to call it, the death that had terminated his activity, his usefulness, his hopes and his ambitions. Eight years ago, on just such an evening in October, he had gone to the stables and ordered one of the grooms to saddle a hunter which he had bought the day before. He remembered how warm blood tingled in his veins as he rode through the narrow forest paths following an imaginary pack to cover, and then, when he felt that he had established a mutual understanding with the spirited horse, he had tried that fateful jump across the steep-banked brook, that led into the wide meadow-land beyond. He had been thrown and the horse had fallen on top of him. Since that time he had lived a helpless invalid waiting for the end—the end which, at first, in his strong young manhood had seemed so near, and which now, in his weakness, seemed so far away.

His wasted body, covered by a light blanket, showed a giant's frame, but his face was almost as white as the pillows against which it rested, and his hollow eyes were weary with long suffering.

"Have you got a pain today?" asked Tommy anxiously, stopping in the middle of the floor.

"Yes, I've got a pain," said the invalid, his eyes brightening as he caught sight of Tommy's begrimed face. "But you needn't be afraid, I'm not swearing today."

"Well, I thought I'd better ask," said Tommy, in a relieved tone. "When you're mad you ain't glad to see people. Are you?"

"No, I'm as cross as a bear."

"You don't mind talking today?"

"No, I believe I can resign myself to your society."

Tommy, having thus satisfied himself of his welcome, clambered with much difficulty to the foot of the bed, oblivious to the mud he left upon the counterpane, and leaning against one of the carved posts that supported the white curtains he prepared to narrate his latest adventure. But he did not

know exactly where to begin; he was curious to know more of this generous visitor. He had a high regard for his uncle's opinions, and he wanted to find out what impression the man had created in the house which would lead him to leave his largess at the front gate. The dramatic instinct was strong in Tommy, and he knew that the climax of a story must be preserved, intact, to the last possible moment, so he put the dollar resolutely into his tight narrow pocket and clutched at it every now and then to convince himself of its material substance. He was afraid that it might disappear in some mysterious supernatural way.

"Where's Frances?" he began (in imitation of Ralph, he always called his mother by her first name).

"I don't know," said Ralph. "I thought you always made her render an account of her whereabouts."

"No, I haven't seen her, guess she's painting pictures. I've been out in the garden. Who was that man that came in here?"

Ralph did not appear to be interested.

"What man? I didn't see him."

"Didn't you? I thought he might be a doctor, but I guess he was selling books."

"Did Frances see him?" asked Ralph, carelessly.

"I guess so, Billy says those fellows won't leave unless somebody sees them."

"Has he gone?"

"Yes, he went a little while ago, I was sitting on the gate. Maybe he took me for a beggar. I'm right muddy, don't you think I am?"

Ralph surveyed the small figure attentively.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said with a faint smile, "cleanliness would be a unique virtue."

"Do you s'pose I looked hungry—I'd just been eating cake?"

"Then perhaps he thought you were hungry for candy. Cake has been proved indigestible at times."

Tommy was silent for a moment, then he said meditatively: "If that man gives a dollar to every boy he meets he must have trunks full of money."

"He must be a fool," said Ralph decidedly.

"What's that," asked Tommy.

"A philanthropist is another name for it—I was once one myself."

"When?" asked the boy.

"Oh, years ago, before you had the misfortune to know me."

"Could you walk then?"

"Yes, I could walk. Fools usually manage to move around."

"Do you s'pose I'll be one?"

"Perhaps. Most people are at some period of their careers."

"I'd like to meet some more," sighed Tommy.

"Why, Tom, that's a singular desire which will certainly be gratified. Was the visitor agreeable? Did he stop at the gate to show you his books, in order to ingratiate himself with Frances who was probably watching him from the front porch?"

"She wasn't watching him. I didn't see her. He must have had his books in his pocket. He didn't show them to me. He gave me this," he tugged at his pocket and held up the dollar triumphantly. "Why do you s'pose he gave it to me?"

Ralph looked both annoyed and puzzled.

"I hope you didn't ask for it," he said frowning.

"I didn't say nothing," said Tommy, justly ignoring grammar in his excitement. "I was just sitting on the gate looking up at Heaven."

"How very transcendental," laughed Ralph.

"What's that?" asked Tommy, distracted for the moment from his story.

"What you were thinking—"

"I was thinking Heaven must be a nice place to live. I believe they have fires there every evening—I wish they wouldn't put them out so fast. Billy Bates took me to a fire once, but it wasn't much good. It was only a cow-shed and the cows didn't get burned up. I'd like to go to a big one—I'd like to see a place as big as the world burn up. Where do you s'pose they'd get enough engines to put it out? Do you s'pose they squirt hose in Heaven?"

"Spare me, Tommy," cried Ralph. "Save those questions for your mother. Her knowledge of such things is surprisingly profound. Tell me about the visitor."

"That's all," said Tommy, "unless you want to feel the dollar. The man came walking in and he didn't say nothing to me, but he looked at me hard, then he walked up the steps and when Maggie opened the door, he went in and staid a long time, and when he came out he looked awful mad, but he put this on my knee and he didn't say nothing."

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say nothing."

"Why Tommy, that was an extraordinary proceeding, you must have been suddenly stricken with dumbness."

"Well, I thought he might have a string to it. Billy Bates has a trick dollar—it's made of tin. Billy puts it on the pavement, then pulls it away when people try to pick it up. But this dollar ain't like that. Do you see any hole in it?" He edged along the bed and handed over the dollar respectfully for his uncle's inspection.

"It's genuine enough," said Ralph. "But I don't know what Frances is going to say. You'll turn into a mendicant monkey if you don't look out."

"I'll go find Frances." He jumped from the high bed. His heavy little boots came down with a thud upon the bare floor, and the noise made Ralph wince.

"For God's sake, Tommy, don't make such a racket," he said impatiently.

"I'm always forgetting," said Tommy, penitently. "Frances says I'm always forgetting." He stole softly to the door. He knew, from his uncle's tone, that it was time for him to retreat, but he stopped for a moment to replace the dollar in his pocket, and while he paused the door was opened from without and Frances, holding a shaded lamp in her hand, came into the room. She always appeared at dusk to make Ralph comfortable before she and Tommy went to the dining room for tea. Ralph liked to spend the first part of the long night reading, and the green shaded lamp when placed on a table near the bed cast a light across the pillows and on the book or paper he held in his left hand.

"What makes the shade rattle so?" asked Ralph petulantly, as his sister neared the bed. "You will surely drop

the lamp, Frances. I believe my paralyzed hand is steadier than yours."

Frances put the lamp down on the table.

"I—I'm nervous tonight," she said apologetically.

"And Tommy has made me nervous too. Doesn't that boy wear heavier shoes than necessary?"

"They ain't so good," said Tommy, viewing his offending members critically. "I'm thinking I'll have to get a new pair."

"Well, I trust you'll get cork soles and rubber heels. Life might be tolerable then."

Frances sank down on the bed in the place that Tommy had just vacated, her face in the shadow. Tommy crept close to her.

"You ought not to let him come in when he annoys you, Ralph," she said, smoothing down Tommy's upright hair. "He asks too many questions."

"Well, he had had a new experience this evening, and, since he could not find you, he stopped to tell me about it. Some strange man gave him a dollar."

"You saw him," said Tommy brightening at the thought of relating his story again. "He came in. Was he selling books? Didn't you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him," there was a hopeless touch to her tone. Ralph's quick ear detected that there was something wrong.

"Who was it?" he asked, suspiciously, half raising his head from his pillow.

She hesitated. Her lips twitched nervously.

"Paul," she said at last.

Ralph's dark eyes glowed like live coals.

"Paul here, in this house?" he cried. "What led him here? Oh! he would not have dared to come if I had not been so helpless."

Tommy viewed his uncle with delighted astonishment, he had never seen him so excited before. He wondered why his mother sat so silent; her hands were cold and he thought she might be crying, for the shoulder against which he leaned heaved as if she were sobbing, but she made no sound.

"Frances," he said turning and holding her face between his grimy palms, "you ain't crying?—Who is Paul?"

"Tommy, keep still for once," commanded Ralph crossly. "Paul is your father. God knows what he wanted here this evening; he has left us religiously alone for the last three years. He cares as little about your mother as he does about you, and he regards you with about as much feeling as he does a fence rail."

"Don't—don't talk to him that way," interrupted Frances, flinging her arms passionately about the boy. "Don't talk to him that way."

"I—I like him to talk," said Tommy gravely. "I like to hear things. He gave me a dollar. Why don't he ever come home?"

"Because he doesn't want to," said Ralph shortly; "he might as well know the truth, Frances. I trust he will never see his father's face again. What urged Paul to come here this evening? He knows we have no money now."

"Maybe that's the reason he gave me some," said Tommy, hoping to cast light on what seemed to him a very dark subject. "I'll tell Billy Bates, he says fathers ain't much good. His whips him—"

"What did he want?" asked Ralph, paying no attention to Tommy, who kept up a running monologue about Billy Bates, and the alluring window of green and yellow lollipops at the corner store, and the number of chocolate mice procurable with a dollar. "What did he want, Frances?"

"He wanted a—divorce."

"And you consented?"

"I refused."

"You're a fool, Frances," blurted out her brother, "most women are, but I think you go ahead of most of them."

Tommy picked up his ears; he had heard his uncle use that expression once before that day and definitions were never lost on Tommy. He knew, from Ralph's tone, that his good humor had vanished, but Tommy's curiosity was greater than his fear.

"Is—is she a philop too?" he inquired. But his question went unheeded in spite of the fact that he repeated it several times. His mother's head was bent upon her breast, and he, looking up, could see that there were tears in her eyes. Ralph's long slim hands fingered the bed-clothes nervously.

"I couldn't, you know," she said.

"Couldn't," repeated her brother, passionately. "Couldn't, when he has forgotten you, forsaken you, scorned you, when he has left you to work and support yourself—your child, while he, who beggared you, enjoys his life—"

"And you would have me give him his liberty?" she interrupted him.

"It is of you I am thinking."

"And why should I desire my liberty? God knows I am left enough alone."

"But the law can make you free—"

"But the Church will not," she said firmly.

"Why not?" he asked impatiently. "I cannot understand. Why did you refuse?"

"To prevent a greater evil. He means to marry again. And would you have me help him to that?" She fell upon her knees beside the bed and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed aloud. "Oh, Ralph! can you not understand how the strength of the Church appeals to women like me? The strength that lifted women to their place when they were but the playthings of the world—the strength that gives glory to wifehood, to motherhood—the strength that stands—that stands alone—against this modern movement to wrest from her her honor and her holiness, to make her what she was in the past, a bond slave—a pleasing toy."

Tommy stood by his mother bewildered.

"What's the matter, Ralph? What's the matter with her?"

"Go down stairs," commanded Ralph, sternly. "Go down stairs. This is no place for you."

"And leave Frances?"

"Yes, go on, she will come soon."

"I ain't going," he said stoutly. "I ain't going—am I, Frances?" he flung his short arms around his mother's neck. "What are you crying about, Frances? Are you hurt?"

She looked down at his anxious little face and half smiled through her tears.

"Yes, I'm hurt, Tom—hurt, and I hardly know what I am doing."

"I'll rub some grease on it," said Tommy eagerly, remembering his mother's treatment of his many wounds. "Come on, Frances, let's get the grease and I'll tie it up." He pulled a soiled handkerchief from his

pocket,—it was twisted into a small ball,—and unwound it slowly. "Come on, Frances. Let's get the grease.'

Ralph viewed these surgical preparations with a grim smile.

"I wouldn't like to send you to a funeral, Tom," he remarked. "I'm afraid you might distract the mourners."

"You can help me best by loving me, Tom," said Frances wiping away her tears. "It's my heart that hurts. Hearts can not be cured so easily."

"Because it's on the inside?" asked Tommy, athirst always for information. "Because it's on the inside?"

"Yes," said Frances. "Things that hurt on the inside are the worst sort."

"Did the man do it—the one that gave me the dollar?"

"Yes," said Ralph, bitterly. "He has spent his life hurting people."

"Can he always do it?" asked Tommy with something like real admiration in his tone. "Don't he ever fight anybody bigger than himself? Maybe he's a prize fighter. I bet the giant we saw in the circus could beat him."

Ralph closed his eyes wearily, his excitement had exhausted him.

"Let us hope he will meet the giant soon," he said.

"The giant was as tall as that door," said Tommy, reviewing the memorable circus day with never tiring satisfaction. "He picked me up and lifted me as high as the ceiling—I hollered as loud as I could—I thought he was going to eat me."

Ralph laughed.

"Sometimes I think it's a pity he didn't," he said.

"Giants do eat boys, don't they, Frances?" Tommy said, cuddling closer to her side, the thought of that fearful adventure filling him with reminiscent awe. "There's a picture in 'Jack the Giant Killer' that says they do."

"Not circus giants," said Frances.

"I'm glad they don't," said Tommy in a relieved tone. "Let's go to tea, Frances. Let's go to tea."

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE RECTORY.

Charles Walford had accepted his "call" to new fields of labor with mingled feelings of relief and pleasurable anticipation. For the past four years, ever since he had left Andover, he had been the Bishop's assistant, and though the position had excited the envy of many a less fortunate young "theolog," Walford had not found the honor conferred upon him an unmixed happiness. The Bishop, a pompous old gentleman, was wholly lacking in sympathy. He was too conservative, unimaginative, and practical, and he lacked the enthusiasm of youth. In his diocese he was considered a great divine, for his sermons were both oratorical and oracular, and his political and religious opinions were so set that he met all arguments with an emphatic finality which brought such conversations to an abrupt conclusion. But Walford, with a stubbornness which angered his superior, continued to argue his side of the question long after the Bishop considered the matter settled and ended. It was months before he learned to remember that it was useless to exploit his own ideas. The Bishop looked upon himself as a moral rock, around which his church clung helplessly; any deviation from his fixity would bring down an ava-

lanche of doubt and disaster. Walford, since he was not permitted to venture beyond the shadow of this rock, finally tried to adjust himself to living within its narrow confines, but he grew restless; he longed for a wider scope for his activity; he believed that he could accomplish much good if he was allowed to work out his own individual plans, without hindrance. He had no desire to preach doctrines which the Bishop would have considered heretical, but neither did he care to follow the Bishop blindly, along the virtuous beaten path which might lead to the easy saving of his own soul without unnecessary regard for the struggling world around him.

He was not content to stand aloof and preach platitudes from a polished marble pulpit to pews full of handsomely dressed devotees; he wanted to go down into the broad highway, to feel and live and work with the workers; to put his hand, as it were, upon the feverish pulse of this poorer world and try to prevent the moral death of the overburdened thousands by showing them their own possibilities, by teaching them self-respect, leading them gently to a comprehension of higher things.

Now, when he stormed against present social conditions, the Bishop listened blandly and advised him not to become an anarchist. The Bishop comforted his own conscience by giving one-tenth of his large income to charity, but secretly, he possessed the true spirit of an aristocrat, and whenever the democracy of Christianity was broached, he tried to distract his young assistant's mind by making a cumbrous jest or two.

"And how would you like to leave me?" he said one day, trying to prevent a heated argument.

"Leave you," repeated Walford, fearing that he had gone too far, "are my social views unorthodox?"

"No, no, I suppose not," said the Bishop, smiling reassuringly." But I have an opening—The Rev. John Preston is dead."

"I will go gladly," said Walford, with an untactful amount of eagerness.

The Bishop was surprised and a trifle piqued by the young man's obvious desire to leave the shelter of his episcopal protection.

"But you don't know where it is. I suppose you think that any 'call' would be an improvement on your present position."

"Not at all," said Walford hastily, and in some confusion. "I thought I was to be sent."

"Well, that is what I have been thinking of. It's a pleasant town, socially, and you would find plenty of rough diamonds in the suburbs, among the miners. I believe coal was discovered there about five years ago. Come into the library and let us talk about it."

And so the matter had been settled without further delay. A younger and more pliable person came to take his place at the Bishop's right hand, and Walford, with his few personal possessions strapped in a small trunk, boarded the train for the quaint, old-fashioned town where his real life-work was to begin.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM HOPKINS.

"Write on my grave when I am dead,
Whatever road I trod,
That I admired and honored
The wondrous works of God.

That all the days and years I had,
The longest and the least,
Ever with grateful heart and glad
I sat me to a feast.

That not alone for body's meat,
Which takes the lowest place,
I gave Him thanks when I did eat,
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed,
That else must waste and die,
With sun and stars for daily bread
And dew and evening sky.

Lay me in the green grass and say,
Below this velvet sod
Lies one who praised through all his day
The wondrous works of God.

The beauty of the hills and seas,
Was in his drinking cup,
And when he went by fields and trees,
His eyes were lifted up."

On the 24th of September, Mr. William Hopkins died at his home in Newton Upper Falls. To readers of DONAHOE'S he was well known as editor of the "People in Print" department, and they will share in the universal regret that such a beautiful helpful life has drawn to a close. Abiding faith in God was the key-note of his character. Kindliness and a fine gracious courtesy, all too rare in those days, marked his intercourse with his fellow-men. Perhaps no higher tribute could be paid to his memory than the unanimous assertion of his co-workers in journalism that during fourteen years of intimate association—in times of stress and soul-trying effort as in the brief periods of relaxation from work—he was always the Christian gentleman, brave in defence of right, strong in principle, and true.

About two months before his death Mr. Hopkins was obliged to give up his duties. Serious heart trouble developed, and an attack of pneumonia hastened the end. Fortified by the Sacraments of the Church he passed away, surrounded by his dear ones. His death is an irreparable loss, and for the mother he loved so tenderly, now bereft of her only son, there is the deepest, kindliest sympathy.

William Hopkins was born in Boston thirty-eight years ago. His father died when he was a child, and he was taken to Zanesville, O., where he attended the Latin and High school. He later studied at St. Columba's academy. When he was still a boy he became a reporter on the Daily Times of Zanesville. Later he was editor and proprietor of the Zanesville News, and south-eastern Ohio correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer, Chicago Times, and New York World. About this time he was secretary of the Ohio Jefferson club. He was Ohio's representative at the national funeral ceremonies at the burial of the famous war correspondent, MacGahan.

In 1888, after this experience as a newspaper man, Mr. Hopkins returned to his birthplace and entered the employ of the Globe as a news editor upon the night staff. He was soon transferred to the day staff. For a short time he did special writing. Next he was made assistant to the day editor, a position he held nearly fourteen years.

Besides the important work of edit-

ing, he prepared daily for the evening edition of the Globe, a column, "Under the Rose," his pen-name, which presently became his familiar name among his friends, being "Bud Brier." This column of incident, anecdote, practical philosophy, and poetry gave him scope to diffuse his own genial and helpful nature, and was one of the most widely read and admired departments in any of the Boston dailies.

Devotedly loyal to his chosen calling he set for journalism a high standard of excellence, and the influence of his example was a potent force for good. Not long ago, in an address delivered before the Working Boys' Friend Society, he thus laid down the scope of the newspaper of the future, the ideal publication that such as he could make real:

"To chronicle the deeds of a nobler manhood: a world full of loftier purposes, the dogma of kindness preached in every home; the creed of charity practiced in every walk of life; mercy tempering justice, and truth triumphant over tyranny; a spirit of love and freedom animating every human heart; and an expectant God awaiting to reward us all."

In April, 1899, Mr. Hopkins was one of the delegates of the Boston press club to the International league of press clubs, at its session in Baltimore, and was given a prominent place on one of the most important committees, that of resolutions. He was tendered an audience by Cardinal Gibbons, who spoke in the highest terms of the press. March 11, 1900, he was elected a vice president of the Boston press club, having held the office of director previously.

Mr. Hopkins spoke frequently in public on religious topics or on journalism. In September, 1899, he represented the archdiocese of Boston at the Catholic Young Men's National Union, holding exercises of its silver jubilee in its birthplace, Catholic Institute hall, Newark, N. J. At that time the union embraced 200 societies with a membership of 150,000 young men, from Maine to Montana. He delivered an address to it, September 22, on "Charity, a Field for Young Men," which called forth the personal commendation of the president of the union, in open convention, the national body passing a unanimous vote of thanks.

His poetic talent was considerable. His nature sketches showed rare appreciation, his "roseleaves" were scintillant with philosophy or humor. His verses appeared in many columns beside those of "Under the Rose," and were highly praised. Had his leisure been ample, he would have made a name in literature.

"Bud Brier's Book of Fun and Philosophy," published a few years ago, is instinct with epigrammatic sayings, characteristic of the author.

His maxims for the guidance of fellow-workers in the field of philanthropy are thus formulated:

"I would add my iota of suggestion to the eager souls in our organization who are seeking conscientiously for some sort of usefulness in philanthropic work, and I have compiled for them my thoughts in the following few maxims:

"First of all, be a modern student of sociology.

"Allow no proselytizing—for God's faith comes in a better way.

"Encourage thrift and self-dependence among the poor, knowing that a man is best helped who is taught to help himself.

"Do not allow your individual charities to lie dormant simply because you are affiliated to some organized charity.

"And remember that neighborly hospitality can do more than any public effort to bring good cheer to a dejected household.

"Patronage in its ostentatious, obnoxious sense is always unendurable. Never patronize the poor.

"A personal, kindly word is more far-reaching and congenial than the atmosphere of the most systematic institution.

"Prevent as far as possible the pauperization of children."

The deep, true piety actuating Mr. Hopkins made him a devoted worker in the Holy Name Society, and on the morning of his funeral, September 26th, the members honored his memory by attending in a body, headed by the president, Daniel J. Murphy, as an escort from his home to St. Mary's Church.

Some time before the hour set for the celebration of Solemn High Mass of Requiem, the largest number assembled under St. Mary's roof in many years filled all available seating room. It was a truly representative gathering of men and women. Those who knew him more closely as a family member, those with whom his unceasing daily labors were performed, those drawn to him by his writings, those who recognized his prominence in Newton citizenship, and the village residents and parish folk that gathered inspiration from his life and fellowship, —all offered by their presence that which in no other way they could express.

The Rev. C. I. Riordan, of St. Mary's, was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem. The Rev. M. J. Flaherty, of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, deacon; the Rev. N. J. Merritt, of St. Patrick's, Roxbury, subdeacon, and the Rev. P. J. Supple, D.D., of Cambridge, master of ceremonies.

In the sanctuary were the Revs. Dr. Shanahan, professor of dogmatic theology at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Barry, of Boston; D. J. Wholey, of Newton Centre; Father Lee, of Newton Centre; T. F. Walsh, and Father Maher.

At the close of the Mass Father Riordan said:

"A beautiful Christian life passed away when William Hopkins died. His life was based on the theological virtues, faith, hope and charity. His faith was deep and fervent, because it was founded on the authority of God's works and upon His church. His hope was strong and unshaken, because he rested in God's promises, that shall never fail under true conditions. His charity had in it love for God and his neighbor, that is, he was a true Christian in the best sense of the word.

"We ask ourselves what is a Christian? He is not merely a good son, a good husband or father, because among those who never professed the faith in the past have been found cases of this character. The true Christian is not merely a man who speaks the truth, pays his debts, does not curse or swear, or injure anybody.

"Even before our Lord's time men were found who did all these things, and still they were not Christians. A true Christian is not merely a man who speaks well of religion, who admires it, who says it is a good thing, but who practices it.

"The true Christian is not alone a man who is baptised in the faith of Christ, but who believes in all the teachings of Christ, who keeps the commandments of Christ and His holy church, who avoids sin, or if he falls into sin repents and is again admitted to the friendship of God.

"Such a man was William Hopkins, whose memory we honor today. He did great work while in the world, because he was always doing something, and what he did he did exceedingly well. Whether in his office, on the street, in his home, or in the church, he was always a Christian, he was always consecrated to God, and tried to keep His holy law, to obey His commandments and practice the Christian virtues.

"When he was well, and able to do so, he was always found here in church on Saturday afternoon, and at the altar on Sunday morning. When his last days drew near he was fully prepared for the sacraments, and when the time came for him to go forth from this life his work of

preparation became all the more exact and perfect."

The reverend speaker then told how Mr. Hopkins had, in the last days of his illness, received Holy Communion frequently, especially during the few days preceding his death, and of the calm, sweet, gentle resignation with which he recognized the approach of the final summons from this life.

"In the early morning," said the reverend speaker, "he received his Lord, and early in the evening our Lord came to him and took our friend to Himself.

"He lived a Christian life; he died a good Christian death. He sighed for the country beyond the grave where Christ and His angels reside; he longed for the city of Zion, the city of saints, where God is known and seen in His Beatific Vision.

"He was fortified by the practices of a Christian life, and his spirit went forth with confidence, with meekness and tranquillity to meet his God. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Yes, blessed here and blessed hereafter are they who die in the Lord, with all the consolation which the Church can give. William Hopkins died in the Lord, and I may say, in the words of the prophet, 'May I live as he lived, and may I die a death like his.' "

PRESS TRIBUTES.

The sympathy of friends found expression in many ways, among them the following press testimonials to the regard in which he was held. They were selected from papers published in the city where he worked for the accomplishment of his high ideals:

The man whose duty and pleasure it was for years to prepare this column has departed. The pen which delighted thousands has fallen from nerveless fingers. The gracious heart which beat in sympathy with all mankind is still.

He was always a courteous gentleman, a kindly hearted companion, filled with compassion for the weak, the erring, the poor.

Mr. Hopkins loved his work for its own sake. He took keen delight in fashioning a sentence. He felt to the full Kipling's verse, which he frequently quoted:

And no man shall work for money,
And no man shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working.

He had a sturdy religious feeling, which was one of the mainsprings of his life.

For the last two years he has had upon his desk almost daily, as he wrote, a card containing "The Footpath to Peace." Since it gave him pleasure, it is reprinted, that his friends may reread it.

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work, and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in this world but falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing but cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace. —*"Under the Rose," in Boston Globe.*

Mr. Hopkins regularly contributed for five or six years past to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE its interesting illustrated department, "People in Print," and he was a frequent speaker at local and national Catholic gatherings.

But Mr. Hopkins' character-success was even greater than his success in his chosen profession. Few made friends so quickly and kept them so steadfastly. Hopefulness was his distinguishing characteristic, and the cynicism which journalistic experiences almost inevitably foster found no lodgment in his gentle, manly heart.

Beautiful was his love for his mother, whose only son he was, and deep the sympathy of all his friends for this broken-hearted one.—*Boston Pilot.*

The death of Mr. William Hopkins, the "Bud Brier" of the Globe, deprives the world of a genial and interesting soul, who did no man wrong and gave pleasure to many. His was a gentle and poetic nature, in which honest sentiment ever predominated. I am sorry for his departure, as all must be who ever came within the radius of his gentle temperament.—*"Dr. Pangloss," in the Boston Traveler.*

William Hopkins, who wrote as "Bud Brier" in the Globe office for so many

years, will be much missed along the Row. No gentler or more kindly young man ever did duty in the group of Boston newspaper workers. The work had a fascination for him that it has for so many, and he threw himself into it so intensely that the nervous strain brought about his death.—*"The Looker On," in the Boston Evening Record.*

"We wish that the daily journalism of this and every other American city were pervaded with the spirit which animated the life and conduct of Mr. William Hopkins, assistant day editor of one of the Boston dailies, who died last week. Then indeed would the press be that force for righteousness which at present it is far from being. Then indeed would its utterances be characterized by truth, purity, modesty and charity; for with all these virtues, as well as with the virtue of faith, was the life of Mr. Hopkins inspired and adorned. His lamented death at the early age of thirty-seven removes from daily journalism an influence for good which it can ill spare. Mr. Hopkins was a model Catholic, and his life was an example for all young men who are struggling amid the temptations of modern life to preserve the integrity of their faith and the innocence of their souls. That he was a weekly communicant at the altar of his parish church is proof that he knew and followed the true method of keeping his soul pure and strong in the battle of life. People of all classes and creeds were drawn to him by a simplicity and beauty of character which were undoubtedly the result of his profound Catholic belief and unostentatious piety. May his soul rest in peace!"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Six years ago, Mr. Hopkins originated "People in Print," in DONAHOE'S, and soon made it one of the most attractive features of the magazine. Many are the kindly memories of him retained by those with whom he was associated, and his genial, helpful presence will be greatly missed. In this month of the holy souls we take from our list the name of our departed co-worker and friend, who has passed from earthly ken to the fulness of his reward.

"Grant him, O Lord, perpetual light,
Eternal rest with Thee!"

TO WILLIAM HOPKINS.

1865-1902.

BY ERNEST NEWTON BAGG.

"Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit forever,—
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems. . . ." —*The Song Celestial.*

Come! One more turning up the darkened stair,—
The landing, then,—beyond, the open door!
We need not even look,—he still is there,—
Bent o'er his work, with patient, loving care
By his accustomed window as before.
His desk! And in the little vase, a rose!
Type of the fullness of his love for all!
But enter,—'twill his kindliness disclose,
We know the graciousness that waits our call.

Said one, " 'Twas but this evening that he died!"
Not so! His like are they who cannot die;
Though they depart,—are absent,—travel wide,—

THE LATE WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Their friendships are but further glorified,—
For these there is no sad, no "last 'good bye.' "
Vain are our ceremonials if they teach
That all is past which was to us so dear,—
That this rare goodness goes beyond our reach;—
For he yet speaks to us who linger here!

Onward, and upward still! The stairs still wind:
We best, by climbing, may our time employ.
We still may cherish what is left behind,—
But, with each upward turning, we will find,
Because we knew him well, new cause for joy!

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

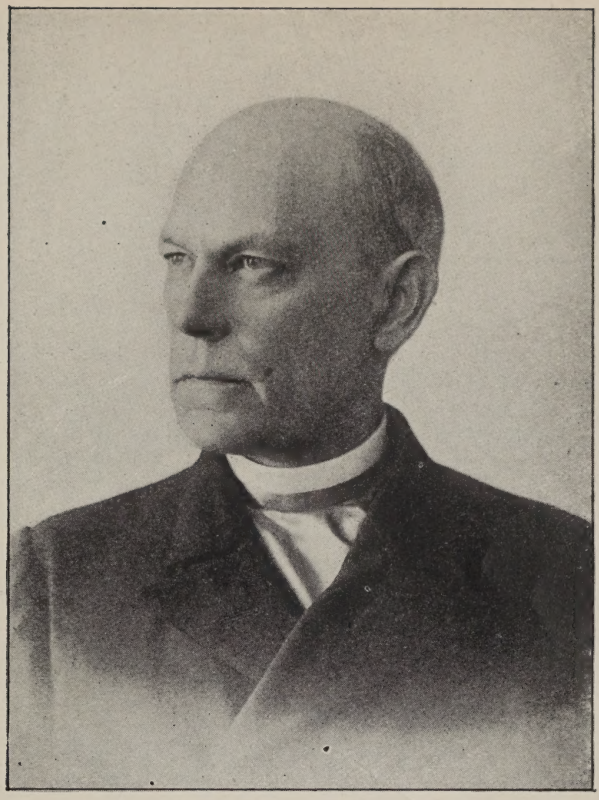
September 25, 1902.

BY D. A. MCCARTHY.

Under the rose he lay last night,
Under the lily and rose,
Red was the rose and the lily was white,
Gleamed over all the tapers' light,
But he who loved the scent and the sight
Of every flower that grows
Lay still and cold in the silent night
Wrapped in serene repose,
Still and cold he lay in the night—
Under the rose!

Like to the lily his soul was pure,
But his heart—his heart was a rose!
Little he cared for the worldly lure,
His hope was set in a Hope secure,
In faith and hope was his footstep sure,
In the sight of the God Who knows;
With us, will his name and fame endure,
While the heart of a lover glows,
As lover and friend will his name endure,
For his heart was a rose!

Under the rose, O let him lie,
Under the lily and rose!—
A grave out under the open sky,
In the boyhood home where he longed to lie,
Where winds of the west will softly sigh,
And flowers of the west unclose;
Far from the clamor and far from the cry
Of the world, its ways, and its woes,
Peace to his soul and let him lie
Under the rose!



RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

In the selection of Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D. of Peoria, as one of the Arbitration Commission, President Roosevelt has done a wise thing. Bishop Spalding is one of the best known American prelates and one of the ablest men in the Church. He has the love and respect of his diocese and has thousands of admirers all over the country. At the time he assumed control of the diocese of Peoria there were 51 churches scattered over the entire territory, three of them in the little town of Peoria itself. There were no religious institutions. In 1900 the diocese had grown to 112,000 Catholics, 200 churches, 9 of which are in Peoria proper, 66 schools and academies, 7 hospitals, 3 orphan asylums, a home for aged people, 3 colleges and about 150 priests.

The diocese is considered to be one of the best organized in America, and the intense and devoted loyalty and affection which all of the subordinates bear toward the head indicate better than anything else, that while church discipline is strictly maintained, the

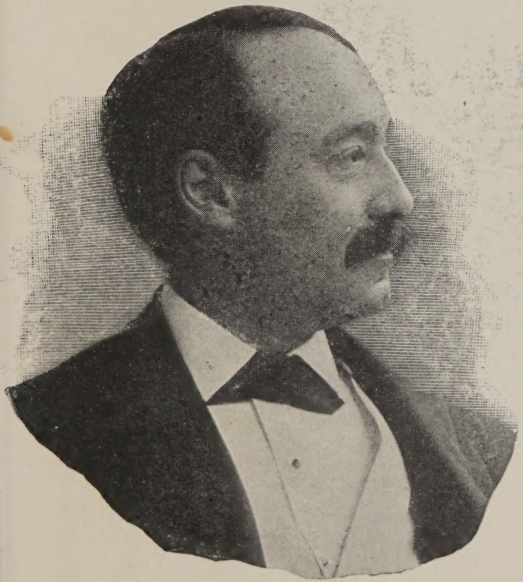
RT. REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, D.D.

law is administered with such an even and kindly hand that no one questions the justice of his acts, and all admire the honesty and modesty of the episcopal incumbent. In the town of Peoria itself ample evidence can be secured of the benignity and humanity of Bishop Spalding. He is a great believer in the better phases of human nature. While strictly a churchman of zeal and temperance himself, he measures others with a kindly scale.

Despite the arduous task of administering the affairs of such an extensive diocese, Bishop Spalding has accomplished a vast amount of literary work. Some of his published books are "The Life of Archbishop Spalding," "Essays

and Reviews," "Lectures and Discourses," "The Religious Mission of the Irish People," "Education and Higher Life" and several other volumes of verse. His publishers announce a new book, the title of which "Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments" is exciting much comment as to the character of the contents. What position will Bishop Spalding take? A clue is afforded by his address at the Indiana State Teachers' Meeting, when he thus spoke on Socialism and the Schools. "Socialism may come," he said, "but let it not come through the schools. The parents are already shifting too many of their burdens. They should not be allowed to do it. For myself, I should not care to live in a country where the government did everything for me; where I would forget my individuality."

The Right Rev. George Montgomery, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, Cal., who has been appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, is very popular on the Pacific Coast. His appointment has been received with great satisfaction in San Francisco. The qualifications of the candidates for the post of Coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco were outlined by Cardinal Satolli, whose eulogy of Bishop Montgomery resulted in this prelate being named almost without discussion.



HON. CHARLES BONAPARTE.

REV. WILLIAM ST. ELMO SMITH.

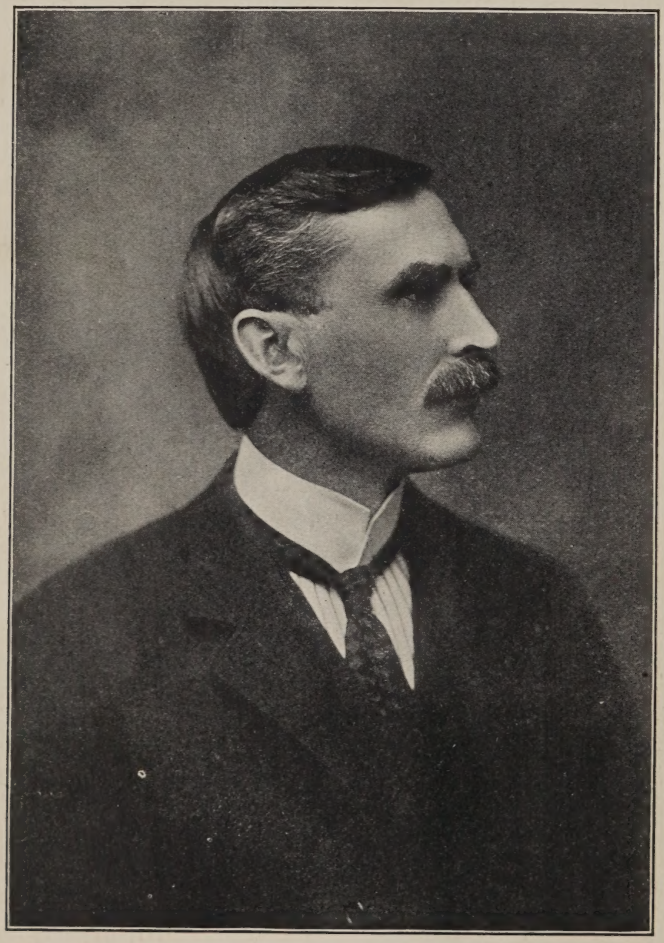
Bishop Montgomery is one of the ablest members of the American hierarchy. He has earned distinction as a preacher. He was ordained in 1879, and in the San Francisco archdiocese he served as secretary to Archbishop Riordan. Later he was chancellor. In 1894, he was appointed

coadjutor to the Right Rev. Bishop Mora of Los Angeles, becoming Bishop on the retirement of the aged prelate in 1896.

Like Bishop Spalding, in the middle west, Bishop Montgomery has been one of the greatest advocates and ex-

that even secular educators have recognized his worth as a leader in the science of pedagogy.

In addition to the recent appointment of Archbishop Ryan to the Indian Commission, President Roose-



HON. JOHN F. O'BRIEN.

pounders of the theory of Catholic education in the country. In season and out of it, if it can ever be out of season, Bishop Montgomery has been an intelligent and earnest defender of Catholic education, so much so indeed

velt has selected two other members, namely, Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and President Andrew S. Draper, of the Illinois University. These take the places made vacant by the deaths of Henry William M.

Beardsbear, president of Iowa University, and William H. Lyons of New York.

Courtesy of Music Trade Review.

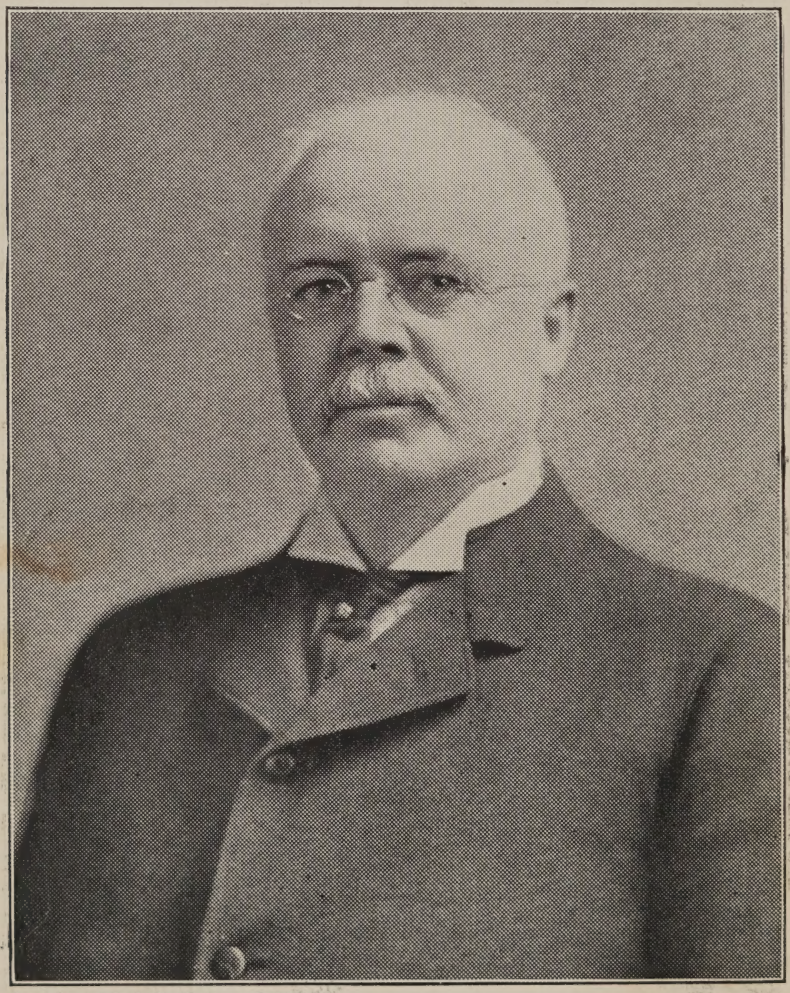
MISS MAUD MACCARTHY.

Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the great Napoleon, who came to this country in 1803 and married the beautiful Betsy Patterson of Baltimore, daughter of one of the wealthiest families in the United States. The present representative of the remarkable family of Bonapartes

is a member of the most exclusive society circles of Baltimore. He is a lawyer, but practices his profession merely as an occupation and recreation, for he is a very wealthy man. In politics he is, as already stated, an ardent Republican; in religion he is a devout Catholic.

He is a close friend of President Roosevelt, and his appointment to the Indian Commission is very gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of the Indian wards of the nation.

The Rev. William St. Elmo Smith, S. P. M., the chaplain of the New York Fire Department, was present at the annual convention of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, which was held in New York, and besides opening the convention with prayer, was one of



Courtesy of Catholic Union and Times.

HON. JOHN CUNNEEN.

the chief speakers. Father Smith made an address on the duties of the chaplains. He recited the inception of the office, which was soon after the Hotel Windsor fire, and gave instances of the work which the chaplains were called upon to perform. A strong appeal to the fire chiefs not to neglect the needs of their spiritual nature, which, he said, were all the greater because of the strenuous, dangerous work they were called upon to perform, brought the assembled firemen to their feet with round after round of applause.

Father Smith has made himself extremely popular among the men of the department by the intrepid manner in which he performs the arduous duties which devolve upon him. A special telephone connection has been made between Father Smith's room and fire headquarters, and scarcely a night passes without a call on the chaplain's services. It is no unusual thing for him to be called upon to administer the last sacraments of the Church to an injured fireman in the midst of the most dangerous surroundings.

The action of the Republican Convention in nominating Mr. John F. O'Brien for Secretary of State affords sincere satisfaction in New York City business and political circles, the selection being regarded as an excellent one, directly in the interests of the people and of the party. Mr. O'Brien was born in Fort Edward County and in his early years was a school teacher. In 1888 he became the head of a wholesale commission flour business. He is a director in the Vilas National Bank of Plattsburg and is prominently identified with the business interests of that city. He is also a life member of the Catholic Summer School of America; a member of Plattsburg Council, Knights of Columbus, and of the Fort Orange Club of Albany, N. Y.

Mr. O'Brien has always taken a keen interest in public affairs and within the lines of the Republican party has done all in his power to advance the cause of good government. As a member of the Assembly he has rendered able and efficient service, his vote and influence having invariably been exercised in behalf of honest and intelligent legislation. Of his qualifications for the position for which he has been named there can be no question. In fact a better or more acceptable selection could hardly have been made, the more especially as Mr. O'Brien is a prominent member of just the class of men it is to the interests of the people to have in positions of this kind.

European musical critics speak in the highest praise of the triumphs throughout Germany and other European countries of the young Irish violinist, Maud MacCarthy, who comes to this country for her first tournée in November. English critics rank her without hesitation among the most artistic violinists of the day. Her playing is characterized by a combination of restraint and enthusiasm,—the mark of all great violinists.

In addition to her artistic ability, Miss MacCarthy is endowed with beauty. An artist has recently finished a magnificent painting of the young violinist, who will make her first appearance in the United States in November.

Mr. John Cunneen of Buffalo, N. Y., was nominated by the Democratic convention at Saratoga for the import-

ant office of Attorney General of the State.

Upon his return the nominee for Attorney-General was given a hearty reception by a large and enthusiastic gathering of his friends in all parties. Accompanied by F. H. Mott of Jamestown, the party candidate for Secretary of State, and other delegates, Mr. Cunneen was met at the depot, and the procession, headed by a band, marched through some of the principal streets to the hotel.

Judge Titus, who had been made chairman of the meeting, introduced Mr. Cunneen to the assembled Democrats, who warmly applauded his practical views on increasing Buffalo's commercial importance.

The favor with which Mr. Cunneen's nomination has been received in his home city, not only by his associates at the Erie County bar, but by the community at large, irrespective of party, speaks eloquently of his high standing among those who best know him.

Mr. Cunneen's ability to meet every demand made upon him by so exalted an office as that of State Attorney General has been repeatedly demonstrated. His fame as a lawyer has gone far beyond the western part of the state. He is counsel for Bishop Quigley and the Diocese of Buffalo. Even the members of opposite parties are obliged to acknowledge that the nomination is a particularly strong one and that the commonwealth will be well served in the event of his election.

"WHEN WOODS WERE GREEN."

BY ROSE C. CONLEY.

Ah, sweet it was, and blue and fair,
  Far in the forest's dimness there,
A woodland violet, blue, so blue
  That 'neath a great oak's branches grew,
And soft a perfume, faint and rare,
  Stole up amid the foliage, where
The oak saw through the shadows dim
  Blue tender eyes look up at him,
And bending low, he whispered: "Sweet
  Thou art; my heart is at thy feet;
Oh, I will always shelter you!"
  "And I'll be ever sweet and true."
The Violet answered tenderly
  To her strong lover, the Oak tree.
From wind and rain he sheltered her,
  When fierce storms swept the forest o'er,
And sweeter blew her breath to him,
  The wilder grew the tempest's din,
And all the woods held holiday,
  When they were wed, one morn in May;
For rare in Nature, as in song,
  The union of the sweet and strong.

THE MARTYR OF CLONMEL.

Continued from page 452.

the green fields, or climb the hills, or feel the soft, Irish, "rain-washed" breezes blowing on her brow. The kindly smiles and affectionate "God save ye," that came so readily from our humble Irish country people she would no more see or hear from those who had known and loved her from her infancy; the church where many a Sunday and feast she knelt repeating her prayers as a little child, she would never enter again, nor the streets of the old Irish town that was her birthplace. Yet she never faltered, but departed to follow the call to a more perfect life—a life of obedience, of toil, of self-abnegation, of prayer, and union with God, in the modest and coarse greyish-blue habit and white cornette of a Sister of Charity."

Across two seas went the young Irish girl to the convent at Amiens, where she passed some time as a postulant, and from which she was sent to the Rue de Bac, where she received the habit of the Congregation and made her vows. As soon as her vows were made, Alice, now Sister Louise, went to Bologna and from there to Drogheda, where she spent five years among the destitute of the town, her gentle heart grieving for their distress as she went on her errands of charity through narrow lanes and winding stairways. In the mission of Hereford the Irish Sister unconsciously prepared for the great change impending in her life, a change that brought to pass the prophecy she had spoken when a school-girl of sixteen years; "Later on you will see that I shall go to China, and there die a martyr," she had said to a very dear friend.

When Alice entered the Congregation she frequently expressed her willingness to go on any distant mission, and her generous spirit was gratified when she was selected to go with a band of foreign sisters to take charge of a hospital at Shanghai. On their arrival at Shanghai the sisters met with great discouragements; no preparation had been made for their reception and the hospital committee, having changed their minds, no longer wished for their services. Being Protestants they could not understand the wants of the nuns, who were compelled to reside in a wretched lodging with hardly anything in the way of furniture or food. Sister Alice, the only one who could speak English, acted as interpreter between her French Superioress and the committee, and so well did she fulfil her task that in a short time the Englishmen became the sisters' sincere and influential friends. In the hospital where the sisters were soon hard at work, Sister Louise's charm of manner and heart-felt kindness had an immense influence over the sick, one of whom, a Scotch Presbyterian Freemason, wrote to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin after the massacre: "Amongst those saints was my kind-hearted nurse, Sister Louise, who was at my bedside day and night, cheering my drooping own country. Earnestly she sought to spirits, broken down with sickness and pain. Often she told me how delighted she was to have the privilege of conversing in her native tongue with a Scotchman. I will not dwell longer on the characteristics of this ministering angel, who is now with her Redeemer." In a letter written to her brother, Alice tells him that on St.

Patrick's Day, 1867, thirty Irish soldiers came to pay her a visit and to present her with five pounds for the poor, out of their meagre pay.

Having made the sacrifice to go on this arduous mission, Sister Louise endured great mental suffering when she found out that she could not sympathize with or understand the people for whom she had given up all that was dear to her. The dispositions and customs of the Chinese excited deep repugnance, but she prayed for strength and endurance and her prayer was heard. "I am now, thank God," she writes, "quite at peace, only that now and then I feel a little lonely, but happy in having nothing to trouble my conscience, and with great trust in God, Who has taken such care of me up to this time." And suppressing her yearning for her far-distant home, with its dear, kindly, Catholic people, she devoted herself to the care of the Chinese.

In the year 1867, Sister Alice O'Sullivan was stationed at Pekin having traveled thither with Mother Azais under most discomforting circumstances, the last stage of the journey being accomplished in a springless cart that bumped its way through clouds of dust, resembling ashes. Sister Alice was soon busily employed in the infant school and orphanage, which play a most important part in the work of the Holy Childhood carried out in our Chinese missions.

The society for the redemption of pagan children was established among European children during the pontificate of Pius IX, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, and its special work, entrusted to the Sisters of Charity in China, was the support and education of baby girls, who are so frequently killed or abandoned by their inhuman mothers, many of whom have the firm conviction that infants are born without souls, which only develop at a more advanced period of existence; consequently there can be no harm in getting rid of such superfluous mouths as those of little girls, who are numerous enough everywhere.

"We receive almost every day little babies," wrote Sister Alice, "and I hold them for the Sacrament of Baptism." This seems to have been her great consolation. Though striving ever to overcome her antipathy, she could not become accustomed to the Chinese, and finally wrote to Père Etienne, the Superior General of the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity, admitting her failure to acclimatize herself to her Eastern surroundings. In reply he instructed her to return to France with the Sister Visitatrice, then on the eve of departure. Great was the joy of the little sister! To see once more the civilization of Europe, to escape her constant struggle against her own feelings, to make this voyage with Sister Azais—all delighted her and they started together for Tientsin on their way home. The people of Tientsin were filled with hatred and scorn for "the devils from the West," and the missionaries of those days, between 1862 and 1870, had indeed great need of patience and trust in God. That His Providence had marked out for the Irish Sister a different future than that of which she foundly dreamed when granted permission to depart from China was soon made manifest.

Sister O'Sullivan with Mother Azais stopped at Tientsin, at the convent of the Sisters of Charity, known as the Jen-tse-t'ang. Here were orphanages

for boys and girls, a dispensary, and a hospital for Europeans. The sisters had been making a novena that their community should be increased by an English-speaking member and consequently on the arrival of the young Irish sister they begged her to stay with them and undertake an important post in the hospital where were many British and American subjects. Poor little Sister Alice! where now were her visions of home? Was she never to hear again the language of her childhood, or look into the kindly eyes of her dearly-loved friends and relatives? Must she give up all for the cold-hearted, deceitful and often cruel Chinese? Heart-wrung and almost crushed by anguish the poor little exile reached the bitterest hour of her existence. Love of home with the Irish race often amounts to a passion and Sister Louise was thoroughly Irish, passionately longing for even a short time among her own kindred in her convince herself that she could interest friends in the work of the mission, and would come back herself with renewed zeal. Unhappy and resentful because she had been asked to stay, she went with some of the sisters to see the Church of Our Lady of Victories, erected at Tientsin by M. Chevrier, the Lazarist missionary. There before the silent tabernacle she knelt, after her companions had left the church, her heart rent with conflicting feelings. Touchingly does the author of "The Martyr of Clonmel" depict the struggle and surrender of this brave, true Christian spirit:

"Surely God having accepted the sacrifice of her whole existence did not wish that she should remain in China. He must see how very lonely she was, not even one Irish sister or priest or friend in the whole of the strange Chinese town to whom she could turn for counsel, only these foreigners, kind and good though they were, who could not understand her utter loneliness, or what the giving up of the journey meant to her. It must have been a great struggle for the poor sister, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, and trying not to admit the thought that it might indeed be the Divine Will that she should make this supreme renunciation of her cherished wish. We are told by Father Faber that "holiness of the highest kind is distinguished by the quickness and fineness of its ear in detecting inspiration, and by its promptitude and docility in following it." Now, Sister O'Sullivan was an extremely holy soul, and when she recognized the voice of Jesus gently calling her to accept this cross and follow Him, all hesitation, all doubts, all opposition, instantly ceased, and the renunciation (a very real mental martyrdom to the little sister) was simply made: "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord." It has been thought that our Blessed Lady came to her in those moments of agonizing pain and encouraged her to hear and obey unreservedly the call to duty and self-sacrifice from the Holy Spirit, whom as Our Lord Himself has said, "breatheth where he will." Into those few minutes had been compressed the combat and the glorious victory over human nature. When the other sisters came to fetch the Irish nun they were electrified to hear her say, "I am not going home, oh, I will not go." "What in the world has happened, dear sister?" they exclaimed. She answered: "If I were to tell you, you would not believe me." She hastened to find Sister Azais, and told her that she placed herself at her disposal to remain in China as she thought it was God's will. Sister Azais said to her at the moment of departure, "Good-by till we meet again." Sister O'Sullivan answered: "We shall never meet again in this world. You will return, but we shall all be gone."

A miracle of grace had been worked in the soul of Sister Alice. "Thanks to God and Our Lady of Victories, who is as powerful at Tientsin as at Paris," she wrote to Père Etienne, "my heart which had suffered from illusions for so long a time has been entirely

changed, and today I fully understand why it would be more perfect for me to remain till death in this poor country. . . . I reckon on the Blessed Virgin to give me the grace of perseverance in this resolution, for it was she herself who said to me 'Remain for the rest of your life with these poor people.'" With renewed ardor she took up her work, always humbling herself in the knowledge that her companions served the Chinese with pleasure, while she did constant violence to herself to overcome her dislike. In the last letter written by Sister Marquet to the community we read: "We are very happy to have Sister O'Sullivan. Our Lady of Victories has not done her work by halves. I do not think our dear little sister has any thought now of leaving China. She is a devoted worker and does all that is in her power to supply the place of any of the sisters who may be ill or convalescent."

The mission of the Sisters of Charity at Tientsin was one of the most remarkable foundations of their Congregation. Its beginning was most humble, a small house, of which five chairs and two huge Chinese saucepans were about the only furniture. At first not a single child or a sick person was given to the sisters' care, but by degrees they opened an orphanage, a dispensary, and a hospital, and at the time when Sister Alice gave up her journey home they were 200 orphans in the Jen-tse-t'ang and 200 out at nurse; 2,007 dying children had been baptized, 48,000 sick cared for at the dispensary, fifty adults baptized before their death and 56,700 starving poor had been given relief. The sisters became a familiar sight in the town where they daily visited the poor and sick, who called them the "White Devils" on account of their cornettes, a name given to them even by those whose liking they had won.

But untoward circumstances wrought a change in the friendly feeling of the natives. A season of drought followed by a flood made sad havoc. Starvation stared the people in the face, and the babies brought to the sisters' creche arrived in such condition that they died in great numbers. Then followed an epidemic in the orphanage, and the hospital and dispensary wards were so crowded that the sick lay about on the floor. The time was ripe for the schemes of enemies, and early in 1870 a number of fanatics came to Tientsin and began a campaign against the missionaries. Among the infamous charges circulated was that the sisters tore out the eyes and hearts of Chinese children, for medicinal purposes. As the spring advanced even the respectable element at Tientsin changed towards the sisters. Angry looks met them wherever they went, accusations multiplied, and the rabble became more menacing in words and deeds, even perpetrating the outrage of digging up coffins in the cemetery to see if the sisters had torn out the eyes and hearts of the children who died in the Jen-tse-t'ang. The streets were strewn with placards calling on the people to make away with the sisters, who, however, remained at their post despite the repeated warning of the native Christians and a few Europeans. Calmly and steadily they pursued the routine of duty, so bravely subduing natural fear that neither the children nor native under-mistresses in the orphanage

knew of the storm gathering about them.

On the 19th and 20th of June, the Chinese part of Tientsin showed signs of activity inimical to the sisters, and the mandarins, secretly conniving in the disturbance, sent word that they would visit the orphanage on the 21st of June to assure themselves that all was in order.

The sisters rose at their usual hour, and passed the morning in their respective avocations, though at nine o'clock they could hear the ominous gongs in the town where their enemies were assembled under the command of the Tai-Ping chief. In the course of the day the mob massacred Fathers Ou and Chevrier, the French Consul, and several other French and Russian subjects, and set fire to the consulate, the mission station, and the church. So the hours wore on. When flames issuing from the roof warned the sisters of the burning of the mission station and church, Sister Marquet ordered every one into the chapel, in the crypt of which the babies were placed for greater safety. As the cries of the approaching mob were heard the doors were locked, the sacred vessels hidden, and kneeling on the altar-steps the sisters received their Viaticum from the hand of their superioress, who to preserve the Sacred Hosts from profanation consumed those remaining in the ciborium, with Sister Androeni. "Before their sick, their orphans, and their little children," says Lady Herbert in her description of the massacre, "they remained firm and strong, like their holy Mother on Calvary. Only that day they called together all those employed in the house to go into the chapel and to pray to our Lord to appease the tempest which raged against the missionaries and the sisters."

They had scarcely completed their sacred office when the house door was forcibly broken in by the infuriated mob, fresh from their atrocious work at the mission house and consulate. Sister Marquet quietly placed the pyx inside her habit over her chest, and intrepidly stood before the chapel to make a supreme effort to save the children, who, she thought, would be massacred with the sisters. There she could hear the mob wrecking everything in the dispensary in their mad search for the children's eyes and hearts, which, they asserted, were used as drugs by "the white devils," while others were engaged in maltreating the porter of the convent, so terribly that he died of his wounds some weeks later. They then rushed to the inner court, where the chapel was situated. On their appearance Sister Marquet turned to the leader, saying calmly, "What do you want with us? We only try to do all the good we can to your poor and sick. If you wish for our lives here we are, all ten of us; we are ready to die; but spare, at least, our poor children."

This dignified and touching appeal made no impression on these Chinese fiends, who instantly cut open her head with a sabre, killing her; and then they murdered Sister Andreoni who was standing near.

While this martyrdom was going on two of the other sisters went into the crypt with the orphans, and Sister Alice O'Sullivan and five of her companions left the chapel by the side doors, in the hope, no doubt, that by exposing their lives they might there-

by save those of the children. Sister O'Sullivan having come out by a door not far from the kitchen, the murderers seized a saucepan of boiling water and scalded her fearfully. In her agony she ran towards the chapel, and was killed there near her superioress. Her death, though painful and shocking enough, was, however, merciful in comparison to the tortures inflicted on three of the other sisters, one of whom had her eyes and heart torn out before her death, amid the jeers of her barbarous murderers, while two others were literally roasted over a fire. Nameless barbarities were inflicted on the mangled remains of these ten defenceless women, and before three o'clock these holy souls had all gone to claim the martyr's crown. It was stated by the pagans that as the massacre was going on the wife of a bonze, or heathen priest, was watching the terrible scene from her balcony, and as each sister expired she beheld a brilliant cloud soaring up into heaven. She was so impressed by this prodigy that she exclaimed that these people must have been dear friends of God, and she ran over to the sisters' courtyard. On being asked what brought her there she said they were killing holy people, and that she had come to adore the God of the murdered sisters. One of the rabble at once cut off her head, and in her baptism of blood the poor ignorant soul went to join the martyrs' glorious band.

On the 3rd of August, the few carbonized remains of the hapless sisters, collected from the charred ruins of the Jen-tse-t'ang, were solemnly interred in a grave on the site of the destroyed mission station, in the presence of an immense crowd, among whom were the native and foreign high officials and all the foreign residents in the Tientsin Concession. Mgr. Thierry, the Pro-Vicar of Chi-li, who conducted the funeral service, in his oration observed that "the death of the victims had been to them a gain; coming to China with a hope of martyrdom, they had attained the accomplishment of their sincere wish, and had given their lives for Jesus Christ."

For thirty-two years these heroines of the Church have rested in their quiet grave, but the lesson of their lives can never be forgotten while hearts respond to the high impulse of holy deeds. Two years ago a movement for Sister O'Sullivan's beatification was inaugurated at Rome, but was suspended because it was impossible in view of the Boxer uprising for the Apostolic Delegate to China to reach Rome. His testimony was required. Now the proceedings are about to be resumed.

The little Irish sister who hungered and yearned for the home she was never to see again has there an enduring place in the treasure-house of memory. In the years to come, before the door of the convent school where her pure young heart first gave itself to God, generations of children will learn from the beautiful monument the sublime story of the life and work of Alice O'Sullivan, the martyr of Clonmel.

DISCRETION.

BY J. S.

Although rules are made to be observed, one is often called—rules or no rules—to act on his own initiative and on the spur of the moment, and in such cases one's act must be judged by itself and on its own merits. For some emergencies no rules, whether of action or non-action, can be laid down, and one must move or stand still according to one's own genius.

A citizen's house is his castle; yet, shall I not, unannounced, burst into a residence which seems to be on fire, violating their comfort and even their privacy to rescue from their peril the unconscious inmates?

One shrinks from accosting a stranger, and still more from assaulting him; yet, shall I not grab a rope or a spar and plunge into the water to save a fellow creature from drowning, advising and helping him, and, if he would cling to me, perhaps stunning him for a moment,—all without having enjoyed any formal introduction to him?

If a runaway horse come dashing through the street towards me, shall I simply take myself out of harm's way? or, shall I firmly await him, adjust my position narrowly to his course, and dash my hat against his eyes or my coat over his head, at the same instant stepping nimbly aside?

Suppose a railroad guard's orders forbid him re-open his passenger-gate after having once closed it and rung his bell, and suppose an impulsive passenger, frantic for the moment, shake the gate and cling blindly to it from the outside, insisting on entering: shall the gateman remain obdurate, obey his orders, and, unmoved, see his fare crushed against the walls and mangled before his eyes? or, shall he violate his orders, yank open the gate and save the foolish man's life? The former alternative once happened on the New York elevated road.

Circumstances alter cases, as we all know, and if the outcome of an act of discretion be happy, all is forgiven and approved, however many regulations may have been violated. An incident once occurred which I think worthy of being recorded, in which two public officials acted on their discretion for my benefit.

In the year 18— I was in business in one of our big cities, importing heavily and dealing with railroad corporations. In a transaction with a certain R.R. president I was sadly ill-used by him, and, having been at pains to do my business well, I was moved to resentment and resolved not to stand such treatment. My anger grew strong and I wrote the magnate a scorching letter, setting forth his conduct in vivid colors. Against this useless course I was counselled by an insurance friend, of more equable temper than mine (to whom I had shown my effusion) because, while I could not harm my arbitrary antagonist, whom already everybody knew and most people detested, he could, if he should choose, make business life highly disagreeable for me. "In fact," urged my friend, "though he be wholly in the wrong and you wholly in the right, you cannot fight him without being worsted. He is already thought about as ill of as he well can be, and, smart

and unscrupulous, he will bespatter and smutch you from head to foot. Pray, therefore, drop the matter, endure your wrong, and in future have as little intercourse as possible with him."

My friend's advice was good; but, anger prevailing over prudence, I persisted in writing my bitter letter and in mailing it, late in the afternoon, and persisted too in being glad I had sent it—until about 10 o'clock, P. M., when revulsion of feeling set in and I realized and regretted my folly. I then felt sick enough. Naturally a modest and sensitive young man I had assailed a big fellow high in office, whose delight was in bullying and noisy fighting, and whose favorite element was muddy water! My regret grew stronger. I had been burning with rage, and now I was sweating with apprehension, and paced my room, hating my ill-judgment and wondering how I could undo my indiscreet act. Though the case seemed hopeless I resolved to make an effort. I had myself called from bed early in the morning and hurried to the post office, only to learn that the morning's mails had already been sent out. I hastened to the railroad-offices building and waited at the main entrance for the mail-carrier to arrive. He appeared at last, but from within the building, having entered it with his mail by a side door. So, his letters were all delivered and I was too late to stop mine! My heart sank; but, in desperation, I seized the carrier, dragged him aside, and burst out: "Are you an intelligent man? Can you grasp a situation? Will you listen to my appeal? See, among the letters you have just delivered there is one from me to old ——— that I am sorry to have written and now wish to recall before it shall make trouble. Of course, I don't ask you to give it to me, but I beg of you to withdraw it from the pile of letters you have just now laid on his desk, and carry it back to your chief, and I will see him and get him not to have the letter delivered as addressed, but returned to me, the writer. Here, this envelope is addressed precisely like the letter I want recalled, and you can not miss it. Come! you and I are Americans, and we both know that discretion must sometimes be used. I assure you, you will be doing a worthy act, and preventing deplorable and needless trouble."

The good fellow was nonplussed a while and considered deeply. We both were Yankees, and I watched his intelligent face as it lighted up and he responded: "I'll try it. Wait here for me." Soon he reappeared, and asked, "is this your letter?" "Yes, that's it, God bless you!" I cried. He continued, "I shall hand it to my chief, and tell him to expect you at about eleven o'clock."

When I called on the post-master he listened to my story, and I asked him to please open the letter himself to be sure it covered no enclosure and was simply a diatribe of reproaches. He returned me my letter and I tore it in bits and cast it into his waste-basket. Then I exclaimed, "what an intelligent carrier! What a real American! What can I do for him? May I offer him money?" "On no account," he replied; "but if you choose to give him some cigars I shall not object, and pray send them to his home that he may enjoy them himself and not be obliged to share them around."

I sent the good fellow two hundred

of the best Havanas I could procure, and, though I have now quite forgotten my man's name, I can never forget the intelligent favor he did me, nor cease to remember him gratefully. In this case two public servants used their own judgment in granting to a citizen an unprecedented favor. They must be held to have amiably violated rules of official routine business. Which does the reader think them deserving of, blame or praise?

BOOK REVIEWS.

Earth to Heaven. By Monsignor John S. Vaughan.

Monsignor Vaughan is a master of vigorous thought and of classic expression. He has the rare gift of telling the old, old truths in a way that is not only convincing, but also most interesting. His original illustrations, apt commentaries, direct applications, make all his works of great value to the priest. We are, consequently, delighted to see the present volume from his pen. Its title, "Earth to Heaven," gives some inkling of the contents, for the book deals with man's dignity, destiny, and responsibility, and with the conditions of existence in the future life. The titles are brief but suggestive: "Whence? Who? What? Whither? Fear God. Trust in God. Judgment. Victory. The Ascension. The Risen Body. Celestial Joys." They are, as is evident, the fundamental truths, but how powerful they become under Mgr. Vaughan's skilful treatment. Mission-givers can learn much from this book. Even pious people weary of the same truth when it is told either in well-known phrase or through stock examples. Change phraseology and illustration, and the old truth, robed in new garments, is greeted with warmth and gladness. It can now accomplish its saving mission. May Mgr. Vaughan give us many volumes of this rare excellence.

B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, $1.00.

The Day of an Invalid. From the French of Abbé Henri Perreyve. By Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S.

The time of sickness is apt to be unusually weary and lonely. In this bustling world of ours, the active members of society are too much engrossed in endless cares and vexations to have much time for the sick or for the convalescent. Hence time drags upon the afflicted and they long for the word of solace and the message of encouragement. A good book will, however, supply the place of a visitor and act the part of a friend. This is the kindly office which the Abbé Perreyve's work is destined to accomplish. It abounds in comforting thoughts, wise suggestions, and practical exhortations. It will bring the sunshine into many a gloomy sick-room, and lift the burden of pain from the aching heart or the tired brain.

Christian Press Association, New York.

Seen by the Spectator—Being a selection of Rambling Papers first printed in The Outlook, under the title The Spectator.

These papers make pleasant and instructive reading. They are neither heavy nor deep, but they are far from superficial, and many a wise point is urged under the guise of a humorous turn of speech or of an apt illustration. Bostonians will be thankful for the following graceful appreciation: "The Bostonian seems to feel a British-like sense of responsibility for the stranger within the gates. His business, apparently, is never so pressing that he cannot stop to give information or a direction—in what other American city is a direction so imperatively necessary?—or even to walk a block out of his way to be sure the stranger is started right. The same courtesy characterizes all public employees, from the trolley-car conductor to the hotel bell-boy, who, instead of thrusting the directory at the inquirer in a fashion only too exasperatingly familiar (unless there are signs of a forthcoming fee), asks pleasantly, 'Can't I look it up for you?' and adds exact information as to the color of the car that must be taken to go there. All this, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual state, tells of the human quality of Boston citizenship, and prepares one for a characteristic manifestation." Bostonians bow profoundly to the author of this appreciative statement.

Outlook Co., New York. $1.00.

A Complete Calendar of the English Saints and Martyrs. Compiled by William Canon Fleming.

A work of this nature serves many purposes. It recalls the past with its unnumbered deeds of laborious perseverance and of undaunted heroism, it sanctions the present by impelling all to emulate the glories of past generations, it ennobles the future by the prospect of venerating at the altar these illustrious servants of God. It is also valuable as a work of reference. How often we are asked about the feast-day of an old Saxon Saint, and we find it difficult to trace the same. Canon Fleming supplies us with authentic information about the name, date of feast, the place where the saint is commemorated and what year he died. Boston's patron, St. Botolph (spelled Butolph by Canon Fleming), is commemorated with his brother, St. Adulph, on the 17th of June. Some of the names are strikingly familiar to us all, as, for example, Ven. Adrian Fortescue, Ven. Thomas Atkinson, Ven. Alexander Blake, Ven. John Carey, Ven. Charles Mahony, Ven. Edward Coleman, Ven. Edward Waterson, Ven. John Gavin, Blessed Thomas Green, Blessed William Hart, Blessed John Houghton, Ven. John Adams, Blessed Richard Whiting. What a consolation to find predecessors so illustrious!

B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, 55 cents.

The Silver Legend—Saints for Children. By I. A. Taylor.

This is a collection of certain marvellous incidents which cluster around the memories of the Saints. Thus, among many other interesting stories, we have "Our Lady's Chorister," "Madame Sainte Genevieve," "A Legend of Candlemas," "St. Cadoc the Wise," "Mac Kyle, Sinner and Saint," "The Consecration of Westminster Abbey," "Lilies and Roses of Paradise," "The Legend of the Holy Grail," "Brother Wolf and Brother Thieves." These titles furnish the key to the contents and to the spirit which animated the writer. The incidents, whether historical or purely legendary, are told in simple and vivid language for the benefit of the "little folk." It is wise to do this, because children are in this entertaining fashion made acquainted not only with God's dear servants, but, what is still more important, with the practical lessons of a living faith, which finds its necessary outlet in works of Christian zeal and of Christian charity. In place of fairy stories, let Catholic mothers read these quaint and pathetic narratives to the tiny people of the nursery and to the children of the schools. In fact, we should like to see a copy of these glimpses into saint-lore in the hands of every Catholic child.

B. Herder, St. Louis. $1.00.

Whither Goest Thou? By B. F. De Costa.

This pamphlet from the learned Dr. De Costa contains certain historical facts relating to current events and to present tendencies, especially in the Anglican church and its American representative. Within the brief space of one hundred and forty-five pages the author condenses a vast amount of information upon several modern religious discussions. The contradictory claims and assertions made by so many non-Catholic denominations are fairly stated and thoroughly analyzed. It is no wonder that the bewildering variety of opinions and the utter absence of harmony among the various non-Catholic bodies force the writer to cry out, "Whither goest thou?" In earnest and telling words the author appeals to his former co-religionists to consider well the claims of the world-church, supported as they are by the only arguments worthy of acceptance on the part of logical Christians.

Christian Press Association, New York. Paper covers, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Sermons for all the Sundays of the Ecclesiastical Year and the Principal Festivals. By Rev. George Deshon, of the Paulist Fathers.

If you would be a successful teacher, says an eminent writer upon educational topics, "be stimulating. Stimulus arouses the brain and sets the mind a thinking." We might apply this advice to the pulpit, and say: "If you would be a successful *preacher, be stimulating*, i. e., let your message feed the mind, and let your words impel to action. Empty discourses and flowery platitudes either put the people to sleep or excite their pity. The worshippers in our churches long for solid food and for earnest speech. Now it is precisely sermons of this stamp which we find in the venerable Father Deshon's book. They are solid, simple and stimulating. Take, for example, his sermons on the Religion of the Pharisees. How well he sketches the various kinds of modern Pharisees: "They are those who make light of a mortal sin. They say, I obey God in most respects; it is only in a few things I disobey him. It

is not out of malice or hatred to him either, but simply to please myself and have my own way. I attend Mass regularly, and I pay my dues and give to charitable objects when solicited. What if I do indulge from time to time in dissipation or sensuality? * * * Honesty and justice do not stop (another) when he sees an opportunity to make something. Nobody will find me out, is his reasoning. * * * He says, why should I forego so good a chance to make money? it does not turn up every day. I am not a drunkard or adulterer, and moreover, I will give something of this gain in the way of charity. * * * (A third) will not take the trouble to fulfil any positive duty imposed upon him. * * * He will eat meat on a Friday without any reason except that he fancies it. He will neglect Mass on a Sunday out of laziness or caprice, and let the Easter season go by without performing his Easter confession and communion. * * * He will say, "I have my business to attend to, or to make my summer recreation, or I do not feel like it; by and by, when I have nothing else to do, I may take up the practice of my religion."

These samples show the solid nature of Fr. Deshon's practical sermons.

Catholic Book, New York. $1.00.

Greek Exercise Book I. By Dr. A. Kaegi. Translated by James A. Kleist, S.J. Part I. The Noun and the Regular Verb.

Professor Kleist has given another proof of his devotion to Greek scholarship by furnishing us with an English version of Kaegi's Greek Exercise Book. When we reflect that Kaegi is acknowledged by all German scholars to be the most prominent and most practical living teacher of Greek, we can see the value of the volume translated. Like his Grammar, Kaegi's Exercise Book is distinguished by clearness, precision and thoroughness. With the aid of these model helps the youthful student will soon acquire a mastery of the richest and most flexible language in the world. We hope that all Catholic and non-Catholic Colleges will adopt these volumes as text-books.

St. Louis: Herder.

Essentials of American History. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, A.M.

We are all acquainted with Mr. Lawler's earnest work in matters educational. For years he has been associated with one of the most progressive school-firms in the country, and his influence has always been exerted for the raising of the school standard and for the improvement of school methods. We welcome, consequently, this book from his busy pen, because we feel sure that his broad experience has taught him the needs of the modern American schoolboy with regard to the history of his country. We are not disappointed in our expectations. Within the brief space of fourteen chapters, Mr. Lawler has managed to compress the leading events of United States history, and that too, not in a dry, chronological list, but in a connected, interesting narrative. The text is illustrated by many excellent cuts and maps, while the paper and printing are of the high standard so faithfully followed by the firm of Ginn & Co. The book should have a very large sale.

Boston: Ginn & Co.

With summer outings still vividly in mind, there is keen enjoyment to be derived from the reading of "New England and Its Neighbors," by Clifton Johnson. Very familiar are many of the places he describes, and the types he portrays—Uncle Buxton, who is uncle to all the village; Mr. Macey and his family; his hired man, and the spectacle peddler, considered to be "a plaguey nice feller"; 'Gusty on her way to school; the town charge, whose great dread is that her pet cat will be shot for a woodchuck; the thriftless leisure class with "Forced to go never gits far" for their motto; the sages of the post-office; and the hundred and one other unique characters that you feel you have met before in real life. The farm settings and home furnishings are recognized with equal readiness, even to the "unsympathetic" corn husk mattress at Valley Forge, the parlor organ, and the stout leather boots and home-made boot-jack that adorn the Bascom hearth.

In ranging from Valley Forge to Cape Cod, Mr. Johnson makes good use of his eyes and, in this book, records what he sees with a faithfulness to detail and a quick appreciation worthy of James Whitcomb Riley. Occasionally the author changes his itinerary and draws his reader with him into such historic places as the Old Potts House at Valley Forge that sheltered Washington, or to such points of literary interest as the homes of Fenimore Cooper and John Howard Payne. He has a happy way of "falling in" with village folk and inducing them to talk about their distinguished townsmen and their affairs.

Thus the driver of the lumber wagon says to his chance acquaintance, "I don't think Cooper left his family in very good circumstances. You'd have an idea that Cooper's books would bring considerable to the family long after he was dead, but they say he sold a good many of 'em outright, and after his death there wasn't much in money ever come in from 'em."

The historic and literary background is purely incidental, the writer preferring to dwell upon the humbler features of the highways and byways through which he wends his way with pen and camera, with most happy results. "The Autumn Cattle Show" is so graphically described that one succumbs to the temptation to linger over the exhibits, particularly that corner of the upper hall reserved for the children's department.

"Here was a six-year-old's loaf of bread occupying a place of honor amid a whole table full of cookery and canned fruits and jellies and pickles, the handiwork of other housekeepers of tender years. The children showed, too, a collection of small hens' eggs, several plates of fruit, some very big cucumbers and some very little pumpkins, and there were exhibited many child efforts at patchwork, splashers, cushions, and a variety of pufferies and vanities in the needlework line, for which my vocabulary has no names. The shining light among the boy exhibitors was one who showed sixty different kinds of beans of his own raising."

The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.00.

An addition to the children's library that will find many appreciative readers is "A Child of the Flood," by Rev. Walter T. Leahy, author of "Clarence Belmont." It deals with some thrilling events during the Johnstown flood, and the little heroine of the tale passes through so many unusual adventures that her boy and girl friends in the real world will follow her story with interest to the last chapter, and will join with the author in wishing her health, prosperity and happiness on the threshold of her new life. The lesson of the story is to show how God answered a mother's prayer and drew good out of what people would call a great misfortune.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 60 cents.

It is to be regretted that A. C. Farquharson, author of "St. Nazarius," devoted so much time and thought to the delineation of a phase of life with which he is totally unfamiliar. He essays to write of the experience of a youth destined for the priesthood, and draws him into scenes of the most absurd character when considered in connection with the sacred calling for which he is intended. It is inexplicable to Catholics why those outside the Faith will persist in writing of priests and nuns without acquiring the knowledge necessary to a sane treatment of their subject. For instance, in writing of the childhood of Humphrey and Mirvan, this writer says: "Anselm (a monk), forbade the children to be present at the darker penitential services, believing that the offices of penitence and pain must be self-chosen if they are to benefit the soul, and that until experience has taught the necessity and divineness of suffering any direct teaching upon it or vivid representation must surely alienate and baffle the mind." Now the author may know what is meant by this, but it is beyond the understanding of one born and reared in the Catholic faith. And again, Humphrey finds it hard "to bring his own moods into accordance with the times and seasons of the Church's festivals. Especially had his reason revolted against the artificial irrational change from Holy Week's tragic intensity with its culminating agony and despair, to Easter Sunday's burst of rejoicing." Similar passages are of frequent occurrence, till Humphrey finally reaches Rome, where he is entrusted "with the direction and much of the teaching of philosophy in the priests' college; his scholarship and experience were often consulted on some doubtful point in training or education; and in the course of his novitiate he was appointed more than once to a foreign embassy of a delicate and critical kind." Here we shall leave him, though he figures in many after scenes, despite his assertion: "I am almost a priest, and about to be done with life. Let my last word to you before I pass into the place of prayer be this: Hold fast, and passionately cherish your love for the soul that is gone." The departed having been his successful rival in the lady's affection.

Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

"The Life of Robert Emmet," by D. J. O'Donoghue, is a new biography of one who fills a large place in the esteem of the Irish people. It is a brief and direct account of his life, keeping to the strictly ascertained facts, or to those borne out by sufficient evidence to justify their inclu-

sion. The author is of the opinion that the history of Emmet's efforts to accomplish a revolution has been weakened in value by rhapsodical accounts of his career, from which readers have gathered an erroneous impression of the real qualities of this leader. In the preparation of his biography Mr. O'Donoghue consulted many authorities, among them Madden, Lecky, the "Castlereagh Correspondence," the "Cornwallis Correspondence," and a good deal of the pamphlet literature of the time —everything indeed that was likely to throw any light on the subject. Dr. Emmet's work was carefully consulted. The result of all this careful research is the present little book which places on record all that is definitely known of Robert Emmet. It is an impartial account of one whose career and brave, lovable character have appealed so strongly to the Irish people in general. The care exercised in its preparation and the condensed form in which the information is imparted, make it a useful book of reference.

James Duffy & Company, Dublin, Ireland.

MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

FATHER HENRY VISITS ROME.

"It was my good fortune," says Rev. Michael J. Henry, "to be able to join the pilgrimage to Rome which left New York a few months ago. It was the desire of our late beloved Archbishop that representatives of the Archdiocese, both lay and clerical, should convey the felicitations of their fellow Catholics to Pope Leo XIII on the occasion of His Silver Jubilee as Sovereign Pontiff. When the Pilgrims arrived at the Eternal City they were received in special audience by the Holy Father. Each one was personally presented to the Vicar of Christ. On learning that I happened to be Director of the Mission for the protection of Irish Immigrant Girls, he at once evinced a keen interest in the work. He lovingly bestowed His Pontifical Blessing on the Home and its friends. I take this occasion to acquaint you that you have received the Pope's blessing.

It now remains for me to commend the Mission to your charity. It receives no aid from anybody except the charitable contributions of the people. During the past year, 10,650 Irish girls were met and assisted at the landing depot, 1,835 received "free of charge" the hospitality of the Home. Positions were secured for 406. Such a record is worthy of your generous interest."

The port of New York admits by far the largest number of immigrants. The total for the year was 493,262, or nearly half a million. To this aggregate Ireland contributed 19,391. Of this number, 10,650 were females, mostly young girls. New York is the great metropolis of the West, and thither flock the surplus population of Europe. It is a world in miniature. On its streets may be seen the Gaul and the Briton, the Celt and the Teuton, the Turk and the Dane, the hardy Norwegian of the frozen north, and the picturesque Italian of the sunny south, the Russian and the Pole, the Austrian and the Greek, the Syrian and African mingling with the Yankee in one conglomerate mass. Side by side walk the Christian and the Mahometan, the Jew and the Gentile, men of all religions and men of no religion at all. In such a diversified population you may naturally expect to see the purest forms of morality as well as the lowest evidences of immorality. In no other city of the world prevail conditions that obtain here. In no other city are there greater allurements for the weak or greater opportunities to be good. In no other city are there more meshes of wickedness for the chaste and unsophisticated, or more generous efforts of charitable endeavor. Into this seething mass of humanity is introduced the Irish girl fresh from the purity and simplicity of her native heath. It does not require much thought to reach the conclusion that there is no city where a Home for the protection of female immigrants is more needed. It is here that the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary is located and where, for now nineteen years, its fostering arms are extended to protect the girls from Ireland.

There are many who will hear of the Mission's existence for the first time. For them we will briefly summarize the extent of its charity.

First. It exercises a moral influence over steamship lines to protect the immigrant on board their vessels. Second. It watches over, guides and assists at the

landing depot those immigrant girls who intend to proceed by rail or steamboat to destination. Third. It examines the claims and fitness of the relatives or friends who call for the immigrant. Fourth. It provides a Home "free of charge" for those girls whose friends do not call on the day of arrival, or who have no friends at all, or who are unable to proceed on their journey. 5th. It tries to locate relatives of those who bring indefinite addresses. 6th. It secures positions in good families for those ready to go to work.

From this it will be seen that the work allows plenty of room for the exercise of charity. The Fathers of the Mission, together with agent Patrick McCool, are at Ellis Island on the arrival of the Irish girls. Every attention is given to their guidance and comfort. The process of landing in a day thousands of immigrants with their baggage is a necessarily tedious, uncomfortable and distressing one. It is wonderful how a cheery welcome or a kind word from a priest will lighten the weight of care and anxiety from young Irish hearts. Charity must not shrink when a little assistance may possibly be needed to smooth the troubles of a long journey inland. And there is a silent charity too which only those immediately acquainted can and will ever know. Often and often the unseen hand has placed a barrier between guilt and innocence, or unearthed the snares laid for the feet of the unwary.

All Irish girls left over at the landing depot are in the evening brought to a pleasant Home provided for them at No. 7 State street, where they are welcome to remain without any payment for board or lodging. Of these there were 1,835 during the year. Some remain for a night and some for a week. This number includes those who come to New York via Boston and Philadelphia. Here due credit must be given to the efficient services of Miss Ellen McGurty, Immigrant Agent of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at Boston, and of Mrs. Alice S. Kaney, Government Matron at Philadelphia. These ladies meet the steamers at the wharf and do noble work in directing and assisting immigrants to their destination.

Connected with the Home is a Free Employment Bureau. All applicants for female help must undergo courteous scrutiny of the Mission Fathers. Letters of introduction from well known and responsible people are required. In this way the young girl is assured of the morality of the home she enters. Positions in good families were secured for about 400 girls during the year. The unprecedented demand upon us for servants is a silent but eloquent tribute given by the public to the purity, the honesty and the fidelity of the Irish girl.

October, being the month of the Rosary, is selected as an appropriate time to send out cards of membership in the Rosary Society. This Society, propagated by collectors all over the country, is the chief source of the Mission's revenue. Each collector is given a number of certificates to be distributed to members on the annual payment of twenty-five cents. Both the collectors and members share in the benefit of the Masses that are offered at the altar of the Mission's chapel every week during the year. The Fathers confidently appeal to the charitable public, and especially to Irish Immigrants and their descendants in America.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

In one of the leading magazines a distinguished physician advises that wool should be worn next to the skin the year around in our climate; light in summer, heavy in winter. The changes necessary for comfort should be made in the outer clothing. In this way a more equable temperature is kept up on the surface of the body, which is thus protected from sudden changes of weather.

This is good advice; and if care is taken to see that the woolens are absolutely pure and porous, as in the well known goods of Jaeger manufacture, one can be sure of comfort as well as health from acting upon it.

"Blessed was she on whose retirement broke
That Angel-form, the star-portending morn;
And blessed she upon whose bosom woke
And slept the Eternal Child, the Virgin-born,
Who, like a robe, the Heaven of Heavens had worn."

E. Sonrel.

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"Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song;
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King"

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY, D.D.

The centrai fact of historic Christianity is belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, whose birth Christmas Day commemorates.

This belief, lifting up the race above previous rudimentary religious notions, has defined, rounded out and enlarged man's concept of Divinity, untangled his thoughts about the meaning of existence, and given to the disjointed elements of life coherence and intelligible purpose. In the light of this doctrine Life's *Whence* and *Whither,* and the laws of its proper conduct are set forth with clearness, such that he who runs may read at a glance the purport of being and its duties; and with comprehension such that who pauses to test and analyze and weigh may find food for the fruitful meditation of years.

The betterment of life and its conditions—intellectually, morally, socially, and politically—wrought through the influence of the doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth was truly and indeed God made Man—this fact stares you in the face from out of every page of the history of the last nineteen centuries.

Blessing—fraught though the belief has shown itself, nevertheless ready acceptance did not greet it at the outset, nor has it endured without dispute: from first to last the doctrine of a Divine Messias has been a sign for contradiction.

During Apostolic days that declaration was a scandal to the Jew, and an offence to the Gentile. It was a scandal to the Jew: it implied to his mind an impairment of the cardinal principle of Mosaic faith—the absolute unity of God; and he was loath to accept any explanation which might demonstrate his position a misconception. "If any man say to thee," inculcates the Rabbi Abbalu (A. D. 279-320), contravening the Christian teaching, " 'I am God,' he is a liar." It was an offence to the Gentile: it simply struck the supports

from beneath the elaborate systems of ancient philosophy, leaving them, and the religions they upheld, heaps of ruins along the highways of thought: mute witnesses to the impotence of man-made Gods and the ambitious failures of human wisdom.

Nor was the conflict closed when Jew and Gentile, rescued from their previous bondage, were given freedom within the Christian pale. Even within this sacred enclosure were those who conditioned their acceptance of the belief by restriction or nullifying addition; and so on the inside as well as on the outside were discussion and variance, denial and innovation. It is a commonplace of history that the dogma of the Incarnation was time and time again the vortex of theological storms; furthermore, it was projected into the sphere of politics and made the occasion of civil turmoil, if not of international complications. The student is painfully familiar with the legion-sects, whose discordant pronouncements about the Natures and Person of Our Lord cloud the atmosphere of the Christian ages down into that fateful fourth century, when Arianism pitted against the doctrine of the truly Divine-Man every power that sways the human heart. Passion, prejudice, political and ecclesiastical emoluments, friendship, love of kin, local interests, regard for great names, dislike of opposition, respect for tradition, danger of innovation, patriotism, and pretentious zeal for a purer faith—all these were marshaled and massed to prevent a formal declaration of the Bishops and Fathers in Councils assembled that Jesus, the Son of Mary the Virgin, was—and always had been in the mind of the Church Catholic—the co-equal Son of the Eternal Father.

Nevertheless, in spite of well-laid plan and shrewd scheming, God had His own way: at Nice and Constantinople opposition to the Divinity of the Saviour was foiled and the dogma enunciated so explicitly and with such precision that the mind of the Catholic Church could never again be misunderstood.

In spite of the Church's declarations and efforts, however, nearly every epoch since that of Arius and his defeat has been marred by some negation, more or less complete, of Jesus Christ and His divine attributes. Our own later days have witnessed what may be termed a renaissance of the early efforts to be rid of Him entirely or to demonstrate Him nothing more than one of ourselves, even if His unique human excellence may not be lightly disallowed. Over sixty years ago David Friedrick Strauss put forth his view of the person and work of Jesus: it made folk-lore of the Gospel, and a myth of the Saviour. Twenty-six years afterwards Ernest Renan swept out of Christ nigh all the elements that had made His name the keynote of Time, leaving Him little more than Jewish birth and a lofty, yet mistaken, ideal. The accents of this modern denial are not without their echo of long ago; Strauss and Renan in the nineteenth century repeat under a different aspect what Celsus and Porphyry maintained in the second and third. Truly—from its earliest promulgation to this present hour the statement that Jesus of Nazareth was Divine as well as human has been, notwithstanding its beneficent effect upon the conditions of life, a sign of contradiction among men.

How has the Great Dogma stood its

Ittenbach.

"Mid Nazareth's sequestered mountains
How lovely was the household of the Three,
And by the desert's crystal fountains
What secret wonders did not angels see!

O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven!
Our households now are hallowed all by thee;
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear Earthly Trinity."

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testing: has it resisted the acid of Criticism and the rust of Passion? Not only has it withstood attack, but it has captured whatever was of value in the enemy's camp. The acumen and attainment of each succeeding civilization and age have been utilized to bear witness to the reality, and to express in more comprehensible terms the nature of the overwhelming fact of the Divinity of Christ. Judaism yielded its aspiration and prophecy: Asia, its asceticism: Egypt, its allegory; Greece, its philosophy; Rome, its language; the Barbarians, their rugged strength; the Middle Ages, their Scholasticism, and Art; and the days since,—their more practical tendencies and discovery. Thus, if Columbus ventured unknown seas it was because of the desire to extend belief in Jesus Christ; the first land reached he called San Salvador—hoping that it would become in fact as in name the Holy Saviour's.

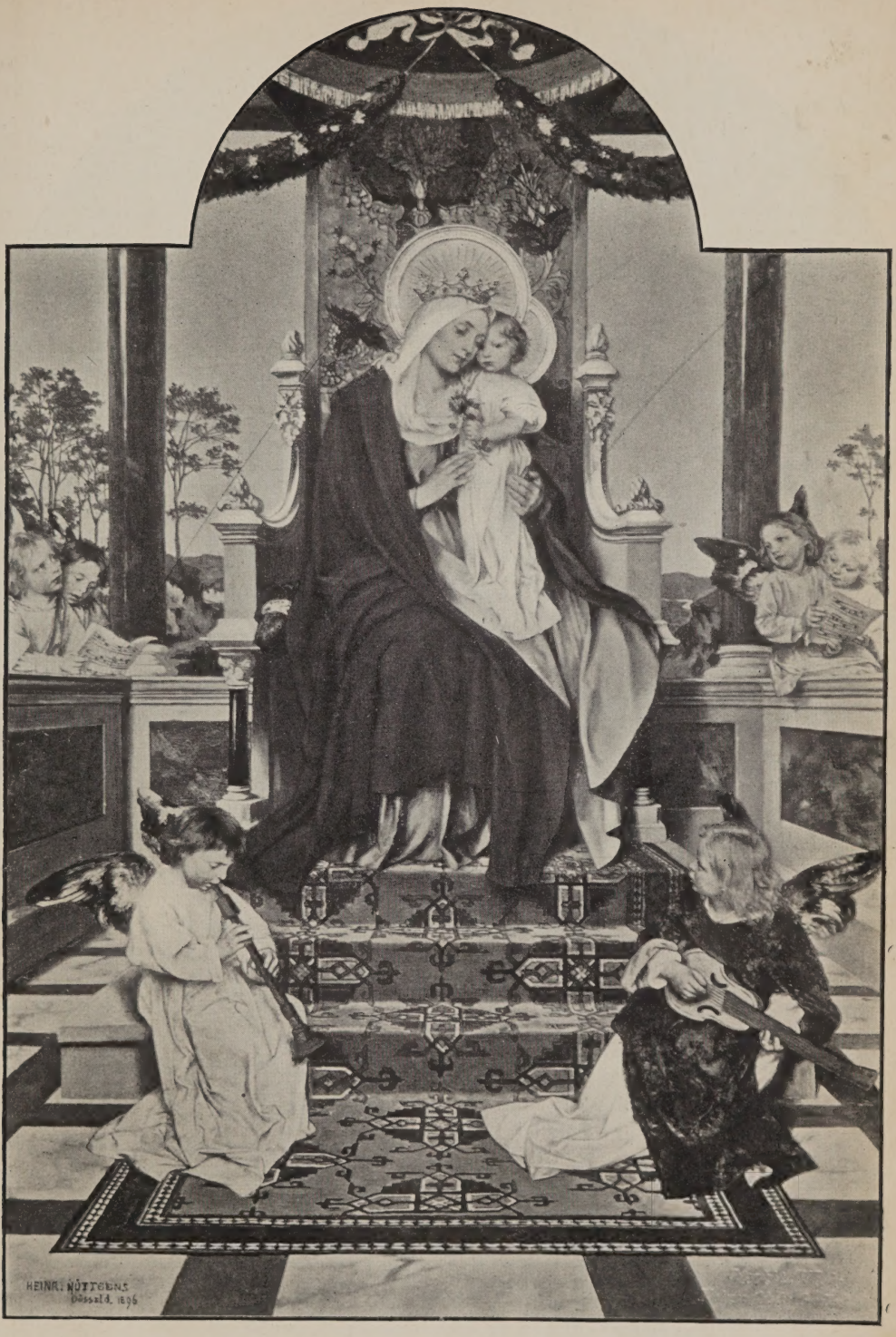
Even the last-born offspring of Time and Thought, Science, has begun to pass out of the unreasonableness of her youthful waywardness and self-sufficiency, and into the years of judgment and prudence. Her whilom contempt for Religion is no longer so flippantly manifested, and her manners have improved. Where erstwhile she ridiculed, she has begun to learn to listen and to respect. Growing experience exposes her mistakes; much she had thought ascertained turns out unreal—the fabric of a dream; and that which had been thrown aside she begins to re-gather as of great worth. God is no longer an unscientific term, and to some of her most devoted and best-equipped clients Jesus has become what He has always been to the multitude: the sum and substance of man's soundest faith and hope—the alpha and omega of existence. From her lips may yet fall the whisper to Religion, be it ever so faintly: "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all!"

On this recurring day, therefore, Christians have reason to rejoice as did the Angels when they sang long ago over Judean fields: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!" In a sense, indeed, Christians have greater cause for joy than did the heavenly host, for since that natal morn, Jesus has tasted death and changed it into life; the mission they but announced He has accomplished; through the ages that lie between us and Golgotha His Sun has been ever climbing zenithward; and now it shines refulgent over every sphere of life, warming into activity the latent energies of virtue, invigorating man with high purpose, inspiring him to spurn the clay of earth, and to look beyond the stars—into the mercy and love and serenity of God Himself, whither, creature though he be, he has it within him to attain and there abide.

The word of Julian voices the verdict of History: the Galilean has conquered. Ernest Renan, sceptical perforce to his own scepticism, exclaims: "A thousand times more living today, a thousand times more loved since thy death than during Thy passage on earth, Thou wilt become the support of humanity, to such a point that to blot Thy name out of the world would be in truest truth to shake its foundations!"

The victory of Jesus Christ, let sceptics distinguish as they will, is the victory of the dogma of His Divinity; and Christmas gives expression to the Church's jubilation at the triumph it has won.

Venite, adoremus Dominum!



Heinr. Nuttgens.

"Veiling in human flesh the Godhead's splendor,
To-day, as in those distant ages dim,
The Babe of Bethlehem, with entreaty tender,
Draws all men unto Him."

Heinrich Comans.

LOVE'S WAYS.

BY MARY WEST.

Love's ways are strange—we do not see His face—
  Love's ways are passing strange—in Spring's fair hour,
When Beauty walks abroad with careless grace,
  And birds sing gay, as once in Eden's bower,
Ah, still this thought amid the bloom we trace—
  When hill and vale with joyful voices ring—
  We do not meet Him face to face in Spring.
How strange that from the radiant Summer days,
  He chose not one for His Nativity!
Or clad in sheen of Autumn's golden haze,
  He did not wish His humble birth to be.
How sweet to wait Him in the woodland ways,
  With ripened vintage, or with budding flower!
How sweet—and yet, alas! 'Tis not God's hour.
And yet—Love's ways are best—when dark and blight
  Of Winter rest upon thy spirit drear,
Throughout the gloom there shines a glorious Light,
  And comes the fairest Gift of all the year.

THE PRINCESS CAPRICE.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

In her magnificent boudoir, the Princess Caprice, amazed and baffled, sat with a telegram spread out before her on Christmas Eve. The unexpected had happened, and for once in her life her wayward and imperious will could not by any possibility be done.

A millionaire in her own right, by inheritance from her dead mother, she was the only child of none knew how many times multiplied a millionaire father. Alexandrina Von Vorst Freylinghensen sincerely believed herself to be a princess, with the world at her feet; and she deemed even a ducal coronet too slight a bauble for her small and queenly head.

From childhood her inherited ambitious nature had been fostered in every way by her adoring father, whose one aim was to pile riches on riches until no American should surpass him, and kings themselves should be proud to link their names with his. His one child was gifted with rare beauty, real talent most carefully cultivated, and as strong a pride as his own. Though styled by everyone from her very babyhood the Princess Caprice, because of her varying moods and fancies ever gratified, she was so sweet, so winning a character, though so sadly selfish, that everyone admired her, and not a breath of idle gossip ever dallied with her name. As yet she had never seen any one who seemed to her one half as noble or interesting as her devoted, art-loving, highly-cultured father; and to be with him was her pleasure and her pride.

They had a habit, ever since Alexandrina was ten years old, of going together to the opera on Christmas Eve. Only they two sat in the box, that night, alone, in all the year; and for his sake she dressed in her queenliest array, and to him she gave her loveliest smiles. And he had promised to be home surely from his southern journey that night; and that night of all nights he "could not" come.

Could not! Astounding words! She rang her bell hastily, and her young French maid appeared, a well-born girl of great refinement, orphaned and poor, the one person who sometimes saw Alexandrina Freylinghensen with her veil of reserve thrown by.

"Pauline!" she cried, "my father cannot come! Nothing is the matter. Nothing shall be the matter! But I must *forget*. What could be the matter, Pauline? Nothing! But I certainly shall not go to the opera, or see any one else tonight. This night was always for him. There never was such another father as mine, Pauline, you know."

The color went and came on the delicate cheek of the French girl, and suddenly Alexandrina remembered what her quiet black dress meant. Yet she hurried on:

"He is like a king," she cried. "I shall never care for anyone except a king. I could not! I don't know what it means, Pauline, but nobody could ever content me unless he were a million times nobler and richer and wiser and more splendid than I am. Else, I would despise him! I can say

it to you, Pauline, for somehow you always seem to understand me. And *I* should die without my father, and *you* could live without yours; so you see that I must love mine the most!"

Again Pauline's color went and came, but this time Alexandrina wondered at it. For it was no longer grief that caused those varying shades; and yet surely neither tears, nor pride, were in the brilliant, assured, mysterious look that shone in Pauline's great brown eyes.

"Suppose," she exclaimed, then paused a moment, then impetuously went on, "suppose you had found that king,—what then? Found one who was all you wished—and more—and that could never disappoint?"

"I would give everything," answered Alexandrina. "But that could never be, of course. And, after all, what can you know about it? What do you know? You are very odd tonight. Pauline De Mostyn! what do you mean?"

"I mean," Pauline said shyly, softly, "that there is such a king, dear Princess Caprice. If you would only go to see him with me tonight!"

"You are jesting," Alexandrina answered. "You never want to go anywhere except to church. But where would you like to go tonight, Pauline? Could I take you somewhere that would not seem disloyal to my father since I cannot go with him?"

She was not prepared for the rapture in Pauline's usually calm, collected face. "Would you go?" she exclaimed ecstatically. "Will you go to the midnight Mass with me?"

To give pleasure to someone else on Christmas Eve, since you positively could not please yourself, suddenly appeared not unworthy of the Princess Caprice. "Where will we go?" she asked. "To the cathedral? Choose, Pauline! You shall go wherever you like."

And Pauline said: "I would like so much then to go to old St. Stephen's. My father and I used to go there—years ago it seems."

Alexandrina gave a sharp cry. "It is no use, Pauline," she said, "I am terribly afraid. If anything has happened to *my* father, my whole world goes! How can *you* live without your father, and alone, and—not rich?"

Pauline faced her now with a look that suddenly filled the Princess Caprice with an amazement she had never felt before. That look was not pride, it was so noble, yet so sweet. Impossible as it seemed, Alexandrina nevertheless felt for a marvelous moment that her French maid was superior to herself and to the world and wealth and time.

"Suppose," said Pauline, "suppose you had seen the King; and, after that, that everything else seemed small?"

"Where is He?" Alexandrina demanded imperiously, only to be met by eyes as fearless as her own, but far more brilliant, shining with heavenly light.

"He comes tonight," Pauline answered. "He is King of kings, and He chose to be born in a stable. He had all riches, and He chose to be poor. And He is all beauty and all love for those who receive Him, He so little and lovely and lowly, and so heavenly dear! Oh, Princess Caprice!"—

The voice died in a happy sob.

"What is it? What is it?" asked Alexandrina, but very gently now. "Can I see Him, Pauline? How can I see Him? For it is plain that you have something that I have not—I who

thought the world was mine! What shall I do, Pauline?"

"Ask Him, only ask Him," Pauline answered. "I will tell you! Will you kneel down at His altar? Do you know a little saying we have, we Catholics? It is that the first prayer you say before an altar where you never were before will be granted you! So say tonight: 'Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee.' Will you just do that? You want to see the King. Nothing less can satisfy you!"

"It cannot do me any harm certainly," Alexandrina answered thoughtfully. "Yes, Pauline, I will say that, since you ask me. It is strange, but you never asked me for any favor before this."

An hour later, they were in the church. Pauline slipped into a confessional, and out again, with the faith and humility of a little child at home in its father's house. Alexandrina waited patiently. She had been in a hundred Catholic churches and cathedrals abroad; but, strangely enough, never in one at home. And she had never before entered one so reverently and thoughtfully as now. How large, how quiet, how beautiful, how dingy, how very natural and sweet it seemed! There was a constant sound of the tread of feet upon the aisles; people came and went; so many were poorly clad, so many were well dressed; but how perfectly composed and peaceful they were, as if, somehow, they all belonged there, and to one another, and to God. It was very nice, wasn't it? that they all had one beautiful place to come to and be at peace!

Nobody noticed her at all. It had crossed her mind in her ingrained vanity and self-importance, that Pauline might tell the priest that the great millionaire's daughter was honoring St. Stephen's that night, with her presence. Pauline joined her again, however, and a very meanly-dressed old woman took her place in the confessional, and nobody appeared to know that the Princess Caprice was near. Quite naturally and simply Pauline led the way up to the high altar and knelt down to say her penance, leaving the astonished Princess to do what she chose. She did not even remind her of her prayer.

The Princess looked about her. Before her the altar towered up very high; but, higher still, was a great, life-size crucifixion painted upon the wall behind it. Even to Alexandrina's eyes, trained in the highest principles of artistic criticism, and familiar with all the famous European galleries, there was something wonderful in that crucifixion on St. Stephen's wall. What was it? She had never seen another precisely like it—it was so calm in its suffering, so glorious, so kingly. That was it exactly. It was the crucifixion of a king—a king reigning from the tree of shame and pain.

Alexandrina stood studying it, gravely, carefully, when she heard Pauline whisper: "We are to have a place in the front pew tonight, Father Rector says."

After all, did someone know the Princess Caprice was there? Alexandrina's heart felt a pleasant glow. She would have asked Pauline, but the girl was again on her knees, saying her beads. Perforce Alexandrina looked around and above, once more. An unwonted feeling of loneliness came over her. Who cared for her? Why was she not happy here like this little Pauline, poor, fatherless, dependent, yet so joyous, so free, so

blessed? And suddenly Alexandrina remembered her promise.

"Show me Thyself, Lord!" she whispered eagerly. "And let me love Thee!"

Show me Thyself!—but, then, what was He? Was this the King, white, wounded, thorn-crowned, His throne a cross? Was this the King, this little Babe in the Crib at the side altar, cradled on straw, between an ox and an ass? Yet He was a King. Nineteen hundred years had passed away, but here He was reigning over the hearts of these people as surely as He reigned over Mary and Joseph then. That was a magnificence of length of days, surely, and an empire that plainly knew no end.

The Mass began. Alexandrina sat as at the opera, but far more deeply interested than it had ever been in Music's power before to stir her. Later she knew how Pauline's prayers were all for her that night. But the girl gave no sign of her absorbing, passionate pleading till the bell rang for the consecration; then she caught Alexandrina's hand!

"He is coming, the King!" she whispered. "Oh, kneel down now, and ask Him to show you Himself!"

Alexandrina sank upon her knees. Once, twice, thrice, the bell sounded. She saw the white Host lifted, the chalice raised high, the bended heads, the cloud of incense, the torches' glow. And up from her heart rose again this plea, but a strange, overwhelming faith was it:

"Show me Thyself, dear Lord, and let me love Thee! Show me my King!"

No vision, no sensible rapture, no audible voice, came to her; but the King came. The gift of the faith was granted her on Christmas night. Jesus Christ Himself was on that altar. As truly as in Bethlehem and on Calvary, He was there, His blessed Body, His precious Blood, His Sacred Heart; and He loved her, this King of kings, and she loved Him. And the poor were His courtiers, His friends, His brothers and sisters,—nay, more, they were Himself. What was the wealth of a millionaire in the sight of the King of Heaven and Earth? Truly, as Pauline had said, after one had seen the King, everything of this world was small indeed, a bauble, the merest dross.

She looked up. That King on the great cross, *her* King, had chosen poverty and want and shame and pain. Oh, to follow Him in that pathway, where His royal and wounded feet had trod! He was literally pouring His graces on her, in answer to the little maid who knelt beside her. Not only did Alexandrina receive faith in Him, but the love He gave her for Him was that love which counts all things dross if it may win Christ,—the love He gave to Paul on the road to fair Damascus, the love He gave to Elizabeth of Hungary and Teresa of Avila, to Francis Xavier and to Stanislaus Kostka. It is His gift, and He grants it to His chosen ones; and perhaps there would be more of His chosen ones if we only willed.

When Pauline rose up and went forward with the crowds to the altar to communion, it seemed to the Princess Caprice that her heart must break within her. Twice that night her will had been denied her—she had not seen her father, and she might not receive her Lord. And the proud heart melted into its first conscious act of real humility as she cried once again, not

"show me Thyself," but, "*give* me Thyself, dear Lord! and let me love *You* forever, and do whatever You may want of me, and will let me do!"

But the strange thing was that she was enamored of His poverty. Yet was it strange; or is it we who are strange to think it strange, when He gave all for us? Again and again she watched, with fascinated gaze, that white form stripped of all things, its face so glorious in its regal grace. Was she not to give all, in order to gain all? Could she ever again go richly clad, and live in luxury, and spend as she used to spend on self, and, as a Princess Caprice indeed, on whatever she fancied, while He and His children were in cold and want and woe? Could her Lover and Lord suffer, and she not suffer too?

The Mass ended, and the people moved eagerly to the Christmas Crib. After a time, Pauline and Alexandrina knelt there too. And there the Infant Jesus completed His work of grace. She saw a small child and a beggar-like old man kneel down in rapt devotion, and then place their humble offering in the box at the Infant's feet. And suddenly the Princess Caprice tore the bracelets from her wrists, and the rings from her white fingers, and the diamonds from her ears, and flung them at Jesus' feet; and then Pauline knew without words that the answer to her prayers was given. "She lavished the ointment, Father," she said to an old priest near. "Won't you speak to her, Father? For I think it is one who loves much, that has come to the Crib tonight."

When, a few days later, Mr. Freylinghensen returned, enraged at the band of determined strikers whose firm stand against him had kept even him at bay, he met for the first time determined opposition from a most unexpected quarter. To his iron will was opposed his daughter's will, firm now as adamant because founded on the eternal rock. Justice and charity were the Christmas gifts she asked of him, and she would not be gainsaid. And when, soon after, he died, and died in the Faith she fearlessly professed, willing to lose everything earthly, and all human love, rather than to lose it, he left the bulk of his enormous wealth to her. She made of it a great act of restitution and of reparation, and a great act of love.

People called her conversion her latest caprice. They found it, however, an abiding, life-long conviction. The disposal of her wealth, consecrated entirely to the King's service, seemed to her but a necessary consequence of her love for the King of kings. And she and Pauline De Mostyn founded together a new order of Little Sisters and Servants of the Toilers, going in and out among factory and mill-hands, and miners and artisans, and filling their hard lives with the joy and beauty that come from the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, that earthly palace of the King.

Alexandrina died first; and Pauline, bending over her, caught the last look of love from the aged eyes. They were old women then in the service of their Lord.

"We have been so happy together, Sister," Pauline exclaimed; and Alexandrina answered humbly to her superior:

"Thank God, Mother! It was you who led me to see the King in His beauty. I shall never forget you in His presence Who made us one in Him."

THE SURPRISES OF THE PASSING SHOW.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

In many things the Catholics of this country are behind their own age so far as to appear almost ridiculous in the eyes of their European brethren. We have become accustomed to regard ourselves as a religious body of wisely advanced thought and method, in comparison with Catholics of other nations. Perhaps in some matters we are slightly ahead. We are years behind the English and the French in our use of the press as a moral and religious agent. Our attitude in this important matter is, perhaps, ridiculous, and very naturally raises the suspicion that in other things our boasted excellence may have a poor foundation. Indifference describes our mental attitude with regard to the Catholic press. Hostility is the exact word for our conventional relation to the stage. This hostility is not actual, only conventional. Twenty or thirty years ago most people made a visit to the theatre, like the reading of a novel, matter for confession. Both these sins have been dropped from the list. Nevertheless, the tradition of hostility remains. Good Catholics go to the theatre, but speak of the stage dubiously. This condition leads to curious consequences. As an illustration of the condition permit me to relate a story.

Thirteen years ago "The Catholic Review" of New York introduced a weekly review of plays and players into its columns, with the honorable intention of reviewing only the best plays and praising only Catholic players of good repute. The first result of this innovation was innumerable protests from prelates, priests, and laymen, not to the editor, but to the late Archbishop Corrigan, against this attempt to interest Catholics in the stage. The Archbishop had no official or financial connection with "The Catholic Review," but out of consideration for the protesters he sent their protests to the editor. It was his polite and considerate fashion of suggesting the banishment of the dramatic column. The editor called upon the Archbishop and made his protest against surrender to a worn-out prejudice. His argument was based on some interesting facts: that the stage was a clean and reputable institution, and exercised much influence on the community; that it should not be neglected; that "Le Correspondant," a Catholic magazine of Paris, reputable and very conservative, printed an excellent review of the plays of Paris, both bad and good, in every issue, whereas, "The Catholic Review" noticed only the good plays; and so on to the end of a long list. His Grace was not much moved by argument or illustrations, until the editor instanced the London "Tablet." The Archbishop could hardly believe that this eminent journal ever gave space to reviews of the drama. Yet in the very number which lay on his desk, there happened to be a two-column article on a play then entertaining London, *The Village Cure*. This fact altered his view of the matter. The editor was requested to write up his protest in the form of an editorial, and the dramatic column held its place. This incident fairly illustrates pre-

sent conditions. Catholics go to the theatre with a protest on their lips, and silence conscience with the reflection that they see nothing evil in a particular play. Our Catholic press is actually forced to ignore the stage, unless to condemn it. Rarely do our journals venture on a review of the passing play. They do print reviews of the passing novel, either to praise or to denounce. Yet, strangely enough, the stage is a far cleaner and healthier amusement than the novel. To assure oneself of this fact compare ten popular plays with as many popular novels. Far cleaner is the average play than the average daily journal of the present time, with its long list of crimes, minutely described, its pernicious advertisements, and its flippant treatment of dangerous or sacred themes. The novel and the journal have almost entirely freed themselves from the conventional decencies. The play has never been able to dispense with them for various reasons. Love is the theme of the play, immortal love, which must have an eternity to live in, must triumph over all villainy, and must find its strength and consolation in the existence and providence of God. The hero must be perfection, the heroine an angel. The ten commandments must have hedged in their lives. The stage will hardly tolerate the repentant sinner, unless his repentance becomes heroic. It has been found impossible to make popular and profitable the character of a Magdalen. These are the conventions of the play. The dramatist who fails to observe them is doomed.

It will be pointed out in answer to this contention that Pinero and other dramatists have taken to the exploitation of indecency with considerable success. These exceptions only prove the rule. Of the two hundred plays that are now amusing the people of the United States, probably five per cent have indecent themes. They succeed in spite of the theme through the personality of the actor; and their presentation is usually so far from the gross that few would notice the uncleanness if the journals said nothing about it. These facts appear to most of us a fair explanation of the popularity of the play among good Christians. Finding nothing to offend conscience, they indulge the natural inclination to see a story acted to the life. The love of the story and the love of the drama go together. The story gives the imagination much to work upon in its own way; but the play stirs the imagination to white heat, rouses the emotions quickly, and by its representations of ideal justice soothes and stimulates the moral nature.

Managers of the present day have forgotten these things. In particular they have forgotten that the people want a story told in the play, and an ideal condition faithfully represented. New York managers are regarded as the leaders in their business, and they have struggled a long time to dominate theatrical affairs over the whole country. They are struggling yet. But it is quite clear that they have failed, and the surest evidence of that failure is in the return of the old stock companies to their former popularity. For twenty years, perhaps, their places have been taken by troupes of actors who relied upon the length of their tour for large profits. It seemed that a change of actors weekly or nightly would appeal more strongly to audiences. That the change did not prove

permanent or popular is due to the fact that the character of the plays changed with the method. The stock and repertoire companies which are now multiplying by the hundreds went back to the old-fashioned plays. These had a story to tell in a way that appealed to head and heart tremendously. From appearances, the return to stock and repertoire companies will have good results, not only in providing the public with good plays, but also in extinguishing the Napoleonic managers.

With Augustine Daly died the last of a very respectable class of managers. He left no successor. The present manager of Daly's theatre, Mr. Daniel Frohman, is a man of decent ambitions and, perhaps, of ideals. He displayed, however, his lamentable limitations last winter, when in honor of the Victor Hugo centenary he insulted the Catholic community by producing Paul Potter's dramatization of *Notre Dame.* Long before Daly's death two important factors in dramatic production had grown to importance: the Napoleonic manager and the so-called syndicate. The first was a vain magician, who attempted to swallow all the good things in the dramatic ocean; the other was an attempt to form a trust which would, at best, control the best theatres of the country, the best actors, and the best plays. Commercialism was the motive, and the methods suited the motive: to grab everything in sight, to present the purely commercial plays, and to shut out everything else of merit. The managers of this class are, perhaps, the most obtuse in the world. They know absolutely nothing of plays, except those that have succeeded, and nothing of dramatists except those that have made a name. Their failures, both commercially and artistically, must be very heavy; but by booming fair or successful plays they manage to make money.

Mr. Charles Frohman is a Napoleonic manager. Of the three unclean plays now on the boards of New York theatres, he owns two. It was he who put upon the stage two of the vilest scenes that ever disgraced a public play in the United States: attempted rape in *The Conquerors* and *The Sporting Duchess.* He also tried to make popular the adulterous French farce, but the scheme failed. The plays were not vile enough for the obscene, and too vile for the decent playgoers. As an example of the methods of the Napoleonic manager and the syndicate in developing a playwright and forcing his plays on the market, the case of Mr. Clyde Fitch can be cited. This gentleman can turn out a play while you wait. He is said to be the playwright of the syndicate. A score of his plays are before the public this moment. They are not dramas, only stage entertainments, cleverly put together, very interesting, full of novelties and surprises. Mr. Fitch has written just one drama of merit, *Beau Brummel,* which Mr. Richard Mansfield has in his repertoire. All his other productions are purely money-making rot, suited to the ideals of the syndicate. They vary in character from a vapid patriotism, as in *Nathan Hale,* to the engaging lubricity of *Sapho.* They may be as inane as *Lover's Lane,* or as vivacious as *Captain Jinks.* If any unknown dramatist sent in such plays for examination, he would be promptly turned down by the dramatic reader. While such stuff finds ready acceptance, real plays like

Jim the Penman go begging for acceptance from manager to manager for years, and finally secure a production rather by accident than by design.

Conditions which produce or tolerate the syndicate manager and the syndicate playwright do not continue without vigorous and practical protest. The theatrical trust in its endeavor to swallow all competition meets some things too large for its vast throat and powerful jaws. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske declined to be swallowed. As Mrs. Fiske is the best actress on the American stage today, and in addition an actress of originality and power, with good fighting blood in her veins, she objected to the collar of the syndicate. She has, therefore, been compelled to fight for her freedom of action; for the enemy closed against her every theatre in its control, and loses no opportunity in public and private to injure her enterprises and diminish her reputation. The same may be said of Mr. Hackett, the actor who is playing at present in *The Crisis.* The recent adventures of Henrietta Crosman illustrate the character of the struggle perfectly. She had a play entitled *Mistress Nell,* in which she had perfect faith, and had invested all her savings. With some trouble she secured a theatre in New York for her production. Its success was so pronounced that the trust at once offered to take her and the play to its bosom. She declined to be swallowed and has been forced ever since to fight the enemy night and day. In order to carry on the struggle with system and success, Mr. Hackett, Miss Crosman, and Mrs. Fiske have joined their forces and have undertaken the serious task of renting first-class theatres in all the important towns in which their plays are usually presented. These people do not appear in the plays of Clyde Fitch. They employ no dramatist to make plays to order. The hope is that they will in time make some things, particularly existence, impossible to the syndicate.

This brief account of actual conditions may not have a hopeful complexion. Yet there is hope to be found in the reaction indicated by the return of the stock companies, and by the very fight carried on by the Fiske-Crosman-Hackett combination. The character of the plays presented by Mr. Hackett and Mrs. Fiske is high and promising. The former appears in *The Crisis,* a dramatization of Winston Churchill's fine story; the latter in *Mary of Magdala,* a poetic drama translated from the German of Paul Heyse. In its original form this presentation of *Mary Magdalen* would hardly have been acceptable to American Christians, although the writer's aim excluded intentional irreverence; but the translation and adaptation of the play have put it beyond reproach. Both these plays have made their first appearance in New York, and have been most favorably received. Their ultimate success will emphasize one fact, which our rather stupid managers have declined steadily to see: that the people hunger for religious and patriotic dramas. So far plays of this sort have been flat failures. Your average manager bases his plans on the successes and failures of the past. Whatever succeeds he runs into the mud from everlasting repetition; whatever fails is forever damned.

Shenandoah was a success; there has been no end to its imitations. *Nathan Hale* was a deserved failure; so away with patriotic drama! *The*

Sign of the Cross failed on Broadway, as did *The Broken Seal;* therefore no more religious drama! No manager asks why these plays failed. *The Sign of the Cross* succeeded with the common people. *The Broken Seal* insulted Catholic feeling. *Nathan Hale* was as shallow as a duck-pond. We have had no patriotic drama because our dramatists cannot give us character with depth, or incident with sincerity. We have had no religious drama, because so few dramatists and managers have faith or religion of any kind. However, there is hope. Mr. Charles Frohman has been converted. In some inexplicable way he became responsible for the presentation in New York of the old English morality play, *Everyman.* It had been a great artistic and financial success in London, where a society, not a manager, had produced it out of pure love for the old drama. Mr. Frohman presented it at Mendelsohn Hall, and then transferred it to the New York theatre. In announcing the change, Mr. Frohman took the opportunity to dilate himself on the religious drama: the time for it had come: the people were clamoring for it: their demand should be respected: behold it had arrived! So at last we are to have the religious play. This month will see three dramas of this sort on the New York stage.

A glance at their character will not be amiss as a conclusion to this article. *Everyman* is one of the most touching and impressive plays that ever honored a stage. The critics have said things about it, because critics must say things that never occur to other people. *Everyman* is any man of course, poor humanity, who is notified at the beginning of the play by *Death* that he must set out on his journey to eternity. He calls upon the friends of his gay and sinful life to give him sympathy and companionship on this mournful journey, only to be refused with heartless flippancy. *Good Deeds* alone stands by him, sustains and soothes him, and goes with him to judgment. The play is produced with few of the modern stage aids to illusion. There is no music, and but one scene. The actors have been specially trained, and the impression left upon the audience is so profound that . . . but why make a comparison when one has an illustration so remarkable as Mr. Frohman's conversion to the need and timeliness of the religious drama, and his transfer of this beautiful play from a mere hall to a fine theatre.

The second drama is not of a religious character, but its presentation of *Pope Pius X* and the gardens of the Vatican has a religious significance. Mr. Hall Caine's drama of *The Eternal City* has made a good impression, although it is hardly a satisfactory play. The author has been severely criticized for his introduction of the character of the Pope; to which criticism he replies by quoting the favorable opinion of the London "Tablet," and by apt and touching words on the general character of the Roman Pontiffs. Mr. Caine thinks that the high office, the marked influence, and the noble character of the average Pope, make him a splendid figure for a great play; and he foresees the day when a great dramatist will write a great play around one of the heroic popes of history. This utterance may be more or less important, according to one's estimate of Mr. Caine's sincerity. Apart from that, however, it expresses fairly a common sentiment among close observers of the drama. There is no novelty in the

idea. Half a century ago Dion Boucicault brought out in London, and later in New York, a brilliant melodrama, of which Sixtus the Fifth was the star part, under the significant title, *The Pope of Rome.*

The third drama is Mrs. Fiske's *Mary of Magdala,* which has just achieved a marked success, and very deservedly. It is a Scriptural play from the German, with such noted characters as Caiphas, the high priest, Simon the Pharisee, Judas Iscariot, and Mary Magdalen. The time of the play begins perhaps a year before the tragedy of Calvary, and the last act closes at the foot of Golgotha, shortly after the death of Our Lord. The theme of the play in its modified American form is concerned with Judas more than with Magdalen. It represents Iscariot as an ardent patriot, who follows the Lord in the hope that He is to free Judea from the Roman yoke. He is also the lover of Mary. When Judas learns that the Lord is to found only a spiritual kingdom, and that Mary has cast him and the world aside for the higher life, he betrays the Christ and then slays himself. The scenes of his despair and damnation are thrilling, and the perfect reproduction of old Jerusalem in costume, street, and the vicinity of Calvary most touching. The sacred persons and incidents are treated with the finest reverence and most artistic reserve. Christ does not appear in the play.

These plays are hopeful signs of various meaning. They prove the undeveloped opportunities of the stage for higher things, and that the higher things are in sight. The best thing that can be said for the stage in New York at the present moment is this: out of forty theatres only three are presenting the vulgar and indecent play or spectacle. The theatre, therefore, should not be classed with the saloon, the novels of Albert Ross, and the daily journals.

WHEN "JIMMIE" CAME HOME.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

"Martin, dear, will ye rest quiet and aisy, now. I'm goin' out to get something for tomorrow. Sure 'twill be Christmas day, an' an' "

"An' no sign or token of Jimmie yet," said a quivering old voice from the sofa in the corner (a worn old piece of furniture at that). "I've been thinkin', Mary darlin' 'tis dead he is or surely, surely he'd never be above sendin' the good word an' us two all alone."

The old man raised himself on his elbow and gazed at the worn old woman in the doorway. She stood, a poor little figure, in the afternoon light, her shawl pulled closely about her and a basket in her hands. The last word "alone" rang in her heart with dreaded significance. They *were* alone! Their one remaining claim on the world was a stalwart son, who had enlisted in the navy just two years before with many promises to let them know all about him and his experiences. And all they had ever received was one letter informing them of his safe arrival in Manila. The long, lonely interval had passed without any further word of him. Perhaps his time had been too taken up with navy life, perhaps, as old Martin said he was even dead; but in any event they were now on the verge of the direst want, with several months' unpaid rent and no money to purchase more coal or supplies of any kind for the cold weather which now on this twenty-fourth day of December had settled down upon the land in earnest.

Old Martin Connell had been in doubtful health for many weeks, and his devoted partner had been put to great straits in her endeavor to hide their true condition from him. Her own health was remarkably good, which was a blessing under the circumstances.

"Sure himself could never stand the truth," she said, when her conscience smote her for the many subterfuges she was forced to resort to, "t'would kill him entirely to know I have to be pawnin' me belongin's to kape us from starvin'. I'd beg if I could, but I can't bring meself to it."

Outwardly she was a very cheerful old body, with never a hint of rebellion at the hardships which Fate had doled out to them in their declining years.

"If 'twas what's denied us made saints, sure I'd be the grand saint long ago," she often thought with complacent humor, " 'twill all come right somewhere, plaze God!"

Now as her husband gave utterance to the fear that had long dwelt in her own heart, she mustered a pretence of cheerfulness as was her wont.

"Tut! Tut! Martin, sure ye can't tell anythin' be that! Them sailors I'm thinkin' hasn't the time nor likin' for writin'. Ye'll hear from him whin ye laste expect it, whin his time's up."

"I hope so, Mary, I hope so," replied the old man wistfully, " 'twould warm me heart, 'twould, indade."

"I'll be back in a little time," said his wife. "Don't disturb yerself. But shake the stove down if it grows cowld."

The door closed and the old man was

left to himself, left to the contemplation of the purpose that had been growing to life in his heart within the last few hours.

"She thinks I never knew of her scrimpin' an' savin', she's that devoted she forgot I still had me eyes an' me sinses. Troth! an' I'd sooner die than do it! But I can't stand by an' see her pinchin' herself for the food that goes into my mouth—I can't! She's that good sh'd starve herself an' die smilin' to think I didn't know." He pulled a worn silver watch from his pocket and gazed at it lovingly. His wife had bought him that for their silver wedding just ten years before. And never, never did he think to part with it.

"'Twould break her heart to know I sold it," he muttered, "but sure 'tis only right to part with it now, whin things is so hard. An' there's no other way."

He opened and closed it absently, thinking of the many things it stood for; the joy, the content and cheerfulness of their past lives together, for the hearts of these two had ever beat as but a single thought. To let it go was to part with something that held his heart, and it was only when something splashed down upon the glass, making the figures run into a sudden blur that he started up determinedly. "She'll be back if I don't hurry," he thought, "an' she must never know, she must never know."

As he pulled on his shoes and put on his coat (not without great effort for he was very stiff and feeble) he fell to thinking of the surprise the bit of money would be for her. He would never say a word, but just hand it to her when she least expected it. He could see her dear old face lighting up with joy, and his heart grew light at the thought of it. Very, very softly, he stole out and down the stairs, as though he feared the walls might tell of the plot in his brain. He gripped his cane and then, with joints that stiffened and ached, went down the street, much to the surprise of several neighbors who supposed him quite too ill for any such excursion.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile the old woman, her basket clutched tightly in her hand, went forth. Now that she was without the sound of that quavering old voice her outward courage deserted her. What was she going to do for the morrow? her brain kept reiterating insistently. She had not a cent, nothing but the empty basket, and for shame sake she could not ask anyone in the district for aid. The neighbors, as if guessing her distress, had been uniformly kind and generous from the first. Tim Morgan the corner grocer had cheerfully furnished her with whatever she asked for though well aware she had not the wherewithal to pay for it. Finn the butcher had been equally kind. Even her landlord had said she need not worry about the rooms. No, she could not ask them again. Her pride, the pride of the decent poor, rebelled and would not be put down. She saw the store windows filled with turkeys, chickens, and ducks, while matronly women gossiped in front of the counters, and her old heart ached. Oh, why did not Jimmie come, or write at least? It was so hard to find oneself shut out from all the cheer of the world, to find oneself outside! The wind was cold and she clutched her basket despairingly and moved on. A sudden inspiration came to her. She could go to the hospital for aid. It was hard,

she had never done it before; but it was easier to make her poverty known to the nuns than to the world about her. There, she would get plenty to fill her basket for the morrow. They always had plenty and were ready to give cheerfully.

"Sure, himself must never know. He'd never forgive me," she thought, "if he heard I begged. But thin 'tis not the same as beggin'." Many's the dollar he gave in his better days to the same hospital. 'Tis only turn about, though God knows I never thought to do it. But I couldn't see him go hungry, an' him so cheerful an' willin' all the time."

In her deep concern for Martin she unceremoniously walked into a large, red-faced, good-natured woman, who greeted her with:

"Mrs. Connell, I do declare! Well, well, you're just the lady I wanted to see in the worst way. I was going up to your place and this will save me the walk. The Society heard you were having a hard time since the boy left and at its last meeting put you on the list for relief. I'm on the committee and knowing you as I do I spoke up"—the old woman's face flushed a sudden red—"so there'll be half a ton of coal left at your home this afternoon. And," her hand going down into her dress brought forth a pocketbook from which she deftly extracted a bill—"this will do you, perhaps, for the day."

The red-faced woman was good at heart. She meant well, but she had not a particle of tact. Blessed with a generous measure of this world's goods, she was always blundering into other people's sensitiveness, under the impression that she was really doing everybody the greatest kindness in the world. Because of this the old woman's face was wreathed in protest.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," she began, "but I—"

"Tut, tut, sure you might as well have it," broke in the other good-naturedly. "Don't be holding off for a bit of pride. The best of us can't stand on too much ceremony. It will get something for Mr. Connell if you don't need it yourself."

"So it will," thought the old woman, with a sudden revulsion of feeling pocketing her pride forthwith at the mention of her husband. "I'll take it. Thank ye very much, Mrs. Rooney, an' may God bless ye."

An idea had come into her head, therefore she adhered to her first purpose of going to the hospital. Two weeks before she had taken a gold chain which Martin had given her years before, in their more youthful days, and pawned it at old Jacob Harvey's. That hard-fisted personage had allowed her just two dollars on it and with the money she had purchased a bit of coal to keep them from freezing. The bill in her hand was just two dollars and her heart beat high as she thought of getting the precious chain back again. She would feel more at ease, for Martin had asked her once or twice about it. She moved on with a sprightlier step now. At the hospital she was generously supplied with enough to feed five instead of two. The basket in her hands grew weighty with its good cheer, as she realized when once again she found herself on the street. She was quite tired, and the afternoon was waning when she reached old Harvey's. A feverish desire to get her property back was upon her. She hurried into the store and up to the counter, only conscious of the

joy within her that the hated stigma of the pawnshop was about to be lifted from her soul. The place was dark, for the proprietor did not believe in wasting oil. Old Harvey himself stood bargaining with an old man not five feet away.

"I'll give you fifty cents, no more," she heard him say, decidedly, as something snapped with a metallic sound between his fingers, "you people come in here with your old junk and think a man can give you the price of new goods."

"Sure, it's hardly been used at all, at all!" she heard a familiar voice say in pleading tones, "it's as good as new. Can't ye make it more? 'Tis a sin to let it go at all, so 'tis."

"Keep it then, fifty cents is the limit."

The old woman's heart stood still for a moment. She turned and looked sharply at the trembling figure in the gloom. It was her husband!

"Martin Connell!" she exclaimed in sharp accents that caused the old man with the watch in his hands to whirl about in sudden consternation.

"Mary, Mary, forgive me? Sure, I meant it for the best. You'll believe that," he protested despairingly, and then a sudden fire came into his eyes. "But yerself, dear, what brought *you* here?"

They stood silent for a moment, looking at each other with a sudden knowledge of the truth coming to both of them. The check in her hand told the story without words. In all the land there could be no greater love than this; and realizing it, their poverty fell from them. They felt indeed they were the possessors of lasting wealth. Mutely, without outward seeming their eyes met and said each unto the other. "For you." And they were satisfied.

"Come dear," the old man was the first to speak, as he tremblingly laid his hand on her shawl, "we'll be getting home. It's the best place for us."

"But wait a moment, Martin." She turned to the man behind the counter, gave him her check and the money and in another moment held the chain as her own again. Martin saw it, with eyes that glistened, then they both went out together.

"An' ye'd have sold that bit of chain for me?" queried he at length, as they walked through the darkened streets, "do ye remember whin I bought it to ye first, Mary, how happy we were?"

"God knows it was partin' wid the soul of me," replied she, unsteadily, "but yerself was as bad. Sure, I never thought I'd live to see ye partin' wid the watch?"

"Tush, tush!" he only said, as he clasped her worn hand tightly in his trembling fingers. Together they stepped up to their poor abode. A small heap of coal lay upon the sidewalk.

"'Tis ours," said his wife, while Martin looked at her in gladness and dismay. He could not understand how it could be theirs. Together they ascended the stairs.

"What's this?" asked Martin, catching sight of the door to their rooms which stood ajar." There's some wan in the rooms!"

There was! And hearing the voice "the some wan" flung himself out of it and caught the two bewildered old people in a hug that nearly killed them then and there.

"Mother, father, don't you know me? Don't you know me?"

"'Tis Jim," cried the old woman, clasping her hands over her heart and sinking in sudden weakness. It was then old Connell grew suddenly strong.

"Carry her in, Jim," he said steadily, "the joy's too much for her." Together they laid her on the worn old sofa, and when she opened her eyes again it was to find a stalwart figure in blue bending above her and gazing anxiously at her.

"Come, come, mother dear! Be yourself. Look up! It's Jim in earnest. I'm back, and back for good. Oh the time I've had! Did you think I was never coming? Did she, Pop? And there wasn't a day I did not think of you—of both of you. Not a day! But you could not write out there; they sent us marines inland and there was no time for anything but fighting. It was fierce! Some of the fellows went mad and died. But I was in luck. I only got the fever and nearly cashed in at that. But here I am alive and kicking. What more do you want?"

"Aisy, aisy!" said old Martin, proudly gazing at the boy's flushed face. "Sure, 'twas the waitin' an' the waitin' that was hard. We'll all be to the·fore, now plaze God! An' it's a Merry Christmas it will be for us all."

INVITATION.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

South Wind, South Wind, blow to us,
Set the green trees dancing;
Send the long lights glancing
Up the forest tremulous!
Blow us showers of blossoms white
O Wind of Delight!

South Wind, South Wind, bring the sun,
Kissing ripe the meadows,
Where the silver shadows
Follow as you run.
Bring the rosy little daisies,
O Wind of Praises!

South Wind, South Wind, wake the birds;
Be Love's Apostle!
Teach merle and throstle
To pipe their honeyed words.
Call the cuckoo, and the dove,
O Wind of Love!

The Family of God

By
CAROLINE D. SWAN.

MID eddying pools of golden
light, in the mansions of
the sky,
Where emerald mistings softly
shade the Majesty on high,
Before their rainbow splen-
dors a seraph sang his song
Of everlasting sweetness with
the bright, angelic throng.

"O LORD of life and glory! O Lord of love and grace!
The universe rejoices in the shining of Thy Face.
Thy household, all of angels, principalities and powers,
Is lost in bliss undreamed of—and eternity is ours."

OH, that voice and its ethereal, divinely tempered tone!
Yet another voice succeeded, with a pathos of its own;
It sang of earthly sorrow, of a shadowed world afar,
A green earth swinging fitfully, where death and passion are.

THEN Gabriel, Prince who standeth in the Presence of the Lord,
Responded sweet: "The Blessed Saints have never missed reward;
Encrowned they stand among us, though fiery paths they trod,
Rejoicing now, great winged Ones, in the righteousness of God.

I KNOW their earth of sorrow, of sin and bated breath;
I saw its wondrous blossom, too, the Maid of Nazareth!
But when, amid the silence, she breathed the mystic word,
'Twas flooded to the full with joy of its incarnate Lord.

O THAT wonderful first Christmas, when anguish fled away
And earth shone out in bliss divine from ancient clouds of gray!
O rose-red dawn soft-footed, so silent, angel-shod,
That drew a world of sinners to the family of God!

TRANSCENDENT Family of Love! The Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, co-eterne, majestic Three in One!
The Virgin Mother and the Saints, the Martyrs and the throng
Of souls redeemed, who gladly sing their everlasting song!

BELOW are mortals, faint and weak, and very prone to fall;
Within Thy blessed circle, dear Saviour, keep them all!
Oh, clasp them close, Thou Love Divine! O'er rugged ways they plod:
There is Christmas joy forever, in the Family of God."

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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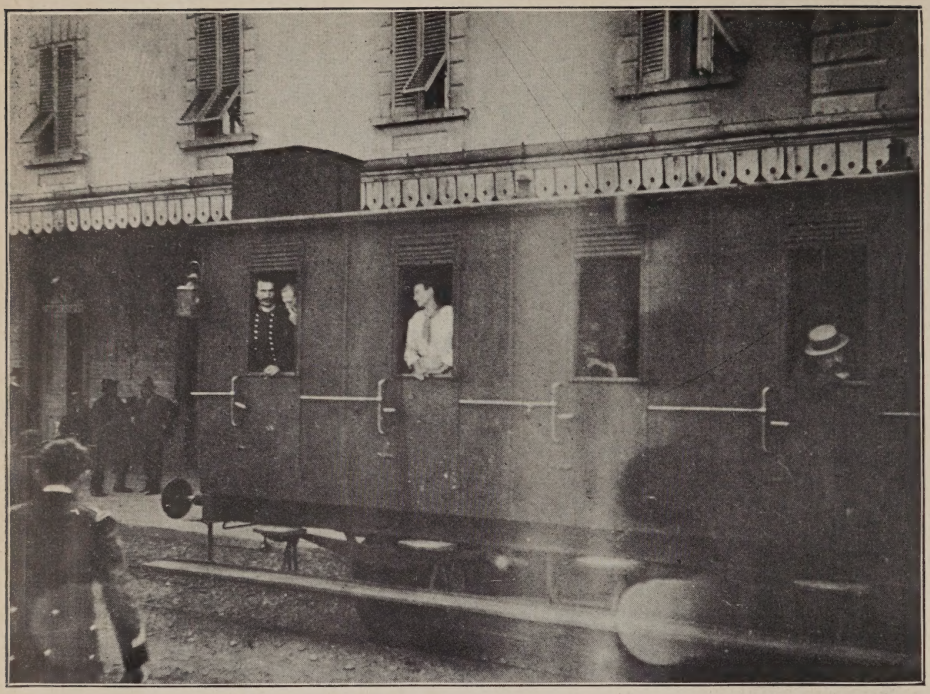
NOEL.

BY REV. P. T. O'REILLY.

Ring wild, ye bells! from clime to clime,
  Bid music's note sound far and near;
Rejoice! 'tis merry 'Xmas time
  Which bringeth us the glad New Year.

No heart but feels the pulse of love,
  Each voice has Bethlehem's refrain;
All kneel, adoring Him above,
  Our Christ and Saviour born again.

Peace reigneth; for our King is here
  To bless the coming of New Year:
Ring wild, ye bells! from clime to clime,
  Ring in the merry 'Xmas time!



ON THE WAY TO ROME. AN ITALIAN CAR.

THE AMERICAN BOY IN ROME.

(From the leaves of an old note-book.)

BY MAX WALTER MANNIX.

I.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamus in illis."

Well I remember, though many years ago, my first meeting with that dear old Padre Segno. It seems but yesterday I saw him taking his usual and seemingly gratifying pinch of snuff, the same kindly face and paternal smile, the same fond greeting, "Buon giorno caro, e come va la vita" ("good morning, my child, and how is it today)."

And if perhaps the weather, or some other disagreeable element incidental to Italian life, had interrupted the quietude of mind, and caused the inhabitant of Via dell' Umiltà to moan and grumble, how cheering would be his old and accustomed rejoinder, "Corraggio! Corraggio! ê mezzo di battaglia." ("Courage, my son! 'tis half life's battle.")

Never had I missed him on a Saturday morning wending his way to the college, and often has he made joyous the dull hours with his many interesting reminiscences. Kind, noble, patient, a true friend of the young Americano, "Goodness and he fill up one monument." Well he recalled the

AMERICAN STUDENTS AT ST. PETER'S.

old students and lovingly would he ask for this one and that saying with a merry chuckle when one name pleased him most, "Quello è bravo Eh!" He was one of my first acquaintances in the "City of the Cæsars," and from his rich store of knowledge I have drawn many bits of information and Roman gossip relative to the American boy in Rome. And for this reason have I chosen this dear old friend as an introduction, so to speak, to my subject.

Be he alive or dead I know not; but whatever his fate his name shall be enshrined in memory forever, and "Would I were able to load him with his desert!" 'Twas at the door of the American College I met him, and I being unfamiliar with Italy's sweet tongue, he acted as an interpreter to the porter.

"Another student all the way from America; please admit him to the Rector." We walked through the Cortile and admired the famous palm, and of course encountered the inevitable tailor, who, knowing well he had a new customer, cried out in broken English, "You want soutan very good?" To which I of course replied yes; but it was a long time coming, to speak in common parlance; in fact, I think it was a 'Xmas present.

When the Reverend Rector was prepared to receive me I was shown in and received my first instructions regarding life and regulations at the American College. Being assigned to a camarata the prefect or student in charge was sent for, and I entrusted to his fraternal care—Alas! "Buonaventura." He plied me with questions regarding America, and if I ever met such a one, and how was Father So-and-So doing, and last but by no means least, if I brought many things over

from the other side. Then my room was pointed out. To this day do I remember every detail connected with my Italian-American quarters. It was not a la Dunwoodie: I think I might safely say it was not after the style of Brighton, and yet I was happy there after I became acquainted with my surroundings. But, gentle reader, have you ever met that conquering army whose banner is lettered "Homesickness?" I became a victim immediately and not even the blue sky of Italy could revive me from my melancholic state.

I think I was "bluer" than the sky itself — 'twas then I sighed for "Domum, domum, dulce domum." (Home, home, sweet home.") However, I was awakened from my dreamings and longing by a terrific knock at my door, and a voice crying out, "Helloa! when did you arrive? Glad to see you. How do you like the place?" etc. And my friend from Rhode Island indeed seemed a blessing for I was almost ready to collapse. "What, blue! Come down and meet the boys. Just wait till you're here a while and you will never want to go back to America. Tomorrow we will have some of Giggi's famous maccheroni pie, and when you once taste that all thoughts of home and mother will vanish."

THE OLD CLOCK IN VELLETRI.

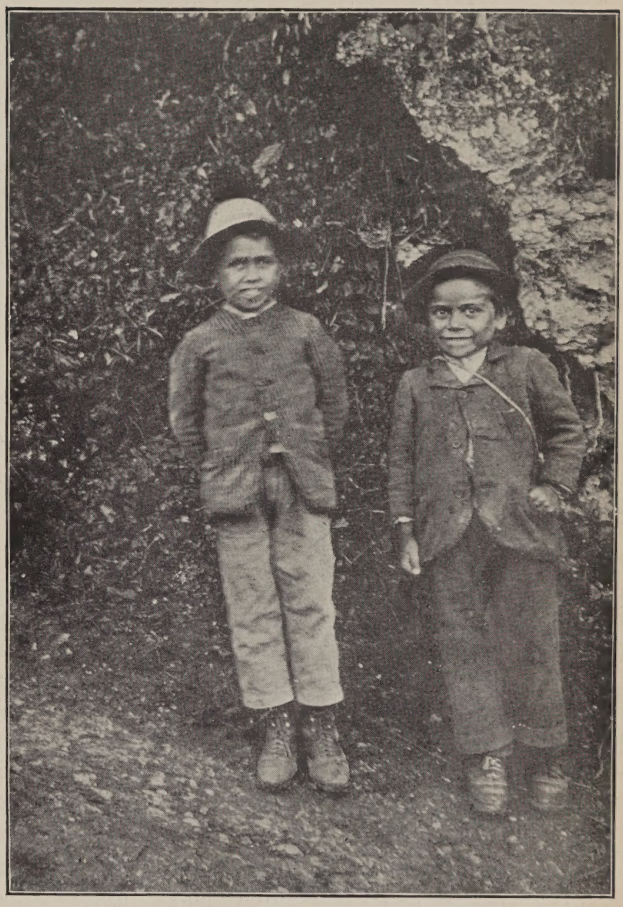
So I thought afterwards, and perhaps "Pete" also. "Cheer up! all of us had to experience this." "Yes," I remarked, "but five years seems quite a long period to be building your hopes on maccheroni pie."

We repaired to the Camarata room (each group of students has a room assigned them

for recreation in the evening) and there I met some of my old American friends. But oh! what a superb sight! In their black cassocks, trimmed with blue and neatly girdled with a deep red sash, they reminded you of so many soldiers. And so they were — soldiers of the most valiant type, fighting under a Leader Who will never know defeat and Whose E t e r n a l Kingdom shall be their camping ground forever if faithful followers of His Cross.

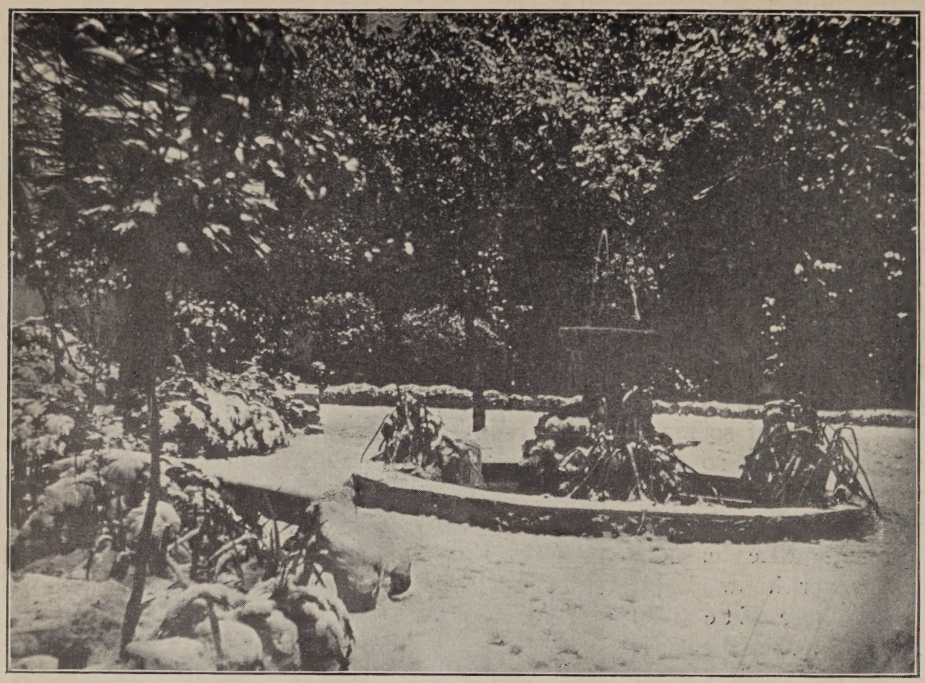
"Do you play or sing?" a s k e d a rosy-cheeked student from Cleveland, with a merry twinkle in his eye. Ah! Tom, you were ever thus!

"Oh! a little at times," I replied, and to the amusement and merriment of all I endeavored to sing. I was told afterwards that everyone was expected to do something on making his début before this illustrious assembly. So for the many blunders I made, I had at least the consolation of knowing that some few others had met that same fate before; otherwise what use of a "mix," as William of Buffalo well remarked. We chatted merrily for some little time until the bell for night prayers sounded and immediately perfect silence reigned. Then we marched to the chapel, and after prayers we retired. Let me here introduce my neighbors whose rooms were separated by a thin partition and whose voices "oft in the stilly night" spoiled many a slumber. I wonder if "Billie" is still taking the walking exercise or "Sam" watching for the pleasant days in America. How sweet to recall those by-gone days when we three met and talked (sub rosa of course) until a peculiar footstep announced the approach of "Johnnie," and then off to our philosophical or theological volumes we hastened. My first night is one well-written on the tablets of my memory.



BEPPO AND NINO, TWO OF THE "THREE FATES."

"How do you like your suite?" asked



GARDEN OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, AFTER A SNOW STORM.—A RARE OCCURRENCE.

"Billie." I responded in a jocosely "Certainly grand! no wonder the Italians dislike to leave such warm places."

I thought I could hear a titter from Sam, but I'm sure of Billie's big voice and laugh and a "good night, sleep well, and cheer up!"

Early the next morning came the oft-repeated call, "Benedicamus Domino," and if you were unaccustomed to the response, "Deo gratias," as I was, you might exclaim to the bell-ringer, "Mr. Nick," in good "Anglo-Saxon." "All right," for it meant to arise and make ready for Mass and the day's work. After our spiritual exercises, and having partaken of our Italian breakfast, we prepared for the Propaganda, or "Prop," as it is commonly termed.

Here begins school life in earnest for the American boy in Rome.

Puzzled and nonplussed at first, you gradually become acquainted with the ways and methods of the Italian professor, and what seems difficult in the beginning afterwards assumes a comparatively easy appearance. In fact you almost long for History class to hear the deep voice of that grand old Ciceronian of Trastevere, "the noblest Roman of them all," whose marks for examination clearly proved,

"'Twas certain he could write and cipher too." After our lectures, back again in Camarata form to Via dell' Umiltà to study and philosophize and perhaps let our thoughts wander far over the sea. Lunch over, and recreation in the garden at an end, we are summoned again to study. The same arrangement as in the morning proceeds save perhaps we may hear a few more "a scuola! a scuola! to class! to class!" from our dear little friend and prefect Giovanne.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY S. L. E.

To Thee, God's Lamb! a lamb
  Thy Martyr Agnes brings;
To Sharon's Rose these roses white,
  St. Rose's offerings;
Lucy, her lily and palm
  And her triumphal psalm.

Wilt bless these gifts tonight,
  My God, my Little Child?
Uplifted He His baby-hand,
  And blessed those gifts, and smiled.
In Lucy, Agnes, Rose,
  His Mother's heart He knows.

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PERFECT CONTENT.

THAT FIRST PEW.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Mrs. Carrol stood on the front door-steps, leaning idly upon the broom with which she had just swept the dead leaves from the gravel walk. She was not in a happy mood—a glance revealed that. The incipient scowl on her face betokened the weight of something extraordinary in the bottom of her heart. She muttered to herself as she looked down the street and saw the approaching figure of a woman whom she recognized as one upon whom she could cast forth some of the secret bitterness of her life.

"Good mornin' to ye, Mrs. Clark. It's a fine mornin' we're havin'."

"Faith it is that, Mrs. Carrol. God be praised for it! For every day that gets finer and finer I do be thinkin' that pretty soon me little Neddy will be able to go out in the sunshine after his long spell of sickness. Father Burns said—"

"Don't mintion that name to me, Mrs. Clark. Don't mintion it, at all, at all. I hate the sound of it."

"Glory be to God, woman, what ails ye? Ye hate the sound of Father Burns' name, the saint of God? What did the poor man do to ye that ye spake so of him?"

"What did he do, and what didn't he do? And didn't ye hear what he did to me? God forgive me but I have no use for him now, and what's more I never will. Were you to Mass yisterday?"

"Sure ye know I was to Mass."

"To the half past tin?"

"No, I ran out to the early Mass before little Neddy woke up. He had a bad night of it."

"Then ye didn't witness me disgrace?"

"Faith, woman, I don't understand ye at all, at all. Your disgrace is it?"

"Listen to me, Mrs. Clark. Ain't I as good as the O'Connors?"

"Ye are, every bit. I remember when the O'Connors, old Micky that is dead now, God rest his soul, amen, was on the town; faith I do."

"Isn't me name and the name of all belongin' to me as holy and blessed?"

"Faith it is. Sure I—"

"Didn't I do as much for the Church of God as thim upstarts?"

"True for ye, Mrs. Carrol."

"And isn't me old John's money as clane and swate as th' ill-gotten goods of th' O'Connors?"

"Ye never said a truer word, Mrs. Carrol, I believe ye."

"I know ye do, Mrs. Clark, but Father Burns didn't. Ye know it was this way. The new church will be didicated next Sunday. Sure ye know that. Well, yisterday after last Mass the pews were lotted out. I saw your Tom there—why didn't he tell ye? Well, I presinted meself for a pew. I wanted four seats for me and John and the two little girls, and I picked me seats right in the front pew, I had a right to do it, Mrs. Clark. Didn't we have the first pew in the basement for twinty years? Didn't me old John give the first twinty-five dollars that old Father Murphy started the Church with? Didn't I give a windy to the new church for thim that's dead and gone, and didn't me little girls sing in the choir and tach Sunday school? Ah, if Father Mur-

phy were alive, God bless him and God rest him this day, he wouldn't begridge me a seat on the althar steps. But Father Burns isn't like him—divil a bit will he ever be like him. Well he up to me, an' says 'good mornin', Mrs. Carrol.' 'Good mornin', yer Riverence,' says I. 'I'll take four seats in the front pew in the middle aisle.'"

"'I'm sorry for ye, Mrs. Carrol,' says he with a shmile, 'but ye'll have to take some other seats. I'm kapin' that pew for the O'Connors.' 'Ye are,' says I. 'I am,' says he. 'Who are the O'Connors?' says I. 'Are they any better than me an' mine?' says I. 'Where did they get their money but by roguery and chatin',' says I. 'Go on and give thim their pick, but I won't take anybody's lavin's. I'll never put me foot inside yer church agin!' And I wheeled right round and there was lady O'Connor lookin' at me with fire in her eye. I pushed her aside and without bendin' me knee to the althar came right home, and I'll never go there agin as long as I live."

"God forgive ye, Mrs. Carrol. Sure it's yer own soul ye'll be damning. The Bishop is coming next Sunday and the church 'll be a grand sight. Sure woman, one seat's as near to God as the other."

"Don't mind me, Mrs. Clark. What's done is done, and I won't be changed. Bad luck to the whole pack of thim. I'll say me prayers at home."

"Oh, Mrs. Carrol, if God struck ye dead now, where would ye be?"

"Go on now. If yer comin' to take Father Burns' side I want no part of ye; go on now." And Mrs. Carrol turned abruptly and walked into the house, slamming the door after her.

The next Sunday was a gala day in the village. The house of God was to be dedicated, and that is the marking of an epoch in the Catholic life of every parish. The Bishop was coming clad in beautiful robes, the like of which were seldom or never seen in the humble parish. Father Burns had made great preparations for the event. He had planned the floral decorations on a scale which to the village was magnificent. The potted plants of every housewife in the parish were called into requisition. All were only too delighted to have it in their power to contribute to the decoration of the lovely new church, and each one of course decided that Father Burns would think her plants the finest as she stood and gazed after the little altar boys bearing away in a wheelbarrow the objects of much tender nursing during the cold New England winter. All but one. Mrs. Carrol's plants were absent. Young Eddy Malloy had come bright and early with his father's wheelbarrow to take them to the church, as he had done so for all other festivals. He found a sweet pleasure in carrying into the vestry what were to him the finest flowers in the place. He knew that all the other boys envied him those big geraniums of Mrs. Carrol. But Eddy was disappointed that Saturday morning.

"Go long with ye, Eddy Malloy. Tell him he can't have me plants no more. Let him go to the O'Connors." And Eddy was left alone on his side of the door, wondering what had happened to Mrs. Carrol.

Sunday had come. Everybody was going to the late Mass. But Mrs. Carrol would not go.

"Never agin," she said, "never agin."

Old John went. She tried to pursuade him to stay at home, but he thrilled with indignation at the notion.

"Miss Mass, woman? I haven't missed it for fifty years, and I'll not miss it now if I have to stand in the aisle. What do I care what pew I get. It's better sinse ye ought to have. Come Mamie and Nellie, come along with me to church."

"Lave the little girls alone, will ye. Their goin' to stick with their old mother, aren't ye girls?"

The little girls, aged thirty and thirty-two respectively, nodded assent. Old-fashioned girls they surely were, looking like younger sisters of their mother. Her iron will had kept them from the companionship of girls of their own age and succeeded so well in moulding them that her thoughts were their thoughts, and their dispositions as cranky and despotic as her own.

So old John had to go alone to Church that Sunday. Clad in the long white duster that had done service for so many years he slowly walked up the village hill, greeted now and then by an old neighbor, wondering every one of them what was the matter with the "woman" and the girls that they did not accompany him to see the Bishop and the grand dedication. Very few had witnessed Mrs. Carrol's disgrace, as she called it, and so John was not molested by questions as to how he felt and how Nora felt over the victory of the O'Connors and the defeat of the Carrols. But for all that he was sorely grieved as he entered the church and took the very back seat, hoping to be out of sight of Father Burns, and thus to avoid any inquiries as to the "woman's" whereabouts. How they had trudged along together, he and Nora, for nearly forty years, and now to see her fall back for a little wounded pride and bring upon her soul the awful sin of missing Mass. He prayed for her. It would all pass away and Nora and the girls would come back after the angry fit, and be just as friendly as of old with Father Burns.

But John's musings were cut short by the beginning of the services. It was all so beautiful, he thought. How Nora and the girls would have enjoyed it. If they only knew what they were missing. But he would tell them all about it, he said to himself as he walked homeward, exchanging sentiments of admiration with his village friends and praising all who had assisted in the ceremony—"God bless them!"

"Oh, Norah!" he said, as he entered the house, "ye missed it. There was the Bishop and—"

"I don't want to hear a word about it, John Carrol. Ye wint back on me and brought a fresh disgrace upon me. That'll do for ye now."

"Ah, ye'll regret it some day Norah; but I'll pray to get ye back to church."

"Not if ye die for it, John Carrol. I want no more talk."

And like a wise man John said no more, but went out to look at the chickens and the pigs—anything to be at peace from the shrewish tongue of his wife.

And Nora was as good as her word. The news soon spread about the village that Mrs. Carrol and her daughters were not going to put their foot inside the church again. The action of Father Burns in giving the pew to the O'Connors was freely commented upon, some siding with the pastor and others declaring against him, though the latter always spoke in whispers. But all condemned Mrs. Carrol's action. The idea of missing Mass for a bit of spleen—and "thim old maids of hers that ought to have better sinse."

"Sure the ould woman's crazy," said old Finnerty, the sexton, to his old pal Hogan. "If I were Carrol I'd have her in the 'sylum long ago. The ould witch, with makin' bother at this time of her life whin she ought to be say'n' her prayers."

The nine days wonder soon became an accepted fact. Old John going to church alone soon ceased to attract any curious glances, and no one any longer followed the linen duster down the aisle, with whispers and inquiring looks. Now and then one would see him wait after Mass and go into the vestry.

"Will ye say a Mass for the woman, Father? Sure's she's lost all her faith intirely. She's no better than a bad Prodesan. I don't think she'd go to Mass even if she got the front pew. Ye might come down and see her agin, Father. Perhaps she'll see ye." And the old man would go out of the church wondering to himself if it would ever be all right, and if Nora would ever again sit beside him at Mass.

Father Burns called one Sunday night. The girls were sitting on the steps enjoying the coolness of the outer world. They spied the priest coming up the street and taking his presence as a signal of war they instinctively dashed into the house to convey the message to the old couple within. The three women were soon up in arms.

"Divil a bit will he get in here. Lock the door on him."

"No, ye won't," said old John. "This house is mine and ye can lave it sooner than I'll lock out the priest. Mamie, don't ye lay a finger on that key, or I'll—."

A knock at the door cut short the old man's threat. The door opened and the priest entered. He greeted the group, but John alone responded.

"Take a chair, Father," he said. "We're glad to see ye."

The priest sat down, glad to find all at home. But Mrs. Carrol was a warrior bold. She was not disconcerted. She looked at the "little girls," and beckoning to them to follow her she walked proudly past the priest, followed in turn by them, out into the garden to the back of the house, leaving John to do the entertaining and the priest to recover himself from such an unexpected defeat.

"May he never come agin, John Carrol, till I sind fer him," said Nora, when the priest had gone and the three women had once more taken possession of the house.

"Some day ye'll want him, Norah, and perhaps ye won't get him. God'll punish ye yet for yer sin."

The summer and autumn wore away, but the bitterness of Norah and the girls was in no wise lessened Nellie had gone to work in one of the neighboring factory towns and came home every Saturday night to spend the Sunday. Mamie stayed at home to help with the work of the house, for she had always been delicate and could not stand the strain of prolonged labor. Life held few pleasures for them, and the trouble with the priest had increased the discomfort of their home. Little as they had gone out before, they now went out still less, for they did not care to have frowning looks cast at them, nor be the object of extemporaneous sermons from all the neighbors they met. It was now December and Mamie had not gone beyond the front yard since the winter had set in. Christmas week came, but it meant little for the three women except a recollection of the past Christmas, and the renewal of the bitterness

against Father Burns for his supposed favoritism and injustice. Mamie was suffering from a severe cold when Nellie came home that Saturday night. The Sunday passed off as irreligiously as usual, with fresh hatred muttered against Father Burns. In the afternoon a violent storm had swept in and about the village, and the roads were entirely obliterated when the time for Nellie's train had arrived.

"Put on yer duds, Mamie dear, and help yer sister to the depot. She'll be lost if ye don't."

Much as Mamie desired to remain at home, for her cough had grown worse with the increasing cold, she dared not resist the commanding tones of her mother. Experience had taught her how vain it was to oppose that iron will, and without a murmur she obeyed. The two girls left the house. They trudged along the unbroken roads with never a sound between them but the hollow cough of Mamie who was shivering when they reached the village railway station. Like one in a trance she saw the train pull in and pull out again, and then she started on her way home. How far it seemed and she so weak, so miserably weak! What love for her could her mother have, to drive her out in the blinding storm, and she so ill? Was this the spirit of Christ? Was this the peace on earth He came to bring to mankind? Was her mother right in bringing upon them this rebellion of heart, this bitterness of soul toward God and man, for a fancied injustice? What could she expect from a mother that was false to her church and her God? Surely it was not the way to live. What if she were to die now, now in the snowdrifts? The grievousness of her sins came back to her just as she had heard them spoken of at Sunday school. No, no, she was wrong. She would go to Father Burns and tell him all, tell him she was sorry, and beg to be forgiven.

She turned her steps back to the priest's house. The way seemed endless, but at last she caught the gleam of light from his study window. Thank God, he was at home! She found her way to the door and rang the bell. The maid opened the door cautiously, wondering who was there on such a night. The sight of Mamie Carrol standing at the priest's door, trembling from head to foot, and with a look of death on her face, made her draw back in astonishment.

"Come in, Mamie. What's the matter?"

"I want Father Burns."

"Sit down here by the fire and I'll call him. Such a night to come out! You'll get your death."

She rang the bell for the priest, and left the girl sitting by the open fire. "Such a night for visitors," thought Father Burns, as he laid down his breviary to answer the bell. He entered the reception room, starting as he saw the pale face of Mamie Carrol. "Mamie!"

"Father!" the girl was on her knees. "I'm sorry. I want to go to confession. I'm sick—dying, I guess."

The priest helped her to her feet, and wheeling over to the fire the old sofa that stood in the corner, he bade her be seated. Hastening to the kitchen, he called to the maid. "Send John for the doctor, and tell him to go for Mr. and Mrs. Carrol. Mamie Carrol is dying."

With the help of the maid he tried to make the sick girl as comfortable as possible, but his experienced eye told him that pneumonia in its worst form had a tight grasp upon her. He

prepared her for death and waited patiently for the doctor and the parents of the dying girl. The doctor came but there was little for him to do. There was no hope, for the disease had made its dread ravages on the system before she had succumbed to its power.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carrol was growing anxious about Mamie. She began to regret that she had sent the girls out in such a storm. Her heart throbbed with a foreboding alarm as she heard the rap at the door. She opened it quickly and peered out into the darkness.

"Father Burns wants ye up. Mamie is sick up there."

Mamie sick in the house of Father Burns! What awful fate was this? Her child sick in the house of her greatest enemy! But she did not ponder long upon the thought. She only knew that her child was sick, perhaps dying, perhaps frozen in the drifts. She ran to John with the message, and scarcely waiting to put on their wraps they were out in the winter night, trudging to the home of Father Burns.

But Mamie was unconscious when they arrived. All that night the stricken father and mother sat beside their child waiting for one look of recognition from the "little girl." But it did not come. The old woman saw Father Burns walking softly to and fro, and then she remembered that she was in his house. Was her girl going to die, and she in sin? The sin that her mother had brought on her! A big sob came from the broken-hearted mother as rising from her seat beside the dying girl she passed over to the priest.

"Is she,—did she repint?"

"Yes. I heard her confession and prepared her."

"Thank God, thank God! Oh, God forgive me and her!" She returned to the couch and grasped the hand of the "little girl," fast slipping away from her, reproaching her in her delirium.

"You were wrong, mother. You were wrong, we were all wrong."

"I know it girl, I know it. God forgive me, God forgive me!" It was the anguish of the mother, her prayer for pardon.

But the delirium did not pass away. The light of recognition came no more to Mamie's eyes, and when morning dawned they were closed in the sleep of death.

The day before Christmas she was buried. The evergreen wreaths were already placed in preparation for the great festival of the morrow, but Mrs. Carrol saw them not. All was dark and bitter for her as she realized the misery of her sin and its punishment, sitting there in sorrow and gloom in that first pew.

HIS LITTLE LORDSHIP.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

He was but a little lad to carry all the honors and dignities of his ancient family. No one to look at him would suppose that he was Hugo Tollemache De Vere De Tracy Fitzowen O'Neill. His father and mother had called him Hughie. It was a long, long time now since he had heard himself addressed so familiarly. Perhaps when Uncle Esmé came back from India he would be Hughie to some one once again. But Uncle Esmé seemed in no hurry to come, and the time when he had taught Hughie to shoulder a bayonet and ride his pony seemed far off in the stretches of childhood that are so long and so dim.

Four years his Lordship had been reigning alone in his solitary kingdom. His father, the late Earl, had been a quiet and studious young man, with a taste for collecting beautiful things and patronizing artists. Quite suddenly, when people had begun to believe that he would never marry, he came out of his retirement and within a very short time he married the most beautiful girl of her day. It was a fairy-tale that any woman could be so beautiful; but none approached her, and she had besides her beauty, the sweetness and innocence of a child.

Her husband made no change in his quiet manner of life after they were married, though he was pleased that his young wife should enjoy the gaieties for which he had no relish. The foolish world pitied poor Beauty shut up so much in a solitary castle with a dull husband. But it was a marriage of romantic happiness if the world had only known; and when the late Earl took cold, after a long ride to a distant book-auction, where he stood in his wet clothes all day, and died of pneumonia like any common person, his countess set the opinion of the world at naught by developing a decline which carried her out of the world some six months after her lord.

Hugo could remember yet his games with his mother. His father never played with him, but he often came upon them at play in the great hall, and would stand watching them with a serious and happy smile. She had been young enough not to have forgotten her own childhood, this mother whose portrait was like the picture of a young goddess. She had, indeed, hardly left her happy childhood behind even when she died. Was it not her air of eternal youth that made her beauty so winning?

That beautiful mother had been Hugo's to do with her what he would. She had romped with him and the dogs till her beautiful hair was about her flushed face: but that was in her own morning-room, where they were free from observation. The little world of her household knew her only in her innocent stateliness.

But that was long ago; and since she died, Hugo had had no games like those. It had grieved her dying to leave an only child. "If he had but had a brother," she mourned, "it would not be so hard to leave him."

The worst of it was that Uncle Esmé stayed so long away. Those were stirring times, and Uncle Esmé was a

soldier, passionately in love with his profession. He was the little Earl's guardian; no one else at all to come between them, for the late Earl had loved and trusted his younger brother entirely. But Hugo could hardly wonder that Uncle Esmé delayed to come. It must be much jollier where he was than at Hurstmonceaux Castle. Perhaps, Lord Esmé forgot that his little nephew was an only child, or he might have come sooner. He had left the arrangement of things till he did come to Vance, the late Earl's agent and man of business. Vance was an excellent fellow, and was sure to do the right thing by the little chap till he himself could come to look after him.

Mr. Vance did the best thing possible according to his light. He reduced the staff of the Castle by half-a-dozen servants, and installed as supreme head a Miss Willis, an English lady of the highest character, and with a great love of learning. Hurstmonceaux, with its magnificent library was a paradise to Miss Willis. What anyone could want outside the life of the beautiful house she could not imagine.

She taught Hugo conscientiously. She did not play with him of course. Hugo would as soon have expected one of the fossil animals of the stone age in the glass-cases in the gallery to come out and play with him. So he had had no playmate but Lion, his St. Bernard, who was becoming a sick dog in his middle age, and would not much longer have heart to play.

The park around the castle was seven miles in extent, quite a sufficiently large playground even for such a great person as the little Earl. So it came that he never went outside it except to church on Sunday, where he sat walled in in a great family pew till it was time to drive home again in the barouche with two horses, which was so much too big for Miss Willis and her charge. At church he had had occasional peeps at the little Vances in their pew. There were a great many little boys and girls, rosy-cheeked and happy-looking; and Mrs. Vance at the head of her troop seemed always to send him, he knew not why, a glance of soft compassion. It had often surprised him, for what could there be to pity in him, the little Earl, who had so much state and so much wealth?

Once he startled Mr. Vance, who had come on one of his quarterly formal visits, by a request that the little Vances should come to play with him.

"Upon my word, Maria, I didn't know what to say," said the honest gentleman to Mrs. Vance when he returned home. "It would do him all the good in the world to have the companionship of Roger and Jack, who would never once remember that he was the premier Earl, and would play with him rough-and-tumble games as boys should. But I couldn't take it upon myself, really. I don't know how Lord Esmé would feel about it if he came home and found young Vances all over the place."

"He would never object," said Mrs. Vance, bridling a little.

"I don't know, my dear. Of course my poor father gave me the education of a gentleman, but he himself once held the plough-handles."

"It is not people like the O'Neills who remember such things."

"Perhaps not: but I remember them myself. It would be different if the Earl had lived, or if Lord Esmé were here. Upon my word its too hard on

the little chap that he should come of such blue blood that there's no one within fifty miles of him good enough to play with. I didn't know what to say to him. He spoke with the air of a command. But I shan't see him for three months more, and by that time Lord Esmé may have come home."

"Poor little boy, he grows more and more like his mother," said Mrs. Vance, compassionately. "He doesn't look over-strong, John."

"Miss Willis gives good reports of his health. Don't worry about him. Perhaps we'll have to worry about our own presently."

"I'm not afraid of that, John."

"I don't know, Maria. Things look gloomy this year. There'll be very little rent going because of the wet summer. I've written to Lord Esmé suggesting big reductions. If he doesn't agree he'll have to find another man to evict them. If he does every agent in the country will be down on me for breaking the line."

"He'll give you a free hand."

"He may not, Maria."

"What would you do then, John?"

"Trust in God, Maria. He would not desert us."

Mrs. Vance sighed over the coat she was making for the last baby but two. It seemed hard that the ways of the righteous should be so difficult and there were the keep and the education of so many children to be thought of.

Meanwhile, the little Earl was talking over the same matter with the one person who ever forgot that he was an earl, and saw only a dear, little, wistful, lonely boy. This was Ellen, who had been his nurse, and was never going to leave him, not even when he was a man and carried a sword like Uncle Esmé. Ellen had her own room where she mended fine linen and curtains with exquisite little darns which were things of beauty in themselves. It was always clean, and bright with a good fire, and it was the one place where Hugo did not feel lonely.

He was sitting now on Ellen's lap with his cheek against her comfortable breast. He would not have allowed anyone to see him so for worlds, for he was over seven years old and much too big to be nursed, yet in a half-ashamed way he liked it.

"But I don't think he will let them come, Ellen, for all that," he was saying.

"Sure they're not your own sort, honey, at all, at all," said the nurse. "Of course herself's a lady, an' they say Trinity College couldn't hold the learnin' of him. Still he came of poor common people I've heard tell. Not but what he has a heart for them he come of, an' it isn't always so."

"You're talking nonsense now, Ellen," said Hugo. "Of course Mr. Vance is a gentleman, though it would take hundreds and hundreds of years for him to become like us. In fact its quite hopeless for any one to think of being like us. We came to England with William the Conqueror, and we were noble then. And we came to Ireland with Strongbow, and there was an O'Neill in every one of the Crusades. So as nobody can be like us it doesn't matter very much how many years back it is since they began to be gentlemen. And I do like those boys."

Hugo's voice ended in a pitiful little sound almost like a wail.

"To be sure," said Ellen, hugging him closer. "You ought to have some one to play with you, poor lamb. 'Tis a terrible pity no one comes up to you.

Perhaps if his Lordship was at home he'd find you some one. May be he'll come soon, my precious."

"I think if I had Uncle Esmé I shouldn't want any one else. He played so well, nearly as well as mother, and then, of course, he knew games a lady doesn't. There's no good playing by yourself, Ellen. I've tried it now for four years, and it never seems to satisfy one. It was better while Lion could play."

"Why don't you have another dog, a little, young pup that'ud be active an' pleasant if he did tear every stitch to ribbons?"

"Mr. Vance wanted me to have an Irish terrier; but you see I couldn't do that, Ellen, for it would hurt Lion so dreadfully for me to have another dog."

"'Twould be a mercy to shoot the poor old dog then," said Ellen, biting off a thread. "He's gone to skin an' bone an' 'tis a misery to look at him. A big dog that's sick is the miserablest thing in the world to my notion."

"He doesn't suffer, Ellen," said her nurseling with some coldness. "If he did I wouldn't try to keep him alive. But as for shooting—I'd just as soon shoot you."

"Mercy on us, what would you go shooting Christians for like that?" cried Ellen, staring; "an' you the kindest little heart alive."

"You don't understand, Ellen," said Hugo, "so it's no use talking about it. Now please tell me the story of Murroughamore and Murroughabeg."

"'Tis a beautiful day," said the nurse, glancing at the window. "You'd better be ridin' your little pony about the park. You're a bit pale, dearie."

"It is no good riding when you haven't another boy to ride races with you. Besides, I don't like William riding behind me."

"You'll be sayin' next that you don't want Thomas to stand behind your chair at dinner, nor Mrs. Sutton to pour out your milk."

"But I don't," said the boy fretfully. "I'm tired of all sorts of things. I only want some one to play with me. I'm tired of the castle and the gallery and all those portraits looking down at me, and the looking-glasses wherever I go. Those people who came the other day to see the house, I ran into the gallery not knowing they were there,—and they stared at me. I don't like to be stared at, Ellen; the portraits stare at me, and the boy in all the looking-glasses that I know is myself."

"The people stared at you because you were the Earl, honey," said Ellen, soothingly. "It is a great thing to be the Earl, my pretty lamb. Think of all the thousands of boys in the world who would be glad to be the Earl in your place, and wouldn't mind the other things."

"Of course they couldn't be me," said the boy, "any more than I could be them. Now tell me about Murroughamore and Murroughabeg."

It will be seen that the little Earl was in a state to do something desperate. Indeed, his mind was working all the time he lay against Ellen's breast listening to the beloved fairy-tale, although he did not fail to correct her whenever she departed from the familiar wording or placed the incidents out of their proper places as she was more and more likely to do because of what Hugo considered her great age. Ellen was really somewhere in the early forties.

The next day he did an unheard-of thing, he ran away. It was after the one o'clock dinner, when Miss Willis either read or took a siesta, leaving Hugo to his own devices, which was a perfectly safe thing to do seeing that he was the most docile and obedient of children. Even when, after a lapse of a couple of hours, she missed her little charge from the school-room, where she had left him, it did not strike her to go in search of him. He liked to wander about the house and gardens by himself, and he would come back when he had grown tired of his ramble. So it was that Hugo got a good three hours of a start before anyone thought of looking for him.

He had set out with no definite idea of escaping beyond the walls of his own park. He avoided the main avenues leading to the many lodges. He struck out across the wood, skirted the lake, passing by the boat-house, with a thought of how pleasant it would be if he had some one to row on the lake with him, plunged into the valley, scaled the height beyond, and finally found himself at the boundary wall of Hurstmonceaux. Then, quite suddenly, a little stream which he had been following slipped under the wall and disappeared. Hugo pulled up with a sharp feeling of disappointment. The stream, which he had discovered glittering among the braken and furze of the valley, had seemed companionable. The swallows were stooping over it in pursuit of the bright-winged flies; it was clear as amber, and as Hugo went with it he had seen the silver back trout dart under a tiny boulder; in another place he was sure he could see the bright eyes of a water-hen in the midst of a tangle of reeds and sedge. It chattered so much as it ran that it was like something living this cool, bright, May day. And then to think it should leave him like that after all!

He sighed again for the days when Lion would never have permitted him to take such a walk unaccompanied. Even today he had eluded the dog, drowsy with ill-health, because he wanted a long freedom, and poor Lion was past much exertion. While the stream stayed he had forgotten to be lonely; but now that it was gone the afternoon seemed suddenly quiet, though all the birds were in song. But loneliness was not for long. It was broken by the shouts and laughter of children at no great distance over the wall. Hugo had almost forgotten how to laugh being so much alone. Once or twice when he had been playing with the dog the sound of his own laughter had scared him. Now more than ever he wanted to see what was over the wall. It presented an unbroken front of granite, but there was a low, gnarled tree which afforded him safe foothold.

Hugo began to climb. He was only a little way up when he saw the blue peak of Hungry Mountain, which the wall had hidden from him. He knew Hungry Mountain from the windows of the castle; but now he could see it much nearer and the little fields on the side of it, with the boulders cropping up in them, and the small cattle, and the little black sheep.

Now he knew were he should come out. Below Hungry he had often seen from the castle, the lake, pale and dull, like a cloud of unburnished silver. He was on top of the wall by this time and looking below him he saw the ground at some distance. He

measured it with his eye. He could drop safely, he thought, on the green, long grass. There came again the shouting of the children, and the sound decided him. He felt as he dropped like Murroughamore and Murrough-habeg on their way into the world.

The ground received him softly, and he jumped up again with only two little damp patches on his gray homespun knees, and a great sense of exhilaration. He took the way of the laughter, racing down the marshy ground to the side of the lake, where he came upon a group of peasant children. There was a girl and there were four or five boys; but there was no doubt the girl was the master-spirit.

She was a sun-burnt, high-colored, little creature, with daring eyes and a mischievous smile looking out from her pink print sun-bonnet. The boys were more or less ragged and varying in age from five years to twelve. The girl was somewhere midway between those ages.

When Hugo ran up to them breathless and smiling, they all turned to stare at him.

"Please may I play with you?" he said, taking off his cap to the girl. It did not occur to him that anybody could take it as less than a favor that he should play with them.

The boys fell silent, while the girl looked at him from under her dark brows.

"Who are you at all?" she asked. "I never seen you before."

Hugo had an intuition. If they knew he was such a tremendous person as the Earl, they would certainly refuse to play with him, would scatter, perhaps in awe. Still of course he couldn't tell a lie about it.

"My name is Hugo Tollemache," he began, and hesitated.

"Hugo Tillymash," she repeated. "You'll belong to them Scotch people that's buildin' the barn for Mr. Vance, maybe?"

Hugo shook his head and was about to explain, but the little girl turned from his remarks as though she had done with them and him.

"You can come if you like," she said. "The play we're at is that we're going to sail th' ould boat."

The elder boys were pulling and hauling at an old boat that lay partly caught among the reeds and sedges.

"It looks rather dirty," said Hugo, "and I expect it leaks."

"Oh, if you're afraid!" said the girl.

Hugo was about to explain that an O'Neill could not possibly be afraid, when she went on without looking at him.

"Besides we've had her out before and we've plugged all the holes in her."

"Is Danny to come, Rose Bryne?" asked one of the boys.

At the question the flaxen-haired mite of five turned a pale, peaked face of appeal up to the arbitress of his destiny.

"Would you like to go, honey?" asked Rose, in a wheedling voice, lifting up the puny child and showering kisses upon him. "Danny would like to go, Rosy," said the child.

"There's no room for him," said one of the biggest boys; "there's too many of us as it is, Rose Byrne."

"Then stay back yourself, Paddy Keeffe," said Rose, scornfully.

After a little while they were all embarked in the leaky boat, and the boys had pushed her off from the shore. Rose, who seemed to be captain as well

as helmsman, sat in the stern with Danny leaning against her knee, uttering shrill cries of delight.

"Better keep him quiet, Rose Byrne," said the tall lad she had called Paddy Keeffe, sulkily.

"He'll enjoy himself as much as he likes," said Rose defiantly.

To Hugo's horror the boy stood up in his place and leant towards Rose as though to strike with his oar. Hugo grasped him by the arm.

"You wouldn't strike a girl, surely?" he cried.

"Lave go o' me, Hughie Tillymash," said the boy, hoarsely, "or 'tis yourself I will strike."

For a moment everyone had forgotten the cause of the quarrel, but suddenly the boat lurched and then righted herself. There was a piercing shriek from Rose.

"Lamb in Heaven, where's my Danny?" she cried, with the eyes starting from her head.

Hugo turned and looked at her. The girl seemed paralyzed with horror. But where was the flaxen-haired child? Ah, in the second's pause something pale-gold showed on the surface of the water. Rose put her hands above her head as though about to dive.

"Not you, not you," cried Hugo. "I can swim."

He could indeed swim a little. In the hot summer weather he had been driven daily to the nearest inlet of the sea, as the doctor had prescribed him sea-bathing, and he had learnt to swim a few strokes. But he would have gone over all the same if he had never been in the water. Fortunately they were not far from shore. With the first plunge Hugo was sensible of the difference between the lake-water and the sea-water. This seemed to drag him down. It felt heavy as lead, and his clothes and boots seemed like iron shackles to drag him under the water. But he made for the child gallantly. He clutched the little pinafore. Then he seemed to go down, down, down, and he remembered no more.

The next thing he was conscious of was that the sun was shining on him through curtains of blood-red. At first he thought all manner of strange things. Then it came slowly to him that he was in bed, and that it must be the westering sun that was looking in through the window. He was in an old-fashioned four-poster bed covered with a gay patchwork quilt. The room was low and had flowery paper on the walls and ceiling. A clock was ticking against the wall, and in the corner there was a cupboard with glass doors full of china. Some bright-colored religious pictures filled the wall-spaces above a great chintz-covered sofa as big as a bed. On the sofa lay a bundle of blankets with something rolled up in them, the sight of which brought a cold shock of remembrance to Hugo's heart. Someone was talking in the room, screened from him by the drawn curtains at the foot of the bed. The first sentence which reached him clearly brought the blood back to his heart, a woman was speaking, and the voice was low and soft.

"Sure we can bear it, Dan'l achora, since our Danny's spared to us. Upon my word I can't think of anything but how his life was saved."

Some one rose and approached the sofa, leaning an instant over the bundle of blankets. It was a young man, with a sad and anxious face, but as he stood there his expression brightened.

"The world wouldn't be much without him," he said. "Ah sure what'ud we have done if I hadn't come home wid meself a bit earlier to tell you about the misfortune, Biddy, an' have you comfort me as many a time you done?"

"What indeed, Dan'l, sure 'twas the Lord sent you."

"The three o' them 'ud ha' gone sure enough, Biddy; Danny an' the strange boy an' that good-for-nothin' Rose. I saw her leppin' off just as I kem round the Point."

"Don't say a word about her, Dan'l. I'll run round presently to see how she is. She was a long while in the water."

"Dr. Egan'll bring her round, never fear, to do more mischief. I never seen the like of the way young Paddy Keeffe went skelpin' for the doctor whin he heard they couldn't bring Rose to."

"They've all got a warnin'," said the woman. "'Twas our own fault we didn't break up th' ould boat long ago. 'Twas a terrible temptation for the children."

"I'll smash it up tomorrow before I go to the fields. Sure as you wor sayin', we're thankful to have our little Danny safe if he doesn't have a roof to cover him after next quarter-day."

"You think it'll be as bad as that, Dan'l? Sure Mr. Vance is a kind-hearted gentleman, an' Mrs. Vance the best friend of the poor,—barrin' Father Michael."

"He won't like doin' it, Biddy, but he'll have to. Th' agints has met an' there's to be no reductions. Wisha, God keep the poor next winter! For even if the summer is to be the best that ever was it can't make up for the ruin an' destruction o' the rain these last three summers, an' the wet mist o' the winters."

The woman sighed deeply.

"It'll be hard if we have to go, Dan'l," she said, "after the way you've worked at reclaimin' the hill-side, too. Maybe if the Lord was home from furrin parts he wouldn't dale so hard wid us."

"They wor talkin' about that. The giniral opinion was that it was bad for us havin' a child for our landlord You see them that has charge of his property doesn't like reducin' the value on him. An' yet if his father was alive I think he'd be the first to do what was right. He was a kind, quiet gintleman. Sure the times has changed sorrowful since he died. They do say the bad saysons 'll last seven years, Biddy."

"They do be talkin' a great dale of ould nonsense," said Biddy. "But sure at the worst we won't be more homeless thin the little Child was at Bethlehem. But tell me, Dan'l, isn't it a great thing to be hapin' all that money for wan little, pale, delicate bit of a boy, an' killin' many like us to do it?"

Hugo had listened in a heavy-headed fashion so far; but now he felt that honor forbade his listening longer. So he stirred in bed. As soon as he did a very sweet-looking young woman with a baby in her arms came round, looked down at him, and then asked him how he felt.

"If you please, a little tired," said Hugo, conscious of an aching head and a good many pains in his limbs.

"Lie still, honey," said the young woman, "and tell me where I can send to your people. Your mother's frettin' about you by this time, I'll be bound."

"I haven't any mother," said Hugo.

"Haven't you then, God help you?" said the woman compassionately. "Well your father then'll be out of his mind wonderin' where you are."

"I've no father either. Father and mother are both in Heaven," said Hugo, drearily. "There's only Miss Willis."

"Why, you poor lamb! Think of it, Dan'l, an orphan at his age! Miss Willis 'll be your aunt, dearie?"

"Oh, no, my governess," said Hugo. "But she'll be frightened about me. I'd better get on my clothes and go home."

"Your clothes is dreepin', darlin'. But where do you come from at all? Just tell us, an' Dan'l 'll run over an' tell them where you are."

"It's the castle, please," said Hugo drowsily. "I'm the Earl. I didn't mean to run away—but—" Hugo's thoughts were becoming incoherent, but he saw the startled face of his hostess and caught dreamily his host's remark,—"Upon my word, I'll bate that Paddy Keeffe black an' blue wid his ould nonsense about Hughie Tillymashes. An' glory be to goodness to think of him near drownin' himself for our Danny!"

The next thing Hugo was conscious of was again voices talking.

"He has a fairly sound though a delicate constitution," one was saying, "but if you'll excuse me, my Lord, it's a wonder the child didn't die of the loneliness and the relaxed air of this very charming place. He's been leading a thoroughly unnatural life, thoroughly unnatural. However, I think he'll pull through now; and of course you'll get him away as soon as possible."

"I can hardly forgive myself," said another voice, a voice Hugo had not heard for long, long years. "But now he will be taken care of. I am to be married next month, Sir John. We are going for a long yachting cruise and the boy will go with us. He will not leave us again; and I shall see that he has plenty of childish companionship."

"You returned home just in time, Lord Esmé! I shan't know my little patient when next I see him." At the name Hugo opened his eyes. His mind felt quite clear, though from extreme weakness he could not move a finger. There was a grave, grey old gentleman by his bed, and there was Uncle Esmé come at last,

Continued on page 618.

PRESENT CENTER OF THE WORLD'S INTEREST.

COLOMBIA.

In an introduction to a series of articles printed in DONAHOE'S during the year 1899 on the Central American Republics, we wrote the following:—

"In view of the recent expansion fever that has seized on the United States, and the startling prediction of Cecil Rhodes, that the absorbing of the Central American Republics by Uncle Sam is the question of a few years, the interest in these regions has grown wonderfully in the past few months.

The decision reached in regard to the Nicaragua Canal by the present administration has intensified this interest, and the new canal bids fair to become the inevitable "ditch" so necessary to all possession, and in this case mayhap, the real limit that shall bound the United States and the south.

This territory was the cradle of civilization in the new world. In some of the Central American Republics they have not yet cast their swathing bands, while in others the people have risen to a high plane of progress, and give signs of a continued vigorous growth.

The venture of a Republic by the descendants and subjects of the Latin races is a study worth following. And, despite the fact that revolution is an every day possibility, there seem to be positive signs of ultimate success in a representative form of government.

No land in the northern half of the American continent has a finer climate or a more beautiful and varied scenery. Valleys, uplands and forests; lakes as picturesque as any in Switzerland; green slopes that rival the Emerald Isle; deserts like Sahara; volcanoes like Aetna; and a diverse, sentimental population, give but a faint outline of what the observant traveler finds to attract and interest him. Gold sands from the disintegrated veins sparkle from every mountain brook, and the deposits of silver are as rich as those of Mexico, Nevada and Potosi."

The same remarks hold today, in a measure, of Colombia, the United States of Central America. We should add, however, that it seems likely that the authority of Uncle Sam may extend far below the inevitable ditch unless the people of the Central American and the northern South American States speedily unite on some principle of government and action.

Ever since the day when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa stood on the mountain heights of Colombia and swept the Isthmus from the Atlantic until his eyes rested on the majestic beauty of the Pacific has this land been the scene of struggle toward the realization of a great world improvement. Here, Columbus, in 1502, first stood on the American Continent, and here alone is his name perpetuated in geographical immortality. As New Grenada, it was one of the glories of the Spanish possessions until 1815. In that year an insurrection arose and for nine years war raged between Colombia and the mother country. In 1819, Bolivar, the great national hero who has been called the Washington of Colombia, united Venezuela to the New Grenada and Colombia began its existence.

The Republic of Colombia on the north is bounded by the Caribbean Sea; on the south by Ecuador, Brazil and Peru; on the east by Brazil and Venezuela; on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the north-east by Costa Rica.

The area is about 513,845 square miles, of which about one-fourth is inhabited. The greatest length is about 1,242 miles, from the mouth of the Golfito River, in the Golfo Dulce, to the mouth of the Avatiparana, and the greatest breadth, from Puntagallinas to the left bank of the Amazon River, about 1,118 miles. Its shape is irregular. Its estimated area is more than double that of Spain and Portugal, and equal to that of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pensylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia.

Colombia is divided into nine political divisions, called Departments. These are somewhat similar to the various states in our own Republic. There is a President, Senate and Congress, Grand Electoral Council, in fact an entire scheme of government, modeled after our own. But, unlike the descend-

A FRUIT MARKET IN BOGOTA.

ants of the Saxon and Celtic races, the Latin Americans seem afraid to confide the welfare of their country to the absolute will of the people. There is always some measure introduced or body created giving authority to modify or annul the returns of the elections and thus nullify popular franchise. The result is discontent, followed invariably by revolution. From 1819 to 1902 there have been at least a score of revolutions. The country is now in the throes of one of the most disastrous it has yet experienced. It grew naturally out of the constitution of 1886, in which the President was made a Dictator with supreme power of establishing laws, restraining the press, and of issuing notes as legal tender which have brought the country to a state of absolute bankruptcy.

In 1897 the crisis came. Dr. Sanclemente, a man of eighty years, was chosen President, with Mr. Marroquin as Vice-President. July 31st, 1900, Marroquin with General Manuel Casabianca organized a counter revolution to that of the Liberal Party, imprisoned the President, Sanclemente, and assumed the government himself. As a consequence of this revolution the war budget has grown to be more than one-third of the state revenues, almost ten millions of dollars. The exchange of Colombian money for American gold has so grown that a Colombian paper dollar is scarcely worth an American penny.

Back of this terrible state of affairs there must be social and economic causes at work whose solution must precede any real national stability. The Liberalist Party here, as elsewhere, wish to effect these solutions at once or to employ force to secure their ends.

As soon as Colombia was freed entirely from the mother country, the Liberals, confounding the Catholic

A TILLER OF THE SOIL.

Church with Spanish intolerance, just as the Filipinos are doing today, declared war on the religious orders, the Catholic schools and the traditional privileges of ecclesiastical authority. They declared, as they had removed one great enemy, Spain, they would secure the national millennium if they got rid of the Church, their other foe. The Conservatists and the Historical Party opposed such radical measures and secured from the Holy See concessions that placed Colombia in the same relation to the Church as existed in the United States. These concessions, however, did not satisfy the Liberal Party and, as a result, they worked for the suppression of monasteries, the closing of Catholic schools and colleges; and as there has been little or no provision made for free public education, the children of Colombia have been, particularly during the past several years, almost entirely deprived of proper instruction. The solution of this lies in the amicable relations between the Catholic Church and the Government, which have secured such splendid results in our own country.

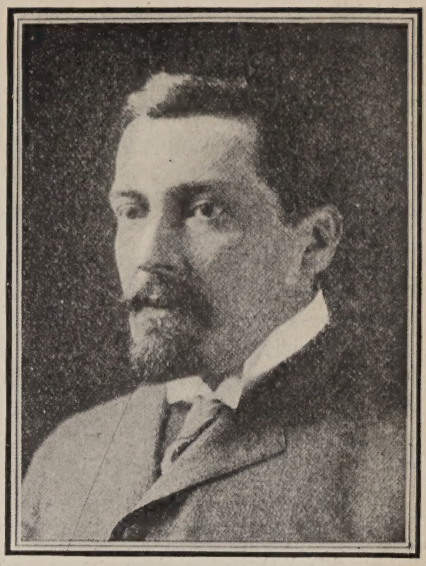
The solution of the political problem will come with proper education for citizenship and the absolute responsibility of the people to rule themselves. There must be no Inquisition even in political office. There must be no Star Chamber where the rights and lives of the people can be disposed of, for any cause or no cause. Everything must be open—everybody must have a right to know what everybody is doing. There can be no confidence in Government which is for the people and by the people unless Government have confidence in the people.

The other, and perhaps the greatest,

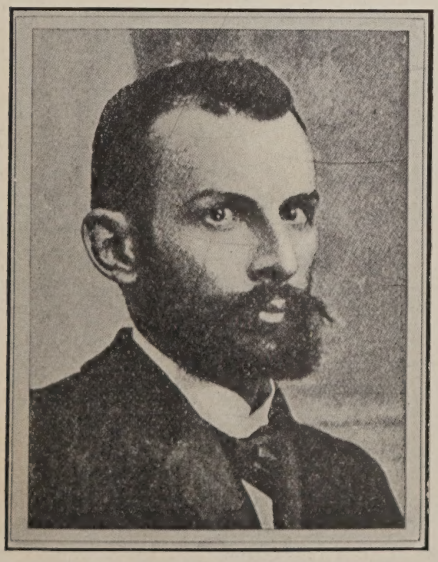
BOY SOLDIERS ENLISTED BY THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT.

cause of present Colombian conditions, is the Panama Canal. Rivalry with Nicaragua, which seemed to be the chosen land; the possible commercial benefits that may accrue to individuals holding government positions; the intrigues of national syndicates are all causes working to create unscrupulous parties ready to sacrifice even national peace and prosperity to individual gain.

When it seemed that Nicaragua was to be chosen for the Canal route, the leaders in Colombia were frantic. Another cause of discontent was thus added. The ambitions of intriguing men seemed about to be frustrated. Revolution was chosen as a measure to get into power so as to share some of the booty they felt sure would come from the choice of the Panama route. The excess, however, bids fair to beat itself. A movement is on foot to return to Nicaragua, and Colombia must be the ultimate loser. The following from the New York Herald of November 4th, sums up the reasons why Nicaragua and not Panama should be chosen:



JOSE VICENTE CONCHA.
Colombian Minister at Washington.



GENERAL URIBE-URIBE,
Revolutionary Leader.

"First:—As nine-tenths of the commerce making use of an isthmian canal will be from the North Atlantic and North Pacific, the Nicaraguan canal will be several hundred miles shorter than one via Panama.

Second:—There is no doubt about its water supply, which is ten times greater than is required.

Third:—Its climate is far better than that of Panama. In fact it is as good as any tropical climate in the world.

Fourth:—The Nicaragua route passes over the greatest depression in the mountain range that traverses the isthmus.

Fifth:—A canal at Nicaragua will be easier to maintain, as there is no Chagres River with which to contend.

Sixth:—We can probably obtain jurisdiction over the Nicaragua route which Colombia will never concede, thus avoiding complications hereafter.

Seventh:—Nicaragua possesses a country capable of being developed, and offers a fine field for American enterprise. The Panama route passes through a region incapable of any development whatever.

Eighth:—Sailing vessels can make use of the Nicaragua route. They are practically barred out at Panama.

Ninth:—Nicaragua Lake, covering an area of three thousand miles will furnish a magnificent situation for an American naval station. Our ships could be there with clean bottoms ready to drop down either to the Atlantic or the Pacific in a few hours and always in the best condition for making speed.

These reasons are irrefutable, and should be controlling in the selection of an American water-way across the isthmus. They show that every consideration, financial, commercial, naval, engineering, hygienic, climatic, topographical and jurisdictional, is in favor of the Nicaragua and against the Panama route. In any great private enterprise they would be conclusive and decisive. To disregard them in a colossal public undertaking to last for all time, costing scores of millions of money and involving the commerce of the world, as well as the naval defense of the United States, would be an irreparable blunder which the American people would never cease to regret.

The Panama scheme was a costly mistake in its inception and has proved a dismal failure that should serve as an effective warning to our government. It is a discredited affair and an unsatisfactory route with which the United States wants nothing to do and which it has been mischievously misled into considering by interests and influences against an isthmian canal. Even if it were desirable there is a vital title question altogether too serious, in view of its momentous importance, to be decided by the opinion of an Attorney General, however learned in the law (experience shows Attorney Generals are not infallible) and which

THE HOME OF BOLIVAR.

can safely be settled only by the highest judicial and internationl authority. This leaves the door open to litigation, delay and uncertainty, and presents a risk which no prudent man would take in his business affairs.

The Nicaragua route is not only preferable in every respect, but is the only one that can be adopted with wisdom and profit. With all its other advantages it will be purely an American canal in conception as well as construction and will stand forever as a monument of American genius and enterprise. To pass it over and take up a discredited foreign failure would be a piece of folly of which both government and people would soon find reason to repent. No mistake will be made in selecting the Nicaragua route, as the reasons we have given abundantly show. By all means it should be selected without further delay.

In DONAHOE'S of July, 1899, we wrote the following on Panama: "We left Guatemala for Panama, and as we crossed the neck of the Isthmus, we saw traces of the abandoned canal on all sides, like grinning skulls on an African desert. Never a hole in this wide world swallowed up more money or human lives than this same Panama canal. Of the 58,078,520 pounds subscribed for the work, 28,000,000 were never accounted for. The deadly fever killed off men by the thousand. The memories haunting the spot, are, indeed, gruesome.

MARKET DAY.

There are forty-eight miles of railroad across the Isthmus from Panama to Colon. From the bay Panama looks like an Italian seaport. Inland, it is a typical Spanish-American city of the second class. Time was when the spot was boom mad, before the collapse of the greatest failure of modern times.

There are still a few hundred men working there as if trying to give some semblance of life to what has long since been dead. There is something positively uncanny in the way this narrow strip of land has for centuries kept apart the commerce of two worlds. There are thousands and thousands of wooden slabs in the half dozen cemeteries around Panama, telling of the venomed breath of the fell disease that smites a man as he awakes at morn, in the vigor of health and hope, and leaves him at night a raving maniac waiting only the glad deliverance of death.

We were delighted to leave Panama for Greytown as it was to usher us into a new highway to the Pacific, a veritable land of promise, free from all the deadly miasma of Panama, and presenting a natural waterway between the two great oceans."

We quote the following from the Consular book on the Department of Panama, as it is at the present time the most important.

"The Department of Panama is bounded on the north by the Caribbean Sea; on the west by the Republic of Costa Rica; on the south by the Pacific Ocean; on the east by the Department of Cauca.

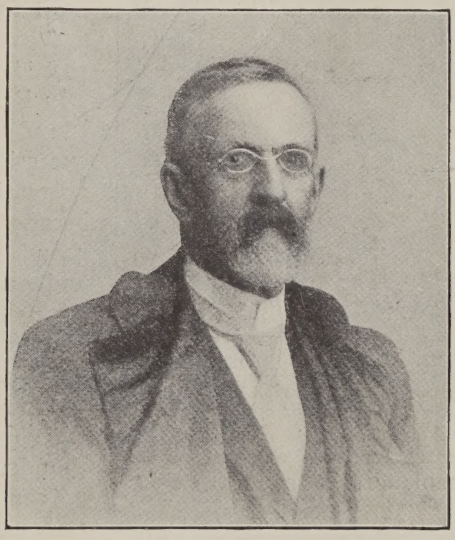
The area of Panama is 32,380 square miles, of which only about one-half is inhabited. Population of the Department, 285,000. Its greatest length from the Darien range to that of La Cruz, on the side of Costa Rica, is about 420 miles. The widest part of the isthmus lies between the mouth of the Escribanos River, on the Atlantic side, and the point of Mariato on the Pacific, a distance of about 118 miles. The narrowest part lies between the Gulf of San Blas, on the Atlantic, and the mouth of the River Chepo, on the Pacific, a distance on a straight line of

IN A COFFEE PLANTATION.

31 miles. Panama is thus a little smaller than the islands of Cuba and Hayti, and not half the size of Paraguay. If the territory of the department were to be as densely populated as Belgium was said to be in 1860, it would contain no less than 9,000,000 inhabitants.

The Department of Panama has no considerable lake or lagoon, unless we except what is called the lake of Chiriqui, on the Atlantic coast, which is rather a large bay than a lake. There are, however, a number of places, chiefly on the coast and on the banks of rivers, where marshes or ponds, more or less permanent and extensive, are to be found. Both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts are sprinkled with islands; in some spots so thickly grouped as to constitute archipelagoes. On the Atlantic side there are some 630 islands and islets, with an aggregate area of 147 square miles, of which about 115 square miles are susceptible of utilization for lumbering or colonization. The remainder is waste, unsheltered, and lacking both water and vegetation. At certain spots fish and turtle abound.

The islands of this department on the Pacific coast are larger and more numerous than those on the Atlantic side. In the group known as the Archipelago de la Perlas the principal island is that of San Miguel, which is about 16 miles long by 7 or 8 miles wide. The largest island on the coast is that of Coiba, a few miles from Bahia Honda, whose greatest length is some 22 miles and its greatest breadth is 15 miles. These Pacific islands are said to number in all, 1,053, with an aggregate area of about 500 square miles.



PRESIDENT MARROQUIN OF COLOMBIA.

The climate of the department varies much, it being in certain regions warm but healthful, in others damp and sickly, and in others cold and salubrious.

The whole coast from the boundary of Costa Rica to the Gulf of Uraba, has a hot and damp climate, in which it is difficult for the white race to flourish, by reason of swamps and marshes whose exhalations are extremely unwholesome. To this is added the intensity of the heat, aggravated by the great humidity produced by the frequent rains, and by the aqueous vapors rising from the sea which the prevailing winds carry to the wooded plains that fringe the entire territory. There is a part of the Pacific coast to which this does not apply, for, from Panama

MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, BOGOTA.

to Cape Burica, where there are no marshes or wooded plains, but on the contrary cereal-bearing fields, and rivers which water and fertilize that generally inhabited region, the climate is as a rule warm but not so damp, which permits the inhabitants to enjoy good health. The Cordilleras are all cool and salubrious, but their slopes are uninhabited, both on the southern side, which bears the cereal grasses, and on the northern, which is covered with woods.

The coast from Panama to Choco is unhealthy. The interior of the Isthmus of Darien is very sickly, and only the Negroes and Indian half-breeds can stand its excessively rainy climate, hot and damp, and its atmosphere, which the marshes make malarious. Though about the Darien cordillera the temperature is milder, it cannot be said that the region is salubrious; and it will never be until the great woods and groves shall have disappeared.

In Porto Bello the climate is unhealthy, and the heat excessive by reason of the stagnation of the air, and because the port is surrounded by high mountains, and noxious exhalations emanate from vegetable matter, both terrestrial and aquatic. The nights there are often stifling, and the days marked by rain with thunder and lightning, such as can not but terrify the unaccustomed visitor.

It may be said that it rains in the Department of Panama at least nine months in the year, and that, too, in extraordinary quantities. There occur, too, brief but very hard "scuds" or showers, and much thunder and lightning—a sure proof of the abundance of electricity in these regions.

The dry months are February, March and a part of April, and the hottest months are August, September and October, in which the heat becomes almost unbearable. In other months the breezes and the continual

rain render the heat less intense, though on the other hand they make the climate disagreeable.

In the territory which formerly constituted the provinces of Chiriqui and Veraguas the heat is intense, though tempered by the rains from April to December. In the part of the isthmus bordering upon the Cauca it rains all the year round, at such a rate as to make the rain fall 90 cubic inches, while in Europe it is only 28 or 29."

What the issue of the present state of affairs in Colombia will be, what the future of a great country is to bring forth, is difficult to foretell with anything like certainty. Should Panama be chosen for the Canal route, the constant presence of the United States on the scene, the quasi right this government will enjoy in preserving peace along the canal route, the growth in commerce, and the securing of financial stability will contribute somewhat to national peace, particularly if the political and religious problems will be solved as suggested above.

Colombia is a country rich in minerals, fruits, woods, capable of the highest cultivation, and with proper sanitary improvements and industrial advantages could reach something like national prosperity. But if Nicaragua should be chosen for the Canal route the future of Colombia is as much an unknown quantity as it has been since 1815. Its only hope then will be in the establishment of fair and friendly relations with the Holy See, the restoration of schools and religious institutions, the education of the people on the broad lines of responsible citizenship and a system of representation and executive government that will secure the confidence of the people so that they would rather die to preserve it intact than, as is the case today, to break forth into hourly revolution.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BOGOTA.

THE OLD TOWN WITH ITS RUINED CASTLE.

THE SHEPHERD'S CLOAK.

A STORY OF AN IRISH CHRISTMAS CRIB.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

"If there is one memory of my childhood," said the Sergeant, "which I hope will always remain distinct, clear-cut, and unimpaired by the rude hand of time, it is the memory of Christmas; and if there is one memory of Christmas which I wish to have more deeply engraven on my mind as the years go by, it is the memory of the Christmas crib at the Friary Church in my native town."

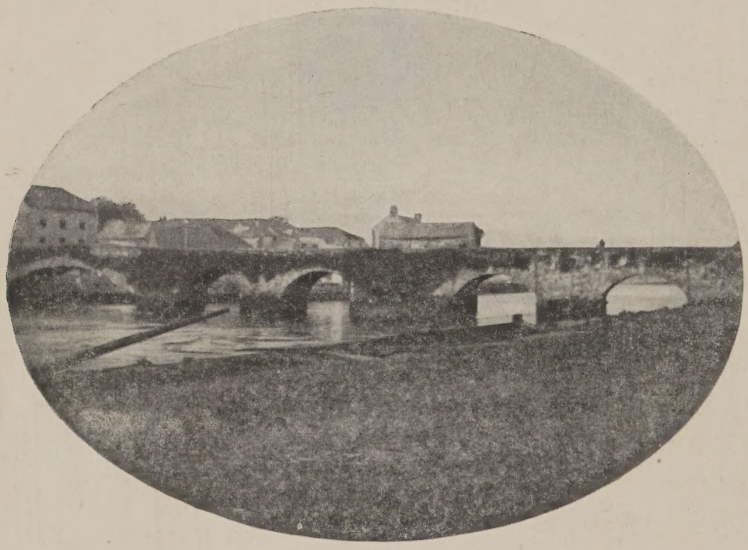
We were sitting in the reading room of the Public Library, a place where we often met either by accident or appointment. This time it was by accident. He had been glancing over the Christmas number of one of the magazines—out nearly six weeks ahead of time,—and one picture of a quaint Christmas crib in a French village church had especially held his attention. With this as a beginning our low-voiced conversation naturally turned on Christmas, its meaning and observances. The Sergeant, let me remark in passing, had not the impossible brogue of a Mulvaney. Neither was he the type mentally or morally of Kipling's soldier-hero, whom, at the time, I happened to admire, being young. We often spoke of Kipling, he and I, and he was always emphatic

in his denunciation of that popular idol, for making such a character as Mulvaney typify the Irish in the British army.

"The Christmas Crib," said he, when to my delight he spoke again, "was erected every year by the altar-boys under the direction of the lay-brother; the church was, you understand, a Franciscan church, and together with the three priests there was also a lay-brother who acted as sacristan. Poor Brother Anthony, how well I remember him! He it was whose artistic sense demanded a larger and better reproduction of the stable of Bethlehem than was customary before his coming. He it was who prevailed upon his superiors to obtain from Munich or some other place on the continent, figures of the personages in the Nativity tableau, which were actually life size, clothed with real woolen garments (or whatever the fabric was), and looking so realistic that at a little distance one might be readily deceived into thinking them flesh-and-blood actors maintaining a fixed rigidity of pose. Everybody was delighted with these figures the first year they came. The altar boys were particularly proud of them. One stalwart shepherd kneeling on one knee and wearing a long cloak with a hood over his head bore in his arms a little lamb, as an offering to the new-born Saviour, and the lay-brother informed us that he was "the Prince of the Shepherds." He was our particular pride,

WHERE THE CRIB WAS BUILT.

though of course the beautiful and life-like figures representing the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Child and St. Joseph were not without their special appeal, not only to our artistic, but to our religious sense, also. There were besides the Prince of the Shepherds at least a half a dozen others. To accommodate all these you will see that the stable had to be quite large, and so it was. For several years as an altar-boy I helped to construct it, and I have today a vivid memory of it. In fact an important incident of my life which occurred in connection with it makes me remember it all the more keenly.



THE BRIDGE.

"You see, about that time there had sprung up in Ireland one of those periodic movements of armed rebellion against English rule. The fighting spirit of the race lies dormant for years, and men try to free the old country by peaceful agitation (which is not so peaceful after all); but once in a while there sweeps over the country a wave of supreme disgust for all this, and before people begin to realize it there is impassioned speaking, secret drilling, pike-heads, and the 'rising of the moon.' At such a time the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams.

"Well, so it was when I was a young man of nineteen or twenty. This old spirit had reasserted itself and I was caught into the movement in my native town, as easily as the straw is sucked into the eddy. Of course it was the old story over again. There was an informer amongst us, one who had been the most vehement in denouncing the 'Saxon,' the most energetic in organizing the local forces of rebellion, the most severe on those 'mane-spirited slaves' who were worldly-wise enough to keep their skirts clear of the entanglements of conspiracy against British authority. He was the very leader of the local group of revolutionaries, and I, though young, was the

next in importance, partly because my grandfather had been killed in a skirmish with the yeomen in '98, and partly because I was looked upon as 'a bit of a scholar.' Anyway, thus it was as the season of Christmas approached that year.

"Now from the time I was eight or nine years of age I had been an altar boy at the Friary. Two or three years prior to this momentous Christmas, however, feeling myself, as the lay-brother ironically expressed it, 'too much of a man' to be on the altar, I had ceased to be a regular server, though always on Christmas Eve out of friendship and regard for Brother Anthony I went to the church to help in the construction of the crib. It was I who carried the figures down from the store-room in the belfry where they lay packed away carefully from Christmas season to Christmas season again; and it was I who, under the old lay-brother's direction, placed them in the group which was so strikingly pathetic and effective in the eyes of the congregation at early Mass on Christmas morning.

"Well, this Christmas Eve I went as usual to the church. It was late when I arrived there, for our little circle of rebels had been holding a meeting that night, and it had been longer than usual, owing to something which had occurred the day before. This was nothing more or less than the arrest of one of our members—the most influential man among us; a man of substance and standing, whose adhesion to our cause had been a great comfort and support to the weaker brethren. That there was a traitor among us we suddenly realized. Yet, who could he be? A feeling of gloom, insecurity and suspicion pervaded the meeting. Some of the more fearless or reckless members tried to look upon the bright side of the affair, tried to say a few words of hope, but it was a failure. All these addresses began well, but dwindled down at the last to mere condemnation of the informer; and the one who most fiercely denounced the traitor was —well, it was that individual himself.

"Depressed as I was when I left the meeting (some of whose members I was destined never to see again), by the time I had walked half-way to the Friary I had almost regained my usual buoyancy. I was young then and could easily shake off trouble even when, as in this case, it was a matter of life or death. The night was crisp and clear, and though there was no moon the sky was strewn with stars, and they blinked up at me with a reflected light from the bosom of the peaceful river, as I crossed the old ivy-covered bridge which led to that part of the town where the Friary Church stood dark and silent. Often and often had I crossed this bridge as a light-hearted boy. And now, though I did not know it, I was crossing it for the last time. Had I known it I would possibly have lingered a little longer leaning on the ivy-clad battlements that had withstood the ravages of time for hundreds of years, and that are standing today, I doubt not, as strong and sturdy as ever. But I did not know then that the placid river flowing beneath was my Rubicon; I could not see that every step of mine across the old bridge, that night, took me away forever from the old home where I had been so happy. Perhaps it was just as well that all this was hidden from me, as I walked along, with my mind every

minute losing some of the load which had afflicted it since the arrest of the previous day. The calm peaceful night —the eve of the blessed Christmas Day —was unconsciously soothing my spirit. I began to think that, after all, somehow everything would be all right. I had almost persuaded myself that this set-back to our plans was merely incidental and did not at all affect the success of the cause, when I found myself in the shadow of the Friary.

"The church stood in the middle of a graveyard as is customary in Ireland. The white tomb-stones and crosses gleamed weirdly in the starlight. Every inch of the place was perfectly well known to me, yet I confess to feeling, as I walked up the yard to the door, just a bit timid. Arrived at the entrance I rattled the knob and presently the door was opened by Brother Anthony.

"The church was in complete darkness except for the glow of light proceeding from the crib. There was not even the altar light, the Blessed Sacrament having been removed as was customary there on Christmas Eve when the last of the worshippers had gone, lest any unintentional irreverence be offered It during the necessary comings and goings of those engaged in erecting and arranging the crib.

"The lay-brother kept up a good-natured scolding of me for my tardiness as he led the way up to the crib, but once having got me within the circle of light, his manner changed; and turning upon me a keen eye, he said:—

" 'Frank, my boy, you were never so late as this before. Take care of yourself. You are young, and may be led into wild ways. The one in whom you are most confident may be the one to betray you. Take an old man's advice, and don't put your neck in a halter!'

"I looked at the old man in amazement. Could it be possible that *he* knew? But how *could* he know? Was our secret no longer a secret? Were the aims and names of the regenerators of Ireland known to everybody? These thoughts flashed through my mind instantaneously. The next moment my youthful buoyancy again came to my relief. After all, I thought, this might be only a random remark of the old man's, intended to frighten me a little for my lateness in coming to help him. This thought was comforting, and it was strengthened by the way Brother Anthony went on as if nothing had happened, telling me how, without my assistance, he had tried to get the crib all arranged—for it stood completed, with the dim light inside seeming to proceed from the manger wherein lay the Child Jesus. My heart paid tribute to its beauty. The lay-brother told me that he and the altar boys had waited for my coming, but as I did not arrive at the usual time, nor for long after it, they had succeeded by great exertions in carrying the figures down from the store-room; and that then, it being quite late, he had sent the boys home, and had managed, himself, to get the tableau arranged. But as I gazed at the crib there seemed something strange about the group of shepherds. Suddenly it dawned upon me that there was no Prince of the Shepherds! I turned and spoke to Brother Anthony.

" 'Brother Anthony,' said I, 'where is the Prince of the Shepherds? Have you forgotten him?'

"The old man looked at me sadly.

"'Ah,' said he, 'the Prince of the Shepherds will offer his little lamb to our Lord no more. In carrying the Prince down the narrow stairs of the belfry loft, tonight, the boys let him fall and he is ruined completely.'

"There were tears in the lay-brother's voice. I expressed my sincere sorrow at the disaster, for to Brother Anthony the breaking of one of his Christmas figures was nothing less than that.

"'His little lamb is there on the floor of the crib in the straw,' said the old man, speaking again, 'and I have his cloak here. I have been trying to decide upon which of the other shepherds to bestow it. Whichever one I put it on will be the Prince of the Shepherds, now that the real one is dead. Some one of these men over there on that side, who seem to be so poorly clad, would like it, I am sure. That poor lad there, I think, ought to have it, for'—and here the lay-brother smiled whimsically—'it is a long and a cold vigil, even if a blessed one, is before him as well as the rest of them. I can't make up my mind which—'

"The old man never finished the sentence, for at that moment came a hurried, insistent, and yet not loud knocking at the door. I looked at him, to find his eyes fastened on me. We stood for an instant—though it seemed an age—transfixed. Then we both started for the door together. I arrived first.

"'Who's there?' I asked in a whisper.

"'Oh, Frank! Frank!' came back a girl's voice, a voice I knew well, 'Run! Run! Hide yourself somewhere—anywhere! The police are out! They have *taken* Jim Roche and Mr. Costello, and are marching across the old bridge now, coming this way. Oh, I *know* they are coming for you. Run! Run! Oh Frank—'

"The agonized voice broke into sobs. I opened the door and clasped the hands held out to me. It was not the first time I had clasped those hands but it was destined to be the last. Before I could say a word the lay-brother was speaking.

"'Mary,' said he, for he knew the girl also, 'go home out of this like a good girl. Go home, child, go home. These are troubled times and people should be inside doors at such an hour of night. Go home, now, child, and God bless you. And don't fret about Frank. I'll take care of him for you, never fear, and save him with God's help!'

"He severed our hands, pushed her gently and pityingly into the darkness, drew me inside and locked the door. Again, though I did not know it, another link with the past was broken never to be welded.

"'Well, now, Master Frank,' said he, 'tis a fine mess you're after getting yourself into.'

"I made no reply. Indeed I had not time to make one, were I so disposed, for even at that moment we heard the steady tramp, tramp of the police on the graveled pathway without. At the ominous sound Brother Anthony, for all his years, suddenly developed a surprising agility. He seized me by the arm and dragged me toward the sanctuary, for I was for facing the police and making a fight for liberty. The thought that those men outside were the enemies of my country whom I had so long planned to meet, suddenly filled me with rage, and I shook off the grasp of the lay-brother, and had taken

a few steps toward the door, when his hand closed on my wrist again, and in an impassioned whisper he begged me to desist.

" 'In the name of God,' he implored, 'don't be such a fool!'

"I did not know what his plan was. I had none of my own. He told me afterwards that he had thought at first of sending me out the belfry door, but immediately remembered that this door was familiar to the police and would surely be guarded. We both stood utterly perplexed and resourceless. But on Brother Anthony's part this was only for an instant. An imperious knock at the door and the stentorian tones of the police sergeant demanding entrance 'in the name of the law,' instantly started his shrewd wits to work. He told me, later that night, that he had prayed to the new-born Light of the World for light in this emergency; and he unquestionably received it. Still holding my wrist he dragged rather than led me toward the crib. And there stooping suddenly he picked up the useless cloak and cowl of the Prince of the Shepherds, and with one deft movement covered me with it completely.

" 'Now,' he whispered eagerly, 'up, up!—get up in the crib. Inside—inside! Kneel down on one knee like that shepherd there! Get behind him a little—there! Here, hold this lamb in your cloak—bend your head lower! Pull the cowl down farther—there, that will do. Now in God's name, boy, stay that way. Keep cool, and pray hard to the Babe of Bethlehem, and God may see you safely out of this terrible danger!'

"Sorely puzzled I was at first by these extraordinary actions and directions of the lay-brother. But, accustomed all my life to obey him, my bewildered brain now instinctively followed the suggestion of his hurried, yet clear and peremptory words. There was a note of command in his voice at that crisis which I could not resist even if I would. Somehow, anyhow, I found myself in the crib—part of the tableau which represented the birth of Our Lord! I, a hunted outlaw, with a heart torn by warring emotions was, by one quick turn of the wheel of fate, transformed into a shepherd of Judea offering a lamb to the new-born Prince of Peace!

"All this, you will of course understand, was done much quicker than it takes to tell. But short as the time was, the impatience of the police had manifested itself in repeated knockings and demands for admission. The lay-brother with just one backward glance to see if I was sustaining my part with realism, and with, I believe, a muttered prayer for my safety in the ordeal about to take place, hurried to the door. I heard the police state their errand—my arrest. I heard Brother Anthony querulously complaining of their disturbance of him in the midst of his work. I heard him demand to see their warrant, and I heard the heavy tramp of the men as they entered. They were very respectful to Brother Anthony. Most of them were Catholics and came there to Mass every Sunday. But their sergeant was firm. They had information that the man they wanted was here and they were determined to find him. There was a cordon of police around the church. It was impossible, they said, that I could have escaped. I must be here. The lay-brother said nothing. Once indeed he had retorted

to some question of the sergeant: 'If you think he's here, find him!' Then he knelt down and began to say his beads, as if the midnight visit of a squad of police was a mere incident in his life.

"Several of the policemen had each a lantern which they proceeded to light. I could hear them moving around from place to place and I conjectured (for I dared not move my head to see) that they were searching all parts of the church. I could hear the tramp of their feet on the stairs as they went up to look through the choir gallery. The police sergeant stood exactly in front of the crib, directing operations. My eyes were fixed upon the figure of Our Lord in the manger. He seemed to smile up at me and give me hope and courage. Yet the ordeal was terrible and I don't know how I bore it. Once or twice during the search the sergeant approached the crib, and I could feel that he was gazing with curiosity at the tableau within, which, in marked contrast to the remainder of the church, was lighted—somewhat dimly, thank God, or I would not be here today, but still enough to show its simple beauty. At these times my position was most trying. I felt sure that I was swaying, stirring, twitching, betraying myself in a hundred ways. I prayed—ah, how I did pray!—and yet it seemed almost certain that I must be discovered.

"But no. The church was thoroughly searched in all parts. Belfry and choir and sacristy were explored. Remote corners were revealed by the lanterns' rays. One zealous policeman even went around behind the crib to make sure I was not hidden there. But all reported the same: 'He's not here.' To me ages seemed to have passed when I heard the sergeant call his men together.

"'Well, Brother Anthony,' said he, 'our bird has flown, evidently. We are very sorry for disturbing you, but duty is duty. We leave you now to complete your work on the crib—I believe that's what you call it—which, though I am not a Catholic, has interested me very much. Those lay figures of yours are very good, and life-like enough, indeed. That shepherd, there, with the long cloak is a strapping fellow and extraordinarily realistic. He is almost as big as one of my biggest men over at the Barrack. If he were living, now, instead of being merely a stuffed wax-work, we'd have him in the R. I. C. in less than no time.'

"And laughing heartily at his own jest the officer bade his men 'fall in.' And then—*then,* I heard the door slam upon them, and I knew that I was safe!

"I remained hidden with Brother Anthony in the church for a few hours longer, until we were sure that all immediate danger at least was over, and then, just before dawn, I bade him an affecting good bye, and slipped cautiously down to the river bank, where I roused from sleep one the members of our circle—a fisherman. Into his 'cot' (as the little fishing boats are called) we both of us tumbled, and with myself at the oar and he at the paddle we dropped down the river favored by an ebb tide, just as the first faint streaks of gray began to usher in Christmas Day. We swept under the dark arch of the old bridge, and passed the quay with its black barges beside it. Then under the new bridge we floated and saw the dawn begin to gild the ruined battlements of the old castle.

Then we were away through the devious windings of the river, and I had looked my last on my dear old native town.

"And that's why," said the Sergeant, rising and looking at his watch, "I am likely to remember while I live Christmas and the Christmas crib."

"But, Sergeant," queried I, "who was the girl that warned you that night? It seems to me you make but little account of her in your narrative."

"Oh," replied the Sergeant, whimsically, though I thought a little sadly, "with your friend Kipling let me say that *that* is another story."

THE GUEST DIVINE.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

For Christ make room within your hearts;
Dispel the gloom that sin imparts;
Let Truth, and Grace.
And Light efface
The workings of the tempter's arts!

"No room" for Him, was once the cry
Of those who knew not Angels nigh;
And so the Guest,
With Mary blest,
And Joseph, grieving, passed them by!

Do you a resting-place prepare
For Him who comes your hearts to share;
May joy and peace
Find full increase,
And Christ abide forever there!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XIII.

Some Doctrines That Are Not Well Understood by Catholics. Sacrament of Penance. Third Part — Satisfaction Here and Hereafter.

I.

You will find in the institutions left by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, for the regeneration of the human race, a certain consistency and harmony of parts, so that whatever is demonstrated regarding one portion of the system must be considered of considerable weight in influencing our belief. For example, all Christians are agreed with regard to the present case that among the most important objects of our Saviour's coming among mankind was that of rescuing fallen man from sin. We must consequently suppose that He did not leave this work imperfect. No one can for a moment imagine that because Christ died for our sins we are released from all co-operation on our part, and that without a single act we shall have the full benefit of that redemption, and that nothing is demanded of us whereby that general redemption is to be accepted by God in our particular case. Consequently we all admit without question, first, that redemption was perfected by Christ's death; and secondly, that some means or other, whether an outward act or an inward movement, is necessary to make that redemption applicable to ourselves.

Now if we examine into the institutions of Christ we will see that in every case He was pleased to make use of an external agency. Is not the Blood of Christ applied to the sanctification of man through the waters of regeneration? Is not baptism a sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ for the purpose of cleansing the soul from original sin? Is not the sin here forgiven through the Blood of the Redeemer? And yet is not this applied by the means of an outward act—and the administration of man? Were not the sufferings of Christ in themselves all abundant as they tended to unite us in love and affection with Him by making us feel what He suffered for our sake? And do not all agree, even those who differ from us as to the real and essential character of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, that it is instituted for the purpose of applying to ourselves those feelings which He intended to excite by His sufferings and death? And is not this a visible institution? Is it not applied through the agency of man? And is it not done by outward acts and rites both on the part of the minister and of Him who receives it?

Did not our Saviour come on earth to teach all mankind? Did He not establish a code of doctrines and morals, a system of laws for our edification and direction? And has He not left an outward instrument of this in the Holy Scriptures? And has He not appointed ministers, and constituted a hierarchy to whom was committed the care of

His flock, with power and authority to instruct? And here again is not this great institution founded by the Saviour for the regeneration of the human race communicated through outward means?

Now if the great end for which our Blessed Lord came on earth was the taking away of sin;—and that not merely as the cancelling of a general debt, but as a specific provision for each individual who requires the benefit of His redemption;—if at the same time every other benefit conferred on mankind was attached to the outward observance of some given forms committed to a ministry destined for that purpose, can we conceive the system so broken and imperfect that for this momentous object no visible or outward means should have been instituted? On the contrary, if in the less important case, viewed with reference to the character of the guilt of original sin, in which we have no personal participation, He was not contented that the child or adult should attain his end by any inward act of belief, but exacted that he should appear as an offender and one seeking forgiveness and justification, and that he should be interrogated and give promise of his fidelity in the face of the Church, and make a confession of his faith before mankind, and so come to the visible rite whereby he is cleansed, can we believe that in the more important case, where the greater end for which He came on earth is to be fulfilled in the wiping away of deeper and more numerous offenses actually committed by us whereby His majesty and goodness have been more cruelly outraged, He should have left no visible outward means for the attaining of His mercy? Now on these grounds, I am sure no one can consider it inconsistent with what we know of God's merciful dealings with us to suppose that Christ left in His Church an express institution for the cancelling of sins through the application of His all-redeemng and all sufficient Blood.

Before taking up my subject, which is satisfaction, the third part of this sacrament, you will permit me to allude once more to confession and point out how this institution fits into our daily life. In the first place it seems most conformable to the wants of human nature. It seems natural to the mind to seek relief from guilt by manifestation. We are not surprised when we hear of culprits who have been guilty of some great crime and have escaped the vengeance of the law leading a restless, unhappy life, until of their own accord, they confess their guilt, and meet the punishment which the law awards. We are not astonished when we hear of those condemned to death being most anxious to find some person to whom they may disclose their guilt. They could not have died in peace unless they had manifested their transgressions. All this shows that human nature finds in confession some balm which is applied to the soul's inward sufferings, because it is the only method left of making compensation to society against which such men have transgressed. This feeling goes much farther, for the culprit who at once humbly acknowledges his guilt gains our compassion and we cannot in our minds consider him any longer as the black and hardened villain we were inclined to suppose him. We immediately trust that such a one is truly sorry for what he has done;

and consequently his iniquity, although the crime may be equal, is not so great as is his who daringly denies it. If the declaration of our Blessed Saviour had not been made to the penitent thief we should in our mind have distinguished between the two companions of His sufferings, between him who humbly confessed that he died according to his deserts, and him who persisted in hardened effrontery till the end. If, therefore, God did establish any outward form whereby the conscience might be saved from sin, we cannot conceive one better adapted to that purpose than the manifestation of sin.

It is also congenial to our poor fallen nature, for what is sin but the pride of man rising up against the majesty of God? The sinner, fully aware of the consequences of his iniquity and knowing the end to which sin must lead him, stands before God, his future Judge, and insults Him by the commission of what he knows He will one day fully avenge. Now the natural corrective of this evil tendency is the humiliation, before others, of that proud spirit that hath raised itself up against God, by its kneeling at the feet of man and asking forgiveness for having insulted Almighty God. Pride is the principal root of all evil, and satisfaction tends to correct all those passions which stimulate sin, by completely crushing its principle.

Again, this institution is not only conformable to the wants of man, but is precisely in accordance with the method always pursued by God for the forgiveness of sin. We find in the Old Law that there was an institution for this purpose which made the manifestation of transgressions preliminary to its application. God divided the sacrifices into different classes; there were some for sins committed through ignorance, and others for the deliberate violation of the law. In the fifth chapter of Leviticus, we find it prescribed that if anyone transgressed he should confess his sin and the priest should pray for him and a particular sacrifice should be offered and so forgiveness be obtained. Hence it appears that the manifestation of sins to the priests of the Temple was a condition for their forgiveness, so far as legal sacrifices could be considered a means of pardon.

Such an institution then is entirely consistent with the whole system of religion established through the New Law. We find that our Saviour established a kingdom in His Church, consisting of an organized body created to minister to the wants of the faithful. Now this system of authoritative government seems to require for its completeness and perfection that there should also be tribunals within it, to take cognizance of transgressions committed against the laws of God. We should naturally expect for the complete organization of such a Church an appointment of authority within it for the punishment of offences against the fundamental laws and moral precepts, so as not only to teach but likewise to have the power of enforcing what is taught.

These remarks will enable you to understand more clearly the doctrine of the Sacrament of Penance.

III.

I have already proven to you that sin is forgiven by a sacrament instituted by Christ for that purpose, and that the power of pronouncing judicial sen-

tence of remission was communicated to the pastors of the Church. Now through this whole process the power of forgiveness is vested entirely in God: the priest acts no more in his own name than he does in the sacrament of baptism which washes away sin; he is simply God's representative in examining the case and pronouncing thereon with the assurance that the ratification of his sentence will infallibly follow. We believe that sin is forgiven by God alone, and that in the interior justification of the sinner it is God alone that has any part, for it is only through His grace that forgiveness and justification can be wrought. No fasting, no prayers, no alms-deeds, no work that we can conceive in the power of man can, according to Catholic doctrine, have the slightest weight in obtaining the remission of sin or of the eternal punishment allotted to it. This constitutes the essence of forgiveness and of justification, for man in himself has no power.

What, then, is satisfaction? We believe that upon the forgiveness of sins —that is, after the remission of the eternal guilt which God in His justice awards to transgressions against His law, He has been pleased to reserve a certain degree of temporary punishment appropriate to the guilt which has been incurred; and it is through punishment alone that according to the teaching of the Church, satisfaction can be made to God, and this satisfaction is not of the slightest avail except when united to the merits of Christ's passion, for it receives its entire efficacy from the complete and abundant satisfaction of our Blessed Saviour. This is the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction, and herein consists that power of self-justification which accounts for the Catholic subjecting himself to the painful work of repentance imposed upon him by his religion. This whole question rests on the consideration whether it is God's ordinance after having forgiven sin and justified the sinner so as to place him in a state of grace. He reserves the infliction of some degree of punishment for this transgression. We say it is His ordinance, and in proof of this statement we appeal to the feelings of any individual, whether in the state of grace or not. Why do our natural feelings prompt us to consider our domestic and personal inflictions as sent by God on account of our transgressions? When calamity falls upon us do we not receive it as a punishment meted out to our sins? This feeling pervades all forms of religion because we feel that God visits the sins of men on their own heads, for it is impossible not to connect the idea of suffering inflicted with sin committed.

When we witness the trials of the just, we know that they are sent for their purification and to detach them from the things of this world; we know that God wishes to cleanse them from those lighter offences which might otherwise lessen their merit. This principle is to be found running through the whole of the Christian religion, because the very first principles of moral conduct, whether in the Old or New Law, seem connected with the necessity of penitential works or with sufferings sent by Divine Providence. Thus for instance, God forgives the sin of David, but at the same time, through the prophet Nathan, He tells him that he must atone for his crime; and that therefore the child, the fruit of his iniquity, shall be taken away from him.

In like manner did God punish his later sin of numbering the people of Israel with a severity which extended over the whole nation. In fact there is scarcely a case recorded in the Old Testament where God, after forgiving the sins of His servants, fails to reserve some temporal chastisement to be inflicted on them, though they were His chosen and faithful friends. Thus we behold Moses and Aaron, having slightly transgressed His commandments, still more severely punished by Him after He had given assurance that their trifling sins had been forgiven. For although He continued His favor to them He deprived them of the sight of the promised land. We see Job after he had transgressed in words humbling himself and declaring that he did penance in dust and ashes. Then again when the men of Ninive had their destruction proclaimed to them by the prophet, the most natural expiation of their sins appeared to them in the observance of a general fast, and all, from the king on his throne to the very animals in their stalls, were commanded to fast for three days. They said: "Who can tell if God will turn and forgive and will turn away from His fierce anger and we shall not perish?"

This order belongs neither to the old nor the new dispensation. It is a manifestation of God's attributes and begins in the Garden of Eden where our first parents' sin was forgiven, and yet the most bitter consequences were entailed on them and their posterity on this account. This practice whether inculcated in the Old Law or not is followed by all, whether living in the patriarchal times or at other periods. This being the case, we have every reason to conclude that like other institutions which rest upon a similar basis, this is continued in the law of grace. Even had not God said in the New Testament that the sinner must repent to obtain forgiveness, we never should have supposed that, because all this was prescribed in the Old Law, it was not to be continued in the New, for the very reason that it does not belong to legal institutions, but essentially springs from the knowledge of God's attributes and from an intuitive conviction on the part of man. In like manner, if we find God from the beginning forgiving sin with the reservation of some small punishment, and at the same time His chosen servants instructed by Him acting under the conviction that by penitential acts the punishment could be averted or mitigated, we have equal reason to maintain, so long as there is nothing positively defined to the contrary, that the punishment and its expiation are continued in the New Law.

The New Testament abundantly proves the doctrine of penitential works. Does not the Saviour tell us that fasting is beneficial? (St. Matt. IX. 15.) Does He not approve those who believed that penance in sackcloth and ashes was efficacious for the forgiveness of sin? Does He not propose the men of Ninive as a good example, and say that they shall rise in judgment against that generation, because, at the preaching of Jonas, they did penance? (St. Matt. XII. 41.) He would have his disciples perform these penances in privacy and humility, and not after the manner of the Pharisees, whom He rebukes for their false principles of piety. (St. Matt. VI. 16.)

What shall we say of the language

of St. Paul? In writing to the Colossians he says: "I now rejoice in my sufferings for you and fill up those things which are wanting of the sufferings, in my flesh, for His body, which is the Church." (Coloss. I, 24.) What kind of doctrine is this? Does it not suppose that much is to be done by man toward possessing himself of the treasures laid up in our Saviour's redemption? Does it not mean that suffering is the means whereby this application is to be made?

From the word of God, we therefore conclude, first, that God, after the remission of sin, retains a lesser chastisement in His power, to be inflicted on the sinner; second, that penitential works, such as fasting, almsdeeds, weeping, fervent prayer, have the power of averting temporal punishment; third, that this plan of God's justice was the unvarying ordinance of His dispensation anterior to Moses and that it was confirmed by Christ in the gospel; fourth, that it consequently becomes a part of all true repentance to try to satisfy this divine justice by the voluntary assumption of such penitential works as His revealed truth assures us have efficacy before Him. These propositions contain the Catholic doctrine concerning satisfaction, or at least one phase of it. All this seems reasonable and in keeping with our idea of justice. A serious offense may seem to require a heavy reparation, but if true friends interpose, a reconciliation is procured on the condition that the real offender make a respectful apology. Even so when God remits the eternal punishment due to sin, it seems but proper that the outrage done His divine Majesty should be repaired by outward acts expressive of sorrow, and directed to appease His wrath and avert His anger. Hence satisfaction which is the third part of the sacrament of penance is an earnest wish on the part of the sinner to make full reparation to God for his sins.

Besides this species of satisfaction, there is another still more essential, without which the absolution of the priest has not the slightest effect, and that is reparation to men for any injury inflicted on them by our transgressions of the law, human or divine. The thief is not forgiven until he restores his ill-gotten goods, or where this is not possible, an equivalent reparation made or promised. Reparation must be made to him, whose character may have been injured by unjust defamation or by an exposure of secret faults or by any expression leading to dishonor or discredit to him, where he had before lived with honor and had been considered honest and respectable. Satisfaction must be made to the wounded feelings of all who have been in any way injured. Wherever offenses have been committed against charity, everything possible must be done by the guilty parties, no matter how exalted their station in church or state, to restore the good name of the injured one.

Now, from the earliest times, we find that it has been the practice of the universal Church to insist on the doing of penance in satisfaction for sin. It is the very basis of the system known by the name of the penitential canons in which those who had transgressed were condemned to different punishments according to the measure of their offenses. Some were obliged to lay prostrate for a certain period of time before the church doors, after

which they were admitted to different portions of divine service; others were excluded during their entire lives from the liturgical exercises of the faithful, and were not admitted to absolution until they were at the point of death. Surely this system must have had its root in the strong conviction of the early Church that such practices were meritorious in the sight of God and that they brought down His mercy on the sinner, and appeased His wrath. And what is all this but the belief that man can make some reparation or atonement to God by his own voluntary sufferings. The very existence of this system is so certain that no one has ever questioned it. There may be some difference of opinion regarding its exact application, but all must agree that there was an intimate conviction in the Church during the first centuries that such practices were pleasing and meritorius in the sight of God. We conclude, therefore, that the doctrine of satisfaction existed in the first, second and third centuries of the Church, and has been handed down to our own day. This statement is testified to by innumerable passages from the Fathers. I will content myself with a few selections.

St. Cyprian writes to those who had fallen from the faith: "Do entire penance; evince the contrition of a sorrowing and grieving mind. That penance which may satisfy remains alone to be done; but they shut the door to satisfaction who deny the necessity of penance." He is alluding to the discipline which allowed to the faithful that had denied the faith in the time of persecution to be received again to pardon and the communion of the Church without going through a full course of penance. From these words it is plain that he considered the doctrine of satisfaction so certain as to condemn those who reject public penance. He continues thus: "Whosoever shall thus have made satisfaction to God, and by penance for his sin have acquired more courage and confidence from the very circumstances of his fall, he whom the Lord has heard and aided shall give joy to the church; he shall deserve not pardon only, but a crown." Whoever then does this penance, can merit, not only pardon, but a crown of eternal glory.

We have innumerable passages from the Fathers of the succeeding centuries on this subject. The illustrious St. Augustine says: "It is not enough that the sinner change his ways and depart from his evil works, unless by penitential sorrow, by humble tears, by the sacrifice of a contrite heart and by almsdeeds, he make satisfaction to God for what he has committed." In the following words we have our doctrine clearly expressed. "Wash me from my sin," said David (Psal. 1). "Implore mercy but lose not sight of justice. In his mercy God pardons sin; He punishes it in His justice. But why dost thou seek for mercy, and shall sin remain unpunished? Let David, let other sinners answer: let them answer with David, that with him they may find mercy, and say: "Lord my sin shall not remain unpunished; but thou mayst not punish it. I myself will." Is not this exactly the teaching of the Church today, that sin is forgiven, but punishment still inflicted; that God will chastise in His justice, but that the sinner may, by punishing himself, by performing certain works propitiatory before God, avert His anger and obtain remis-

sion of even this lesser chastisement?

I will close this portion of my subject by quoting for you the decree of the Council of Trent regarding satisfaction. It is to the point, and shows that the Council was far from excluding the merits of Christ and inspiring the sinner with any self-sufficiency on the subject. "But the satisfaction which we make for sin is not so ours as if it were not through Jesus Christ; for we who can do nothing of ourselves as of ourselves (2 Cor. III. 5) can do all things in him that strengthens us. Man then has nothing wherein to glory; but all our glory is in Christ; in whom we live, in whom we merit, in whom we make satisfaction, bringing forth fruits worthy of penance. (St. Luke III, 8). These fruits have efficacy from Him; by Him they are offered to the Father; and through Him they are accepted by the Father. It is therefore the duty of the ministers of the church, as far as prudence shall suggest weighing the character of sins and dispositions of sinners, to enjoin salutary and proper penitential satisfactions; lest by conniving at sins and by a criminal indulgence imposing the performance of the slightest penances for great crimes they be made partakers of others' sins. Let them ever consider, that what they enjoin must tend, not only to the maintenance of better conduct and the care of past infirmity, but also to the punishment of sins that have been confessed."

IV.

The subject of satisfaction is so intimately connected with the doctrine of Purgatory that at the risk of repetition I must touch upon it once more. A perfect harmony reigns between the dogma of Purgatory and the doctrine of satisfaction. The one would not be complete without the other. The idea that God requires satisfaction and will punish sin in the next life makes a temporary place of expiation necessary to show forth His mercy.

It has always been a mystery to me why this doctrine has been held up to public odium by non-Catholics. What is there in the doctrine itself that can be considered repugnant to the justice and mercy of God? Surely there is nothing in it opposed to the moral law. The idea that God, besides condemning some to eternal punishment and receiving others into eternal glory, should have been pleased to appoint a middle state in which those who are not sufficiently guilty for the severer condemnation, nor sufficiently pure for heavenly joys, are for a time punished and purged, surely contains nothing but what is most in keeping with all we can conceive of God's justice. No one will venture to hold that all sins are equal before God,—that there is no difference between those dreadful, cold-blooded, and deliberate crimes which the hardened, godless villain perpetrates daily, and those smaller and frequent transgressions into which we habitually fall. We also know that God cannot bear to look on iniquity, however small; that He requires whatever comes into His presence to be perfectly pure and worthy of Him, and we might reasonably conclude that there should be some means whereby they who die guilty of lesser sins or imperfections may be dealt with according to the just measure of His justice. What, then, dear Protestant friends, is there in this doctrine that can make it so popular a theme for declamation

against Catholics. It seems to be fancied in some way or another to be a means either for benefiting the clergy or for enabling them to work on the fears of the people; that the terror of Purgatory is somehow a means of strengthening the arm of the Church over its subjects, but in what way it is impossible for any one who knows our practice and belief to conceive.

The great trouble is that our non-Catholic friends want us to prove all our doctrines from the Bible. Now the Catholic principle of faith holds that the Church of Christ was constituted by Him the depository of His truths, and that, although many truths were recorded in His holy word, still many others were committed to traditional keeping, and that Christ Himself has faithfully promised to *teach in His Church and has thus secured her against all error.* It is on this authority that the Catholic grounds his belief in the doctrine of Purgatory; yet not so but that its principle is laid down, indirectly at least, in the word of God. In the July number of this Magazine we examined fully the proofs of this doctrine which includes another Catholic practice, that of praying for the dead, for the principles of both are intimately connected. The Catholic prays for his departed friend, as he fears lest, not having died in so pure a state as to have been immediately admitted to the Beatific Vision, he may be enduring a temporary punishment which may be shortened by the prayers of his friends here on earth. The two doctrines go so completely together that in proving one, the other necessarily follows. In the above-mentioned essay on Purgatory I proved from reason, scripture and tradition, that it has always been the practice of the Church of Christ that they who are departed may be benefited by our prayers and brought to the sight of God, while they who had incurred eternal punishment could not be released from it.

The name Purgatory has been made the topic of abuse, on the ground that it is not to be found in scripture. Well, I would ask where is the word Trinity to be met with? Where is the word Incarnation to be read in scripture? Where do we find the word Sunday? Where are the many other terms held most sacred in the Christian religion? The doctrines we hold are found there, but the names are not given, simply because at the time they were not necessary. The Fathers of the Church have called it a purging fire, a place of expiation or purgation. Is this not what we call it? Then, again, it is said that the two doctrines of prayers for the dead and of purgatory have no necessary connection and that in fact they were not united in the ancient Church. The answer to this assertion I leave to your intelligence. Read what I have written on this subject in the July number of this Magazine. Therein I showed that the Fathers and theologians of the Church speak of purgation by fire after death, whereby the imperfections of this life are washed away and satisfaction made to God for sins not sufficiently expiated; they speak at the same time of our prayers being beneficial to those who have departed this life in a state of venial sin or with imperfections. These propositions contain our entire doctrine of Purgatory.

This tender doctrine of the Catholic Church has an influence highly consoling to humanity and eminently

worthy of a religion that came down from heaven to strengthen the purest feelings of the human heart. Nature herself revolts at the idea that the chain of friendship which binds us together in this life can be rudely snapped asunder by the hand of death. It is not the poor, cold, disfigured remains that she clings to with affection; it is but an earthly un-Christian grief which sobs over the remains of a departed loved one. The soul flies upward to a more spiritual affection and refuses to surrender the hold which it had upon the loved interest of the spirit that hath fled. Cold and dark is the belief that sympathy and love and friendship are at an end when the body is shrouded in decay; cold and heartless the religion that teaches that no further interchange of friendly office may take place between those who have laid them down to sleep in peace, and us who for awhile strew fading flowers upon their graves. Oh, dear Protestant friends, sweet is the consolation to the dying man who, conscious of his many imperfections, believes that even after his own time of merit has expired there are others to make intercession in his behalf. Soothing and consoling indeed to the survivors is the thought that instead of unavailing tears they possess a powerful means of relieving their dear friends and testifying for them their love and affection by prayer and supplication. In the first moments of grief, I have seen Protestant relatives cast themselves upon their knees beside the remains of some dear friend and almost unconscious of the act breathe forth a prayer for eternal rest. This is an impulse of nature which for the moment seizes upon this belief in purgatory. But it is only the flitting of a melancholy light which sometimes plays over the dear dead, while the Catholic feeling, ever cheering, resembles the unfailing lamp which the piety of the ancients is said to have hung before the sepulchres of their dead. It prolongs the tenderest affections beyond the gloom of the grave, and it infuses the inspiring hope that the assistance which we on earth can afford to our suffering brethren will be amply repaid when they have reached their heavenly rest, and make friends of them, who, when our time comes, shall receive us into everlasting mansions.

RT. REV. WILLIAM G. McCLOSKEY, D. D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Twenty thousand persons gathered in the vicinity of the Cathedral of the Assumption in Louisville, Ky., to witness a parade composed of 5,000 Catholics in honor of the first day's celebration of the golden jubilee of Right Rev. William McCloskey, bishop of the diocese of Louisville. The procession was reviewed by the aged prelate, who sat in front of the Cathedral, surrounded by the clergymen of Louisville and a number of city officials.

The jubilee ended Tuesday night. The principal features for Monday were a Mass for the children and the arrival of Catholic dignitaries and clergymen from all parts of the United States. The principal ceremonies marking Bishop McCloskey's fiftieth year as a priest took place Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, when the bishop celebrated a solemn Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral of the Assumption. This was attended by seventy-five prominent clergymen from other cities, and by Governor Beckman and other state officials.

Bishop McCloskey, who is a native of Brooklyn, has been in charge of the Louisville diocese for thirty years. He was or-

dained priest in 1852 by Archbishop Hughes in New York. He was once rector of the American College in Rome.

The Maryland Catholic Summer School in its third session made the remarkable record of achieving a splendid success where only failure had been expected, owing to the untoward circumstances that marked its opening days. The illness of the former president, Rev. Charles Warren Currier, the learned writer and historian, compelled his resignation, and the members were forming plans to spend the summer elsewhere. Under such disheartening conditions, Rev. Martin O'Donoghue, of St. John's, Baltimore, entered on the weighty duties of president of the school, and in the incredibly short space of a month had organized the work and made it so attractive that its permanence is assured. Father O'Donoghue combines admirable executive ability with the scholarly attainments and magnetic personality that make for success in an educational work of such far-reaching influence.

REV. MARTIN O'DONOGHUE.

The Summer School is to be incorporated, and there will be a thoroughly organized branch under a clergyman and a layman as vice-presidents, in Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk, Richmond, Cumberland, Wheeling, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Wilmington. Lecturers will be engaged to go around the circuit, and the same program of reading will be

pursued by the members in the various cities. It is intended that the Baltimore and Washington contingents will meet once a month for discussion and entertainment.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, telegraphed his congratulations and blessing, and the session received many other messages of congratulation and good will.

strong personality to assert itself; but wherever Father Kirwin is or whatever his work, his wide sympathies, together with much personal magnetism, make him a marked figure.

Father Kirwin served bravely as chaplain through the Spanish war. Today in Father Kirwin's study hangs the commission President McKinley gave him. In

REV. JAMES M. KIRWIN.

During the awful catastrophe which struck the city of Galveston, Texas, there was no more prominent or helpful worker than Rev. James Kirwin, rector of the Cathedral. His labors at that trying time attracted the attention of the whole country, no less than the affection of the people of the stricken city. It was a time for a

the same frame is an official copy of Lieut. Overton's report:

"Officers and men loved him."

George D. Pope, of Brooklyn, was made a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, recently, at the Church of St. John

the Baptist, by order of Pope Leo XIII. The cross was given to Mr. Pope by Bishop McDonnell, who conducted the service.

Mr. Pope is the third American to be thus honored. The others to receive the cross were the late Major John D. Kiely and John D. Crimmins.

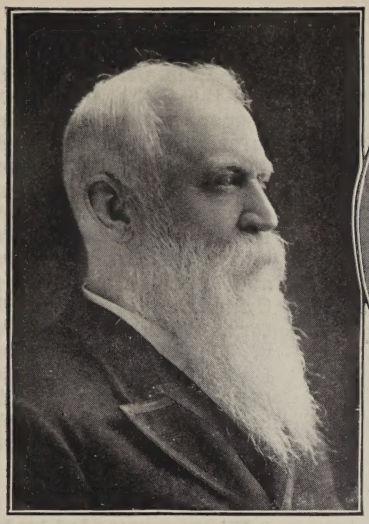
The decoration is a gold cross with red enamel and the image of St. Gregory the Great in the centre. It is suspended with a crimson and yellow ribbon, the color of the order. The honor carries with it some real privileges. It entitles the holder to access to the Vatican at any time and at all hours without further instructions, as its possessor is regarded as a member of the Vatican household.

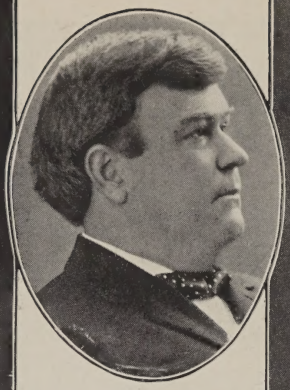
A vesper service preceded the bestowal of the order by the Bishop. The ceremony was very impressive. Mr. Pope was born in New York in 1869 and has lived in Brooklyn for thirty-one years. He has been a generous contributor to the charities of the Church. He is the president of the Manhattan Enamel Brick Company.

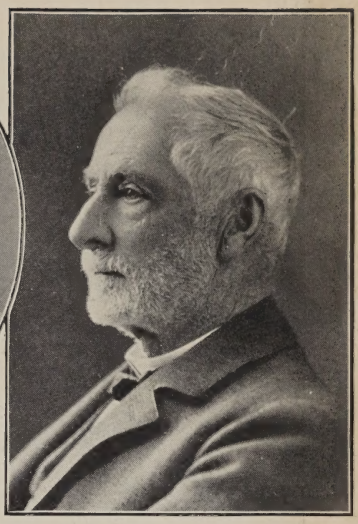
In acknowledgment of this honor from Rome, Mr. Pope has had made for His Holiness a papal seal of gold set with costly gems.

GEORGE D. POPE.

Mr. John T. Doyle was the prominent attorney in the Pious Fund case. For years and years he has been interested in the Pious claim. Mr. Doyle is an authority in Mexican history. He gathered the facts and prepared the argument upon







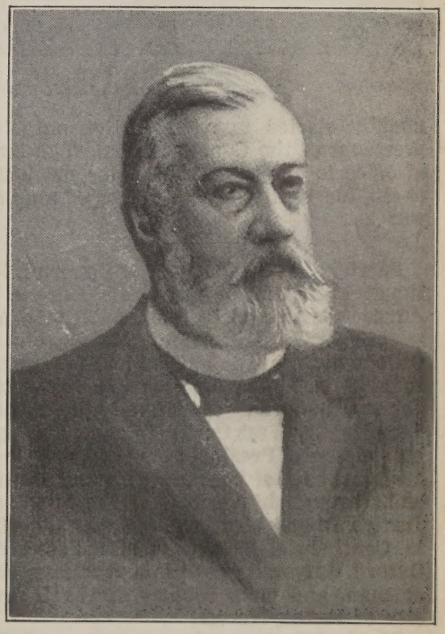
SENATOR W. M. STEWART. GARRETT W. McINERNY. JOHN T. DOYLE.

which the Pious Fund claim was won in 1875, and these formed the chief evidence in the trial at the Hague. He is a resident of Menlo Park, California. Mr. Doyle is a very devout Catholic. An imposing figure at the Hague proceedings was Mr. Garrett McInerny of San Francisco. As attorney in the celebrated Fair Will case, Mr. McInerny is well known in the legal world. He is a native of California, a graduate of St. Mary's College, Oakland, and a practical Catholic. As a lawyer he easily stands at the head of his profession on the Pacific coast. Mr. McInerny was the chief pleader for the United States. His brief is a legal masterpiece. Senator William M. Stewart, the representative of the State of Nevada in the United States Senate, is a well known public character in America. Mr. Stewart has been one of the assistant attorneys for the Pious Fund claimants for many years.

In Switzerland, Dr. Joseph Zemp, of Lucerne, vice-president of the Federal Council, has been elected president of the Swiss Confederation for 1902. Dr. Zemp is a Catholic Conservative.

Dr. Zemp was born in 1834 in the Canton of Lucerne. He studied law in Munich and Heidelberg, and on his return to Switzerland became well known as an advocate. Though he was a prominent member of the Lucerne Council from 1863 onward he did not enter the National Federation Council until 1891, but his reputation was such that he was chosen for the presidency in 1895, the post to which he has been again elected.

Under the Swiss Constitution the vice-president of the Federal Council, the executive authority, consisting of seven members of the Federal Assembly, is



DR. ZEMP, PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND.

MAJOR PATRICK C. B. O'DONOVAN.

usually elected to succeed the outgoing president of the Confederation. The term of office is one year, the holder not being re-eligible until the expiration of another year.

Patrick Charles Bernard O'Donovan, National President of the Gælic League in America, was born in Lucknow, India, August 9, 1872. His father, Major John J. O'Donovan, who was killed in Afghanistan in 1878, was the youngest son of the late John O'Donovan of Timoleague Abbey, Timoleague, West Cork, Ireland. Through his mother, President O'Donovan is a grandnephew of the late Cardinal Cullen, and, through his father, of the late Lord Justice Rickard Deasy. He was educated in Continental Europe, matriculated for Oxford University, and is a graduate, honor man, and prize scholar of the University of Pennsylvania.

Major O'Donovan is a member of the Browning Literary Society, the American Catholic Historical Society, Philo-Celtic Society, and the Celtic Association, former post-graduate lecturer on Roman Law to St. Joseph's (Jesuit) College, Philadelphia, and associate editor of "American Law." He is well known as an orator, linguist and writer, and is a high authority on Gælic literature and history. With the exception of his little son, Robert Emmett O'Donovan, Major O'Donovan is the last living male of his family, the most ancient family of the county of Cork.

When commanded by his superior officer to send men to aid the police in closing a school in France taught by the nuns, Colonel Gaudin de Saint-Remy refused, saying, "I am a Christian. I will not participate in an action which is contrary to my faith." For this he was at once placed under arrest. The penalty for disobedience to orders is dismissal from the army, but after a mock court martial the gallant colonel was retired. The incident was admitted to be extremely awkward for the Combes ministry, not on account of its direct outcome, but on account of what it may lead to. Colonel de Saint-Remy is fifty-two, entered the army in 1870, and is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

LIEUT.-COL. DE SAINT-REMY.

About four years ago, Mrs. Helen O'Donnell took up lecturing on Irish music, being led thereto by her studies in Gælic, and by her successful presentation of the older Irish songs before the Gælic Society. Since then she has appeared before many promi-

nent clubs and educational institutions in the Eastern States and in some of those of the Middle West.

On a recent occasion she delivered a new song recital on "Irish Songs of the Last Century" before the Brooklyn Institute, to an audience that was cordial and appreciative from the first. Her songs were divided into two groups and were given a descriptive setting that showed wide study of the subject. The first group was mainly political and was preceded by a statement of the influences which led to the literary revival of the young Irishmen in the year '43, and of the life of Thomas Davis, who attempted to improve the political and social conditions of his people in every way, but especially through song. The songs of the first group were "The Irishman," by John Orr; "Lament for the Milesians," "Clare's Dragoons" and "Banks of the Lee" (Gælic translation by Padriac), all by Thomas Davis, and "The Royal Hunt" and "The Kilkenny Cats," words by Graves, and music arranged by Stanford.

MRS. HELEN O'DONNELL.

The second group was composed of songs written by Alfred Percival Graves, with music adapted by Charles Villiers Stanford. Some of the lyrics were adaptations from the mediæval Gælic or from folk songs. Mrs. O'Donnell's voice is one of wide compass, clear, rich, and full of expression.

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A SERIOUS QUESTION.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

His first glimpse of the rectory delighted him. It was a picturesque frame house set well back from the street and sheltered at the front by two towering maples. The path that led to the porch was cushioned with golden leaves, which had been cast, with princely munificence, from the largest of these trees. In the garden beds, behind the broad box bushes, were rows of ghostly flower stalks, but in one sun-warmed place a hardy rose bloomed triumphantly.

Walford found the interior of the house equally satisfactory. The square hall opened into a cozy library, which was lighted by four wide windows, reaching to the ground; a large desk, holding a reading lamp, stood in the middle of the floor, and around it were grouped a number of deep-seated leather chairs. It was evident that his deceased predecessor had been a man of studious habits and scholarly attainments, for the tall book cases, on four sides of the wall, were full of rare old volumes. In the chambers above the big beds were piled high with feather mattresses; small carpeted steps led up to these reposeful heights, and the other furnishings of the simple apartments promised comfort and dreamless nights of repose, and made him feel that he could now enjoy the real home-life—a longing, half confessed, which he had had for years.

That night he had written to his sister Kate to come to him. He had always wanted to be near her, but circumstances had kept them far apart. As children they had been devoted to each other; they shared their toys, their plays and their lessons, and clung to each other for sympathy; for their mother, a gentle southern woman, had died when Kate was two years old, and the natural love they had for their father was banished by the fear of him, as he possessed all the sternness and rigidity of his long Puritanical race. No one guessed, as he stood stoically by his wife's coffin, what this only love of his life had been, for he shut his grief in his heart and grew colder and more solitary as the years went on. He gave little heed to the children, and whenever he spoke to them it was to try to impress upon their minds a sense of their weighty duties and responsibilities. When he died they could not be said to mourn him. Walford remained in the north and went on with his college course, while Kate was sent to live with her mother's relatives in Virginia. For the past ten years the brother and sister had seen little of each other, but they had always looked forward eagerly to the time when they might be together again.

They had now been in possession of the rectory for two weeks. It was a cold night for the first of November. Walford sat at his desk preparing the notes of his sermon for the next day; the light shone softly down upon his heavy hair, already streaked with grey. His clean-shaven face bore a remarkable resemblance to the miniature of his father, which lay, in its velvet case, open

on the desk in front of him, but the younger man's features were softened by the curve of his full red lips. Kate, in a dull red dress, lay on the hearth rug, with her back to the lamp, facing the blackened fireplace in which she was trying to coax some green logs into a blaze.

"I don't believe there ever was a Paradise without some sort of a serpent," she began, giving the sputtering logs an impatient push with her poker. "I always seem to find several in mine."

"Where?" said her brother abstractedly, looking up from his work.

"Oh! every place—I'm happy tonight, but I might be happier if this fire would burn. This little old town is very interesting, and it's Paradisiacal being with you, but the people in this town—Heaven help them! I don't believe they can see beyond their noses. I think I would prefer to go live among the miners."

Walford put down his pen and, walking toward the fireplace, picked up the bellows.

"And what do you think of people who try to attain the impossible?" he said as the logs spat out a bit of flame and then darkened on the andirons.

"I suppose you mean that green wood won't burn. Well, I'll get the cook to bring in some other kind. Don't abuse me for my lack of sense. I don't believe there were brains enough in our family to go around, and, since you have an extraordinary amount, you must not blame me for your good fortune." She got up, and put her arms coaxingly around her brother's neck. "I wish you would stop that stupid sermon. Don't preach tomorrow."

"But I can't preach," he said, holding both her hands in his, "that's the trouble. I have to write out everything I want to say."

"Why? Do you get nervous?"

"No, but I have so many things I want to say, I'm apt to jump from one thing to another."

"Then why don't you practice the virtue of silence? We didn't have any sermon last Sunday."

"Because the church was being repaired and the chancel was full of scaffolding."

"Oh, I wish I could convince you that sermons don't do any good. Do you remember the dreadful ones father used to preach about burning brimstone and dancing devils? I wonder I wasn't frightened to death. I used to go to bed trembling and pray to the devil all night long, 'Please not to come and get me.' Don't write any more tonight, Charles. I'm longing to have company. This fire must not go out—I'll go get the cook and the wood—" She left the room with quick suddenness while Walford turned again to his desk and began to number the closely written pages of notes, but before he finished Kate returned, followed by their only domestic carrying an arm-load of wood.

"We must have a fire," said Kate. "I've been shivering all day, but, being naturally deceitful, I felt that I ought to wait until cover of the night so the trustees wouldn't see us burning up the wood."

Her brother smiled.

"Your prudence is more than praiseworthy," he said.

"Well, I'm learning wisdom. I'm older than I used to be," she added, resignedly taking her former place on the hearth rug. "It's a deplorable fact that Age and Wisdom usually travel

as twins. Now I am really learning at last when to hold my tongue, and at Mrs. Valkirk's this afternoon I actually felt no desire to talk."

"At Mrs. Valkirk's?"

"She's one of your parishioners. She lives in a fine house and sets the fashions for the neighborhood. She's fat and puffy and stupid as an owl, but she knows everything that has happened in this town for the past twenty-five years, and she is head of a sewing circle that meets every week, and, of course, I was asked to join. They gossip—gossip—gossip, most delightfully, and they make shirts for the heathen, incidentally. I sewed six buttons on one—what do you suppose a barbarian knows about buttons?"

"I know that two are off my own coat," said Walford quietly.

"You poor dear, I meant to sew them on and then forgot all about it. The sewing circle was so interesting."

"What did they talk about?" he asked, piling up his papers and then leaving his desk for a deep arm chair in front of the freshly-made fire.

"I knew you would want to know," said Kate, delightedly, as the cook left the room. "No man's above gossip, he only thinks he is. Now I could live on it as a steady diet. You wouldn't confess that much."

"I think I would prefer something more nutritious. Where is your company?"

"Only Dick Jennings. There's the bell now. Why did he leave Andover? I have meant to ask you that for the past two weeks."

Walford looked serious.

"He said he lost his faith."

"How long was he there?"

"Only a year."

"Well, I don't believe he had much faith to start with. If he had the proper amount he would believe me when I tell him I don't care a peg about him."

Her brother's eyes were bent affectionately upon her. "Why, Kate, does he love you?" he asked.

Kate laughed.

"Oh, you dear, stupid, blinded brother. Didn't I tell you that I met him years ago in Virginia? I believe he has been asking me to marry him on an average of once a week ever since. When we first met we had a mutual topic of interest, that was—you. Now we have another mutual topic which is—I."

"It's strange that we should meet him here," said Walford musingly.

"Why strange? Didn't you know that this was his native town? That's the reason I am so well acquainted with the inhabitants—from hearsay. He used to write to me and describe them minutely. He seems to find them amusing."

"Is anything amusing?" asked a rich voice from the doorway.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Kate, turning her head slightly and holding out two fingers by way of a welcome. "Come, sit down before the fire, I am just preparing to be entertaining."

Dick Jennings, smiling, came into the circle of the firelight. He was a man of medium height, but as Walford stood up to greet him, his stature seemed dwarfed in contrast to the minister's unusual size.

"I am glad to see you, Jennings," he said cordially, a new note of sympathy in his tone, due to Kate's recent disclosures. "Take my chair, I'll bring another."

Jennings sank languidly down in the comfortable chair and looked silently

and beseechingly at Kate, who remained upon the hearth rug.

"I'm going to talk scandal," she said, throwing another log upon the fire. "I want light upon the subject and, of course, you will help me."

"Go on," said Jennings, idly twirling the ends of his light moustache. "I'll tell you everything I know."

"Spare me," cried Kate, "I hate encyclopædias—your knowledge is too profound. That last magazine article you wrote—well, I have been trying to decide whether I'll be truthful or tactful. If I make up my mind to be truthful, I'll tell you I did not understand one word of it. If I am tactful I'll tell you it was brilliantly profound. I suppose it must have been; Charles read it. He will tell you."

"It was intensely interesting to me," said Walford, taking some tobacco and pipes from the mantel and bringing his chair close to that of his old friend. "And the one that appeared last month on 'The Wreckers of Industry.' It was full of pregnant problems, but suggested no solutions."

"Because there were none this side of the millennium—none that I know anything about. A man must be intellectually honest—"

"Don't talk about honesty," interrupted Kate, "it's a virtue I know so little about. Tell me, who is Paul Hampden?"

Jennings accepted the pipe that Walford held out to him and filled it deliberately before he answered.

"Paul Hampden? I thought this town had socially buried him. What did you hear about Paul Hampden?"

"Well, it was a very interesting story," she began. "He was a young, good looking man and he married the beautiful and rich Miss Somers and they were miserable—like most married people, only a little more so. He spent her money, deserted her when her little son was three years old, and now he wants a divorce."

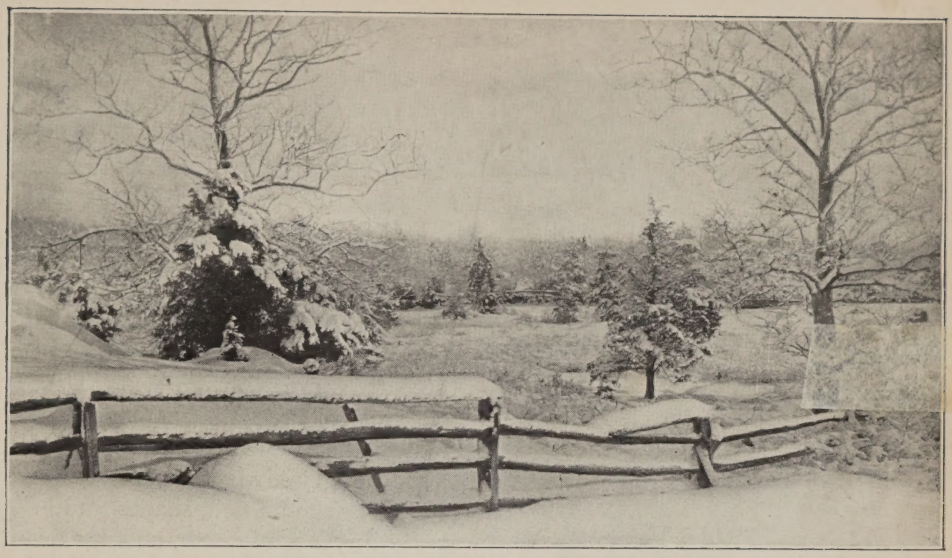
(To be continued.)

SNOW TRACKS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

A betrayer of confidences is the snow. Marauders and strollers of the night leave an indelible imprint of their wanderings, which may be read by all who pass in the morning; and everywhere the fair white page is thickly scored with the eccentric record of insect, bird, and vegetable life, with little furry footprints overlapping them all. Sounds that would be lost on the unresponsive air are carried clearly across the snow. Voices and lowing of cattle from distant farms, far out of summer earshot, the ringing of village bells and the rumble of trains miles away, and the thin, far cry of invisible birds, all have a fairylike witchery in their revelations.

Passing through a barway, we find little bird prints sprinkling the snow, especially where green-briar angles and rock fern most abound, and mingled with them is the more ponderous footfall of a glossy crow solemnly stalking, for the crow never condescends to hop. Under the walnut trees



may sometimes be gathered branch tips with their ends neatly and mysteriously sawed off by industrious beetles that have girdled the trees in order to lay eggs in the soft pith thus unveiled. Here and there are the tracks of truant dogs, hunting on their own account, and pursuing unchecked the course of the scurrying rabbit or whirring partridge; and mingled with them, or mistaken for them, one often sees the fleeter prints of the fox, resembling those of a small dog.

Across the meadow is the clustered tracery of quail tracks, showing where the hungry bevy, traveling always in flocks, paused for luncheon at a ragweed thicket, then wandered off in a more erratic course to other browsing grounds. Here are myriad traces of the quaint little meadow mice for whose doings one may watch in vain all a midsummer day; but now it is plain they have been indulging in a merry moonlight revel, with more than one exciting game of tag; their tiny stitchlike tracery is everywhere, singly and in galloping pairs where the race was hottest, and in a wild riot about the old stumps which are doubtless their storehouses. There, where the dark line indicates the sluggish brook bed, are the tracks of wild ducks that have been ashore in quest of food, and of muskrats that have been out for an airing. Skunk tracks, too, may be seen occasionally if the new fallen snow be a warm one, for the skunk is a delicate animal and prefers the warmth of its snug subterranean retreat to winter saunterings. Between the forest trees, connecting trails show where the nimble squirrels have dashed down one tree trunk and up another with equal celerity. There is a marked difference between the print of the grey and red squirrel, the former being larger and with tracks only in opposite pairs, showing that the fore feet step in the hind feet tracks, while the red squirrel leaves a print of two large hind feet and two smaller fore feet. They, too, have indulged in more than one sheer frolic and madcap race as the flying footprints bear witness.

Now and then appears the queer, diagonal track of a mink, or the cautious one of a muskrat, with the print of a trailing tail. One might judge that hens had been roaming in the woods if he did not know the partridge print, with the hairy tracks of its winter "snow shoe," as Gibson names the bristly side growth from the toes that makes the heavy bird a snow-walker. Winding about the stumps and fallen logs are the tracks of a wily weasel, gathering materials for a winter salad, and leaving a mark much like a baby mink. Under the maple trees and the birch trees are whirling winged seeds and queer little hawk-shaped seed plumes that besprinkle the snow and invite hungry birds to feast.

Colors take on new shades and brilliancy in times of snow, and far away across undulating meadows, hills rise against hills with betraying depths of tones in their blue whiteness which were wholly undescribed in their brown bareness. And out in the open meadow, if one is lucky, he may come upon a dancing troupe of snow-fleas—ephemeral little creatures that come from no one knows where, and that country folk believe descend from the heavens as do the tiny toads that cover the fragrant earth after a warm spring rain. And, indeed, it is on record that one old farmer has seen them with his own eyes "ridin' on the snowflakes."

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

It begins early, and well it may, for the child-world is a busy place to live in at any time, but on Christmas day there are not hours enough in which to do all that must be done. So while the Christmas candle is still sending uncertain shafts of light into the darkness, halls and stairways are suddenly peopled by diminutive mortals, scurrying along recklessly, or tip-toeing softly past closed doors behind which sleep unappreciative grown-ups. Poor old things! The children pity them as they flit by. It is indeed sad to be too old to hang up one's stocking! But the chimney place is in sight, and, yes—Santa Claus has come! What a sly old chap he is to be sure. To think of the thousands and thousands of children who watch out for him year after year, and

"never close an eye"—so they say—and yet have never seen him. Once upon a time a little boy (who is now a wise and learned surgeon) cut a set of holes through blankets and quilts, and almost caught him, but alas! his brother wanted to see, too, and when the fight was over, the blanket holes had slipped from under the coverlid holes, and one of the things that wise and learned surgeon does not know is how Santa Claus came down that night. And Madge and little Janie sat long into the midnight hour, never speaking a word, or winking an eye. Yet he came without their knowing it. Proof? Weren't they sitting in front of the fire—a child and a stocking at each corner—and the next they knew they woke up in their own little beds. And there was John William Augustine (his mother calls him Treasure Boy) who went to bed so early one Christmas eve that he woke on the stroke of twelve--the hour when strange things happen—but he never saw Santa Claus, though he's sure he heard him moving softly round the room. He meant to turn his head on the pillow to get a good look, but before he could do it something happened. No boy knows when he goes to sleep.

The stockings, carefully chosen for their length, dangle in the chimney place. Seen in the light of early morn they are swollen misshapen things, but the more grotesquely distorted they are the greater is the promise of rich contents. In the category of childish joys there is none greater than getting down to the toe of a well-filled stocking. The Christmas tree has its place, but after all is said, it is a garish showy thing meant for the public gaze and to be seen under the glare of lights. Contrast that with the keen pleasure of rushing through darkened rooms, braving shadows lurking in corners and reaching out at one menacingly, and then back again, heavily laden, to the snug warm

"THERE ARE PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN."

bed where the stocking is rifled of its treasures. Were there ever such presents! Or such a Christmas? The question suggests a new thought, a little grateful thrill, and away go the happy mortals again, but this time they storm the closed doors, and precipitate themselves on the sleepers, noisily proclaiming their love, and demanding a show of interest in their new possessions. To be waked at four in the morning, after a Christmas Eve of much endeavor, is a mark of attention that most adults would excuse, but to the credit of humanity be it said there are few who object to the onslaught of the Christmas revellers. Christmas morning is not a time for churlish thoughts or deeds. In the beautiful world of childhood fathers and mothers

"HE ALMOST SAW HIM."

"IT'S A SNOWY CHRISTMAS."

have an exalted place all their own, and they must live up to its requirements. It is expected of them to be enthusiastic on occasion; so enthusiastic they are, even while wishing that the invading host were miles away. The horns and drums and clattering carts papa and mamma had smilingly bought the day before lose much of their charm when heard in the early morning hours, and dolls that were visions of beauty yesterday shine dimly as seen through eyes heavy with interrupted sleep. But no hint of this reaches the children. Nothing mars their joy, unless it may be the disturbing thought that the day has fairly begun, and will end all too soon.

But getting presents isn't all. There are presents to be given as well, store presents and home-made presents, that will make the recipients happy ever after, if they know how to value expressions of love. And of course they do. Have they not known for weeks that the children had wonderful secrets that took them down to the shopping district every chance they got. And then the consultations held by the juniors! Who could help overhearing certain plans, often shrieked out in moments of tense excitement, when some discordant member rose to a question of privilege in the matter of selection. Didn't the mother hear overbearing

ON THEIR WAY TO THE CRIB.

Tommie asserting that he *would* "buy mamma a yaller chiner dorg" for the parlor mantel, and didn't she remember just in time not to ask him to say "yellow china dog?" And didn't heedless Emmie leave the splasher on which she had laboriously stitched the filial wish, "May all your trouble end in smoke," just where mamma could see it? Even desperate lawless Billy has made a present, all his own work, a carved box on which he burned the injunction "Honor they father and thy mother." Perhaps he means it for a reminder, and will live up to it. Who knows? Anyway Christmas is not the time to question motives. When Jimmie gives his teacher the autograph album in which he has written with painful effort, "My deer teacher, in your pafway froo life may you meet many fiends," she will appreciate his whole-hearted good-will, even though he did lose an "r" from the tip of his stumpy pencil. Even the kindergartner has prepared a " 'sprise," decorated with thumb marks, and little dark spots that a ready tongue had tried vainly to lick out. Eyes are not sharp enough to see such defects in a Christmas present.

"A CHILD AND A STOCKING AT EACH CORNER."

But the day is wearing on. And unassisted toilets must be made over again, and breakfast must be eaten before skates and sleds can be tested, and then there is Mass, and then din-

ner—such a dinner! and then the visits to the Crib, where young hearts open like flowers in the atmosphere of Love, the Christ-Child's love for the children

"AFTER ALL THE CHRISTMAS TREE IS A GARISH, SHOWY THING."

of earth. They come singly, in groups, and legions, till the streets are alive with their high-pitched voices, and marble aisles give back the patter of their little feet. Chattering, stumbling, genuflecting freely to pictures and statues, they troop up the church to subside into comparative silence when finally the Crib lies before them. Some are carefully attended, others left en-

tirely to their own devices in paying homage, and a fascinating study they are while so engaged.

Before the high altar is a gentle boy with docked hair and Cossack blouse, his left hand holding a brownie, his right making the sign of the Cross, while his dreamy eyes rest on the splendors of the marble shrine. He is one of a party of three "personally conducted" by a bustling, noisy creature with straw-colored wisps of curls sticking out defiantly from a much-battered bonnet. She wields an iron spoon, now pointing out things of interest, again transferring the spoon to her mouth while she falls upon and adjusts the lace scarf on the neck of a toddler who always goes down before the onslaught, to be set on her feet again by an older devotee. The vigorous leader pats her on the back reassuringly, and protest dies upon her lips. Such is the power of acknowledged leadership. There is distinction even in being thrown down by it.

Sitting back on his heels, quite in front of the Crib, is Francis Leo, a masterful, aggressive spirit, always in the van, and usually militant even in his prayers. He has been known, in his daily orisons, to line up his enemies, including his nurse, on one side, and ask God not to bless them, while he fervently asks His blessing on "Faver, Muver an' Toby," the last named being a shaggy little dog. To-day he is at peace with all, and penitent if one may judge by his fragmentary prayers which consist chiefly of "froo my fault" and "O my God I am heartily sorry"—a sorrow that oddly enough elicits a smile from all within hearing of his professions. Beside him, two other children, a boy and a girl, pour out their souls in prayer. Together they recite the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" and together they sweetly and seriously pray "God bless Mary Jane Boylan and give her grace to persevere." Mary Jane is a little novice in doubt of her vocation, and has been the subject of family prayer. What better place to ask comfort for her troubled heart than here?

A tall, white-haired woman leads in a little child, whose pitying eyes rest tenderly on the waxen Infant. He knows what it is to be poor, to be cold and hungry, and his compassion is given practical expression. He has shoes, the Christ-Child has none, and the outstretched hands are pleading. Dropping softly on the straw by the Crib he slips a penny into the rose leaf palm, and whispers, "buy yourself some shoes," a whisper that is heard in heaven.

"Where is God, Chimmie, where is God?" shrills a voice like a cricket's. "You said He's always in your church."

"And he is," asserts "Chimmie" stoutly. "You just ask my mother?"

"Chimmie's" friend is not the only sceptic who seeks the Crib. Down among the pews is one not of the Fold. Her tender years have been spent in the street, and in warfare with all her kind. She has been ostracized for insulting the race and faith of other children in her neighborhood, on many occasions, and capped all by shrieking defiantly that "Buster Brown," her maltese kitten, was better than "any Irish-Catholic cat." No wonder she is alone on Christmas day. Presently she slips out of the shadow and stands revealed, an unkempt little figure, pathetic in its loneliness. Round her neck is a faded ribbon on which hangs the key of the room which she will seek later on when her mother comes from work. Despite her bravado and hard-

ened effrontery her unbelieving soul is troubled to its depths, but comfort comes when Polly Quinn, the owner of the despised cat, slips a coaxing hand into hers and draws her into the circle of light where lies the Babe of Bethlehem. Side by side they kneel, the heretic and the child of Faith, their differences forgotten, their hearts at peace. A dainty little lady in furs and feathered bonnet flutters by them to make her offering, and, emulating her example, Edie drops in the box two bright "gold" pennies. Her surrender is complete.

"Don't point," whispers a gentle voice. "Don't point, wait until we get outside."

"There won't be anything to point at then," objects a boy philosopher, whose hand is drawn down and pinioned under the mother-hand. "I must ask while I can see things. Is that black man God's black man? And where does God keep His sheep when the Crib is taken away—"

And so they come and go—these guests of the Christ-Child—till the shadows deepen in the church, and night is on the world outside. Christmas trees blaze in thousands of homes as the last of the devotees clatter down the steps. The great doors close, and the Crib is left to the guardianship of angels.

The children's day is almost done. A few hours of fun and feasting, and then inert little creatures are gathered up from couches, chairs, or floor—wherever sleep struck them down—and tucked away in their beds, too tired even to dream

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HIS LITTLE LORDSHIP.

Continued from page 567.

looking so brown and splendid. And Hugo had thought he would never come!

The doctor put something to his lips, which he swallowed with difficulty, but almost immediately he felt better.

"Uncle Esmé," he said, "I'm so glad you've come."

"So am I, old chap!" said the bronzed soldier, and Hugo was almost certain he saw his lips quiver.

"Now, lie still, little man," said the doctor, "we must have no talking."

"There is one thing I must say," said Hugo speaking very distinctly because he felt the fatigue of speaking at all. "The people are not to go out because the seasons have been bad."

Lord Esmé bent down to him and took his hand.

"You are the Earl, you know, Hugo," he said, "and Vance will do what you wish. But that is all right. Vance is a good fellow, and the people are safe: we've settled that between us."

"Dan'l,—who pulled me out of the lake, you know. I want Dan'l to have a better farm."

"Daniel Quinn saved his life," explained Lord Esmé to the doctor. Then he spoke to Hugo.

"Daniel shall name his own reward," he said, "and you will give it to him, old fellow. And if he doesn't ask enough we shall only have to give him more."

"And Rose, too."

"And Rose, too,"—answered Lord Esmé though he didn't know who Rose was.

There was no use asking the Earl either, for the Earl had sunk off in a comfortable sleep, holding Uncle Esmé's hand.

THE BOY.

HOW TO HELP HIM SUCCEED.

To assist him in solving this problem Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., propounded twenty-five questions to three hundred and nineteen American men representing success in various lines of effort. They were asked to tell the secret of their success, to give their views on the advantages of farm and college life, technical schools, professions, the boy in his father's business, the best reading for boys, the cause of failures, and many other things to be considered in discussing the welfare of boys. The replies form a most interesting section of Mr. Fowler's new book, "The Boy—How to Help Him Succeed." The three most pertinent questions are the following,

To what one thing, or to what two or more things do you attribute your success?

To what one great cause, do you think, more than to any other, is due the majority of failures?

If all the boys of America were in session, and you were asked to telegraph a few words of advice, what would you say?

Selecting here and there we find the following answers indicate the concensus of opinion reached by practical men, who in answering these three questions based their replies on their own experience and observation.

JOHN B. MURPHY, Chicago, Ill., Surgeon, professor of Surgery, Northwestern University. Inventor of surgical appliances.

(a) Integrity of purpose, (b) persistence in action, (c) indefatigable labor, (d) devoting attention to practical and live topics, (e) prompt action.

Indolence or dishonest labor.

Be honest with yourself, honest with your neighbor, and honest with your God. Have high ideals; they are easily attainable, if you work, work, work.

JOHN MITCHELL, President United Mine Workers of America.

Constant application to my duties. Concentration of effort upon special subjects.

Inexperience, lack of application to work, intemperance.

Be studious, honest, and temperate, in all your habits. Respect and honor your parents. Be respectable to your elders.

THOMAS J. BORDEN, Fall River, Mass., Cotton Goods Manufacturer.

Close observation of what others do and why; doing everything promptly and thoroughly; careful study of the sciences applicable to the lines of business in which I have been engaged; endeavoring to earn the utmost confidence of others in all business transactions.

(a) Thinking without doing, (b) doing without thinking, (c) neither doing nor thinking.

Keep your life clean; avoid stimulants; think before you act; be punctual, polite, and persevering.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Actor.

A love for my profession, a full realization of its usefulness, and (as far as I was able) doing my best to keep my faith with the public.

Indolence and vanity.

Avoid evil influences; restrain your passions; injure no man, and particularly injure no woman. There is no armour like the truth; it commands the respect of all men and strengthens courage. Do all the good you can consistent with self-preservation. Read the advice of Polonius to his son in Hamlet.

JACOB RIIS, Journalist, Author, Reformer.

(a) My wife. (b) Stickativeness, I suppose, but from the ordinary business point of view I have not been a "success," I am still a poor man.

Lack of gumption; would rather loaf physically or mentally.

ROOSEVELT'S advice "Don't flinch and fool. Stub the line hard;" and his life rule, "Better be faithful than famous."

JOHN A. MCCALL, President New York Life Insurance Company.

Determination.

Lack of ambition.

Be sober, truthful, honest and energetic.

GEORGE W. CABLE, Author.

I attribute such success as I have achieved mainly to three things: first, the advantage of a particular talent which I could utilize without the need of large outlay of time or money for training or equipment; second, a spirit of diligence and of conscientious workmanship; and third, learning my lessons when in school thoroughly, lovingly and for their own sake.

Going into the wrong thing in the first place, and lacking the courage to retreat.

I should say there was no success where you don't succeed inside yourself. Outward success without *inward success* is a gilded failure.

GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR, Editor-in-Chief of Boston Globe.

In every position that I have ever held I have always done a little more than was expected of me. That and honest hard work will accomplish all that the ability and ambition of a man entitle him to achieve.

Lack of brains and of industry.

Do a little more than is expected of you wherever you are placed.

HON. IGNATIUS A. SULLIVAN, Mayor of Hartford, Conn.

First, to an ambition that I might some day fill an important position which would materially assist in advancing the cause of the common people. Second, honesty of purpose. Third, diligence, and keeping everlastingly at it when I was sure I was right.

Lack of good reason.

Be honest. Make friends. Be ambitious to rise above your present station or position.

DANIEL PRATT BALDWIN, LL.D., Logansport, Ind., Capitalist, Lawyer, Author.

Dogged persistence. I am naturally a very dull man, but never give up when I undertake a thing.

Too many irons in the fire. Eternal vigilance in one pursuit is the price of success.

Courage, courtesy, contentment.

GENERAL WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, President Boston Elevated R. R., Lawyer.

Fairness and industry.

Lack of capital.

Be honest, be observing, be thoughtful, be industrious.

SAMUEL S. ADAMS, M.D., Washington, D. C., Professor, theory and practice of medicine and diseases of children, Georgetown University. Attending physician, Children's Hospital, Washington Hospital for Foundlings, Georgetown University Hospital.

(a) Hard study. (b) Not being afraid to work. (c) Strict attention to my professional work. (d) Grasping successfully a few ideas and avoiding a smattering of knowledge. (e) The art of applying what I knew, and never attempting to do something of which I knew little or nothing. (f) Respecting the feelings of others.

Trying to get rich too fast.

In your calling be truthful, honest, painstaking and industrious. Avoid excessive smoking. Let alcoholics alone. Never gamble either with cards, races or the ticker. In your daily expenses spend your own earnings and avoid borrowing from your friends.

B. F. KEITH, Proprietor Keith's Theatres.

Primarily, to principles inculcated in boyhood days by excellent environment. Secondly, to a decided inclination for the business eventually chosen. Third, to perseverance without haste.

The credit system.

Keep pegging away. Do not hurry. Do not stop. Be a boy as long as you can without becoming a man too late in life. Live within your income no matter what it is, and save a little anyway, and above all don't think that you can't; but if you are ready to prove that you can't, come to me, and we will have it out together. I think I can tell you a few little things. Do not be ashamed to carry a bundle, and do not allow yourself to be held down for life by reason of such foolishness in earlier or later years. You won't be noticed much at first, except by those who are inclined to jeer, but you will be noticed all right later if you persevere. Do not be amenable to unreasonable society laws. They are a delusion and a snare and a lie on their face. Pay your bills, and advise others to do the same.

HON. JOHN F. DRYDEN, Newark, N. J., United States Senator. President Prudential Insurance Company of America.

To a careful study of the theory and principles underlying the practice of American life insurance, its past history, modern requirements, and probably future

tendencies; to unremitting application to every duty and painstaking care in attending to details; to resolute indifference to difficulties, hardships and discouraging experiences, with an ever-present and abiding faith in the ultimate realization of my early aim to extend the practice of life insurance to the industrial population; but finally, to my confidence and absolute trust in my business associates, to whose hearty co-operation and special ability I owe in no small measure whatever success I may have attained.

Inexperience.

Work unweariedly, and never lose your courage. Have an abiding faith in yourself and your future. Educate yourself in all that pertains to your calling, and determine to excel each day in the work you have to do. Love and respect your work, and be loyal to your employer, for success is possible in every useful occupation. Do not undervalue material success, but determine to be more rather than to have more. The foundations of every real success in life are intelligent industry and every-day morality.

GEORGE A. MACBETH, Pittsburg, Pa., Manufacturer of lamp chimneys.

Observation and persistent application, coupled with natural mechanical faculty and some knowledge of chemistry.

No.

Be honest, courageous, diligent. Do more than you are asked.

LOVER AND HIS WORKS.

"Once upon a time!"—I love the phrase:
It bears me back to days of old,
When pearls were strung on fairy lays,
And I was rich in fairy gold;
When rubies grew on silver stems.
And emeralds were the leaves of trees,
And diamonds were the dew-drop gems
That gleam'd on wonders such as these,
"Once upon a time."

The magic of this phrase which Lover made the refrain of a song is often felt in the legends, songs and stories by this versatile Irish writer who at the age of seventeen started out to seek his fortune in the city of Dublin. In the Wicklow Mountains, where a long vacation had been spent, he had studied Nature in all her moods, and man at his best, simple, honest, and true of heart. Loving the people, he entered into their lives and gave them an enduring place in the literature of their country. He wrote of their virtues and their foibles, their likes and their dislikes, and did it without incurring their resentment or wounding their feelings. James Jeffrey Roche, in his introduction to the new edition* of Lover's works, says "he was one of themselves", and they bore his fun good-naturedly because he laughed with them and not at them. At a banquet given to Thomas Moore young Lover laid the foundation of his literary fame in the song "The Poet's Election," which delighted the guest of the occasion and won the attention of other literary celebrities. About the same time he made his début as a painter of miniatures, and as such he flourished for fifteen years in the Irish capital. Lover's skill as an etcher was shown in his caricatures in the "Horn Book," a publication brought out to help overthrow the infamous tithe system under which Irish Catholics were obliged to contribute to the support of the established church. In 1827 his first play

*First collected edition, Novels, Short Stories, Poems, and Plays of Samuel Lover, with biographical and critical introduction by James Jeffrey Roche. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, publishers.

was produced at the Theatre Royal, and in 1832 his first volume of tales and legends appeared. He was a prolific writer of exquisite theatrical trifles, and a number of dramas of a more ambitious character, notably "Rory O'More" and "The White Horse of the Peppers," attest his industry and the range of his genius. When failing eyesight debarred him from continuous work with pen or pencil he began a series of public entertainments consisting of songs and readings from his own works, and, like many of his contemporaries, he paid a visit to the United States in quest of new audiences. He traveled as far south as New Orleans, north to the Canadian cities, and west to Lake Superior, spending two years in giving entertainments and being entertained by the new life around him. That he brought home some vivid impressions of American life was evinced in his subsequent work, and in later years when death had decimated the ranks of his friends and was even then hovering on his threshold the words of our loved American poet were tenderly recalled. "The shot is flying thick and fast among the front companies," wrote Lover, "it makes one think of that fine couplet of Longfellow's:

"Hearts like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Though Lover depicted life chiefly as it was on the surface, yet his characters make a lasting impression. Having once met them it is difficult to forget them. Of the influence of Lover and kindred writers in establishing the status of the Irishman in fiction, Mr. Roche says:

"Before the rise of the school of Irish novelists, early in the nineteenth century, the Irishman of English fiction and the stage was an uncouth libel on humanity, a witless baboon who excited nothing but ridicule or aversion. He was somewhat in that respect like the "Nigger" of stage and fiction, and therefore outside the pale of human sympathy. It mattered not that the Irishman of real life was present in the scantily covered flesh; that he was known to all mankind to be witty, brave, chivalrous and God-fearing. Until Lover and kindred writers depicted him as such, the English-speaking world understood him not nor the debt which its literature owed to his countrymen, Burke, Sheridan, Swift, Steele, Goldsmith, and half the bright names in contemporary letters."

"Rory O'More," "Treasure Trove," and "Handy Andy" are widely different in tone and treatment, but each still holds an appreciative public, and merits it, though one could wish that the humor of the last-named was less strained, and that the author had maintained throughout this novel the high standard of delicacy he set himself in his other works of fiction. The scene in the chapel where Father Phil makes his collection is one of the departures from the tenets of good taste that Lover is occasionally guilty of, but even here he almost redeems himself by the tender pathos of the incident where the destitute and bereft woman bears open witness to Father Blake's noble generosity. Commenting on Lover's attempts to draw an Irish priest, Mr. Roche says:

"No Irish Protestant writer ever felt or expressed more indignation towards the persecutions heaped upon those faithful leaders of their flocks, standing alone, as they did, between the forlorn serf and a master whose cruelty was equalled only by his besotted folly. But for the priest ministering, with a price on his head, to his scattered people, rebellion or anarchy would have deluged the land with blood. None knew this better than Lover. It is not out of place to recall the fact in any allusion to his life-work; for his life was indeed devoted to the championship of his

poor countrymen and especially of those who differed from him in creed and station."

The Catholic reader readily detects the errors into which Lover falls when he essays to describe Catholic ceremonies or touch upon points of Catholic belief. For instance, when writing of confession and the seal of the confessional, his statements are so manifestly incorrect that they are powerless to convey a wrong impression, and merely excite wonder that a man of his intelligence could have held such erroneous ideas despite his opportunities to inform himself.

His patriotism can never be called in question. It actuates all his work. Thus, in writing to the Earl of Charlemont he reveals his motive in writing "Treasure Trove."

"A false outcry has too often been raised against Ireland, that she 'will never be quiet':—let anyone, in a candid spirit, look to her history, past and present, and he will admit that no country so misgoverned could enjoy tranquillity. If her history were better known in the land that rules her destinies, I think more of justice would accrue to her in public opinion; and therefore have the humble efforts of my pen been directed to sprinkle a few grains of instructive fact through the following fiction, hoping thus to coax the reader into a sense of even tardy justice to a country and a people among the finest in the world."

Humor, tenderness, and an exquisite delicacy mark Lover's songs, which sway human affection today as strongly as they did when the public first yielded to the charm of "Molly Bawn," "The Low Back'd Car," "Barney O'Hea," "The Angels Whisper," "What Will You Do, Love?" and many other favorites numbered among the three hundred comprising a collection of varied merit, but alike in one respect that—as their composer claims—"each song was not only made for singing, but has been sung."

"Ireland may have poets and story-tellers of higher literary rank and more enduring fame," asserts the writer of the biographical and critical introduction to the new Library edition, "but she will never have one more true and tender and loyal than Samuel Lover."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages, by the Rev. Horace K. Mann, Head Master of St. Cuthbert's School, Newcastle-on-Tyne—Vol. I, "The Popes under the Lombard Rule"; Part II, St. Gregory the Great to Leo III.

We repeat here the sincere congratulations which we tendered Father Mann at the time of the publication of the First Volume. That he should have been able to give us a second volume so soon after the appearance of the first is a proof of his ceaseless labor and of his deep earnestness. The author wishes to carry out to the letter the advice given by the Holy Father, who so strongly urges all Catholic writers to make known to the world the true character of the Popes as they appear from their deeds and their writings. Leo XIII was impelled to make this wish public in view of the fact that, up to this time, nearly all the authors who have taken up the history of the Popes have been non-Catholics with a distinctly anti-Catholic bias. The consequence is that we have either an unfinished or a distorted portrait of the numerous successors of St. Peter. The need of having

a Catholic view and a Catholic presentation of these exalted rulers is very pressing, and both Dr. Pastor and Fr. Mann deserve, not only encouragement, but also fitting rewards.

In this second volume, we have the biographies of Vitalian (657-672), Adeodatus (672-676), Donus (676-678), St. Agatho (678-681), St. Leo II (682-683), St. Benedict II (684-685), John V (685-686), Conon (686-687), St. Sergius I (687-701), John VI (701-705), John VII (705-707), Sisinnius (708), Constantine (708-715), St. Gregory II (715-731), St. Gregory III (731-741), St. Zachary (741-752), Stephen II (752), and Stephen III (752-757), St. Paul I (757-767), Stephen IV (768-772), and Hadrian I (772-795). We are thus given a conscientious picture of twenty Popes, who governed the Church between the years 657 and 795. The period covered is one of great importance, especially as the leading event of the eighth century was the acquisition of temporal power by the Sovereign Pontiff. Of this noteworthy fact, Fr. Mann writes: "After two centuries of what we may describe as anarchy in Italy, the popes emerge as rulers of a very considerable part of it. The powerlessness and tyranny of the exarchs and the eastern emperors, and the lust of territory on the part of the savage Lombard, on the one hand, and the beneficent conduct of the popes on the other, were the true cause of the acquisition of sovereign power in temporals by the popes." He quotes the following from Diehl's "Justinien": "In everyday life it was the Church which, from the products of its rich and admirably-managed estates, supported the city, by the hospitals which it built, by the works of charity which it multiplied, by its daily and inexhaustible beneficence; it was the Church which reanimated and consoled the wretched; and so, in that Rome which it defended and kept alive, slowly did it prepare and legitimatise the authority it was one day to exercise therein." Father Mann has the rare gift of making history pleasant reading, and that, not, as so many writers do, by drawing upon the imagination; but by putting the facts in their true setting of civil and religious surroundings.

May the Guardian Angels of Church History weave a special crown for this painstaking and conscientious writer and for his enterprising publisher. We need greatly books of this stamp.

Herder, St. Louis. Price, $3.00.

Father Marquette, by Reuben G. Thwaites.

It is fortunate that the eminent Jesuit discoverer, Father Marquette, has found so able a biographer as Reuben G. Thwaites. By his broad and intimate acquaintance with the "Jesuit Relations" Dr. Thwaites was peculiarly fitted to write this sketch, while his personal enthusiasm for the character he so feelingly portrays throws a touch of attractiveness over every page. It is, indeed, a striking, oftentimes a thrilling narrative this story of a gentle and finely-educated Frenchman, who, surrendering everything the world holds dear, in order to become a member of the Society of Jesus, pleaded for permission to crown his sacrifice by mission-work among the Indian savages of Canada. Step by step, in simple but graphic language, Dr. Thwaites guides us through the varied phases of Marquette's eventful life. Though not a Catholic, there is not an offensive expression, not an injudicious remark in the entire book. It is a volume of which the Appletons may well be proud and we hope that the labors of the authors and of the publisher will be amply rewarded by the cordial support of numerous readers. Marquette's life has an interest for Catholics and non-Catholics alike. But why is the apostle of the Indies called Francois in place of Francis?

Appleton & Co., New York. Cloth, $1.00.

The Harmony of the Religious Life, by Herman J. Heuser, of the Overbrook Seminary.

Original, suggestive, practical, were the expressions that fell from our lips after reading this book. Under the pleasing metaphors associated with music, Fr. Heuser gives an exquisite treatise upon the religious life. "A religious community, if it be as God designed it, resembles a grand instrument of music, a harp of which the individual members are the strings, or an organ of which they represent the separate keys which are touched by the Divine Hand, to give forth sweet harmony of a heavenly music, according to the will of God, who is the master artist controlling the instrument." With wonderful power this metaphorical language is sustained throughout the book, while the practical side of the religious life is not lost sight of. Thus, for example, from *Do, Re, Mi,* Father Heuser draws three principles—*Do, Renounce, Minister.* Of the first the author wisely remarks: "On general principles our

charity must be *active;* of course, I mean intelligently active. You know that it is quite possible for persons to have what is called a *charitable disposition* without much actual charity. Such people are good at approving charitable undertakings; they can suggest any amount of things that might be done; they ever direct them and collect money for them from others. Most of the time, however, they content themselves with encouraging such things and lamenting their inability to take a hand; or they find, at the last moment, that rheumatism or a dreadful cold, or some disastrous freak of the elements has interfered with their most charitable intentions. (When such by mischance enter religion), they will make themselves conspicuous in one of two ways. They are advocates of words, of promises, of suggestions. They are always interested and seemingly active; but, if you count up results, there is nothing done. They might accomplish a world of good, if they had not so many schemes *for others,* which particular characteristic gives to their zeal the *air* of disinterested charity without the essential quality of *Do!*

Another class incline the other way. They really don't make many words at any time. Theirs is a sort of *contemplative* mood of charity, waiting for eternal rest. They don't mind how much others have to flit around and worry for their sakes, either to do the things left undone or unfinished, on account of their tranquil sanctity, or because it is necessary to make them comfortable so as to prevent dirges and lamentations which fit in quite well with the restful piety of such dispositions. . . . Alas, such are like dead weights in the road of spiritual progress to a community. They never realize that they were created to win the kingdom of heaven by violence and by labor and self-denial." Some may think Dr. Heuser's remarks a trifle sarcastic in places, as where he speaks "*of the school of correction called a Religious House*"; but he evidently writes from experience, and his friendly advice, if taken in good part, will help much to the out-rooting of those defects which sometimes make the Religious Life an actual martyrdom for the fervent and a farce for the shams.

Benziger Bros., New York.

The Glories of Mary, by St. Alphonsus Liguori, arranged for popular use, with the addition of prayers and devotions.

This striking work of the saintly Founder of the Redemptorists has always been a favorite with devout Catholics. It is a pleasure to welcome it in a new garb. The edition upon the market was clumsy, poorly-bound and gaudily attired. Now we have the book in a neat, convenient form, well-bound and clearly printed. Some of the expressions may strike a Northern nature as rhapsodical and extravagant, but the general tenor of the book helps effectively to cherish an affectionate devotion to that peerless queen-mother who is "to live for ever in the memory of mankind."

Benziger Bros., New York. $1.25.

Daniel Boone, by Reuben G. Thwaites.

This interesting sketch belongs to the series of Historic Lives which the enterprising Appleton firm are publishing. Daniel Boone has always been a prominent figure in Amerian frontier life. His grand figure, his wonderful daring, his utter fearlessness, and his absolute independence have made him a favorite with both old and young in the United States. Cooper has immortalized him in his stories, and not a few poets have sung his deeds in enthusiastic verse. Dr. Thwaites brings to his work the knowledge of the true historian and the polish of the man of letters. The result is a popular biography, which combines rare scholarship with literary finish. We trust that the author will live many years to add to the historical conquests he has already won.

Appleton & Co., New York. $1.00.

The Pharaoh and the Priest, by Alexander Glovatski. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin.

Mr. Curtin, who revealed the wealth of Polish literature to English-speaking people by his translations of the works of Sienkiewicz, has now turned his attention to Alexander Glovatski, another literary light of the hapless land of St. Casimir. Glovatski, who was born at Mashov in 1847, has come to be regarded as one of the leading Polish writers. He has already published about seventeen volumes, the greater number of which deal with modern characters, situations and questions. Mr. Curtin, however, preferred to make Glovatski's power known to us by

the translation of his historical novel, "The Pharaoh and the Priest." The book carries us back to the venerable civilization of the Nile valley, beyond which nearly everything in the ancient world is enshrouded in impenetrable mist. Egypt, the land of the sphinx and of the obelisk, the land of pyramids and of temple-palaces, the land of weaving and of porcelain-manufactories, the land of embalming and of dyeing, the land of animal worship and of superstition, the land of geometry and of astronomy,—this is the setting for the stirring scenes related in the volume before us.

To appreciate the treasures of this work we must keep in mind the peculiar nature of Egyptian institutions. Although kingly power there belonged to a favored class or family, the actual administration of the government assumed a peculiar form owing to the extraordinary power exercised by the priests. The Oriental ruler could be an absolute despot, crushing his subjects according to whim or fancy, obeying no law and heeding no adviser; the Egyptian, on the contrary, was not independent; at his side stood the priest, prescribing in minute detail the rights and duties of the throne and the practices of private life. It is evident from this outline that the influence of the Egyptian priests was exceedingly great. Had they confined themselves to wise suggestions and to prudent advice, the country would have benefited by their influence, but, alas! as time went on, they overstepped their office and strove, under various pretences, to control the throne itself.

The nation was systematically divided into sections or *nomes*, each of which had its ruler or *nomarch*. Although castes, in the strict sense of the word, did not exist, since any one could by superior talent rise to eminence, nevertheless, as many occupations were hereditary, the evils of class distinctions were but little removed from those of caste. Shepherds and herdsmen were regarded with horror, and so the gentleman-class turned to priestly, civil or military occupations, or to those which called for scientific knowledge in opposition to those which required manual skill.

The scene of this story is laid in the eleventh century before Christ, when the dynasty of Rameses XIII fell, and the cap of the pharaohs, encircled by a serpent, was taken by Sem-amen-Herhor, the high priest of Amon. Rameses XIII had been an unfortunate monarch, since, although he had held the throne of Egypt for above twenty-six years, nevertheless his reign had caused a decline, not only in the power and influence of the realm, but also in architecture, glyptic art, literature and morals. This decadence prepared the way for the ambitious priest. The accession of the first Priest-King led to a mighty struggle between the secular and the ecclesiastical powers, each side contending with tremendous energy for the mastery. The ruin of a Pharaoh with the rise of a self-chosen sovereign and a new line of rulers are the double consummation in this novel. The plan is admirably conceived and skilfully carried out, the characters are drawn by a master's hand, and the reader's interest is sustained throughout. Glovatski is extremely vivid in his descriptions. We seem, while reading, to be passing up and down the cities and towns of Egypt, to be gazing upon its massive and awe-inspiring achitecture, to be listening to the earnest entreaties of the priests and to be present at its strange and symbolic forms of worship. To Glovatski Egypt is not a thing of the past, but a living state-organism, pulsing with human activity and with those conflicting movements which mark all national life. Nowhere, perhaps, has the struggle between the religious and secular influence been depicted with the powers displayed by this Polish writer; and it is impossible to peruse the book without drawing many lessons applicable to other ages in the world's history. It is a book, not for the young, the undeveloped, the inexperienced, but for the developed mind, the sound heart, the formed character. To the former the story would be unintelligible, possibly harmful, as the standard of Egyptian morality at the time depicted was far from being a lofty one; to the latter it will afford interest by its plot and character—portrayals, and broad instruction by its erudition.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The Katipunan or the Rise and Fall of the Filipino Commune, by Francis St. Clair.

This historical and biographical study unfolds to us the startling plans and methods adopted by the society which brought about the insurrection of 1896-1898 and 1899. The revelations herein made throw a clear light upon the character and the motives of the men who endeavored to thrust Spanish rule out of the

Philippines. We are thus furnished with an insight into the true life, and habits and aims of Jose Rizal, the so-called martyr-patriot of the Filipinos, while the evidence given as to the labors and achievements of the Spanish Friars is thorough and convincing. The booklet contains excellent materials, out of which articles and speeches could be drawn for practical work in the struggle which will be needed to win justice for the Friars and fair legislation in matters educational for the Catholic Filipinos. We regret that the proof-reader did not perform his duty with greater care.

Tip. "Amigos Del Pais," Palacio 258, Manila.

A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition, by Eliza Atkins Stone.

This remarkable essay from the pen of a non-Catholic gives a calm, judicial view of the much-maligned Spanish Inquisition. As the writer herself states: "There is, perhaps, no other historical question more deeply overlaid with prejudices, fallacy, one may even say superstition; none as to which popular conceptions are farther removed from the facts as scholars know them." After indicating the grounds for this popular misconception, the author sketches briefly the gradual rise of the Spanish tribunal and the motives which led thereunto. She concludes by a quiet, rational explanation of the entire matter, which must bring comfort to Catholics and needed enlightenment to non-Catholics. The essay should be carefully read by all and scattered broadcast among non-Catholics.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

B. K. Benson, author of "Who Goes There" and "A Friend with the Countersign," has produced another tale of love and adventure, "Bayard's Courier." Brothers fighting on opposite sides in the Civil War are often met with in novels dealing with that period, but Mr. Benson introduces further complications by making twin brothers, separated in infancy, the leading characters in various skirmishes and engagements of the cavalry campaigns in Virginia. The brothers are so much alike that even the gentle Lucy, who was engaged to the Federal soldier, aids in nursing his brother through a dangerous illness without discovering her mistake in supposing him to be her lover. Andrew Morgan is so chivalrous that he comes near to ruining the happiness of his twin brother and Lucy by not revealing his identity, but fortunately such situations are rarely beyond the author's skill to remedy, and Mr. Benson is fully equal to the occasion. At the critical moment he brings upon the scene the true and only Daniel Morgan, and as the minister is already there the marriage of the young people takes place to the satisfaction of all. Andrew Morgan recovers, an aunt untangles the family mystery by which both brothers were reared under the same name though ignorant of each other's existence, and the story ends happily.

The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

James Whitcomb Riley is the poet laureate of American children. He has studied them in all their moods, at work, at play, and in mischief, and reproduces them in his rhymes with such a delightfully clear touch that the originals stand revealed. His latest work, "The Book of Joyous Children" is a gallery of portraits, readily identified— every one—from "The Awf'lest Boy in Town" to the victim of "A Gustatory Achievement." The mirth of "The Fool Youngens" is irresistible; it is as real as the pride of Uncle Sydney in the scholarship of little "Leslie-Janie."

"She print an' sent a postal card
To Uncle Sydney, telling
How glad he'll be to hear that she
'Toock the onners in Spelling.'"

"Intellectual Limitations" will recall to many an adult reader—for adults as well as children will read Whitcomb Riley's new book—humiliating experiences similar to that of "Winnie's Ma," who couldn't answer such a simple question as

"What's the wind a-doin' when
It's not a-blowing?"

"The Book of Joyous Children" abounds in the laughter, grace and tenderness characteristic of the Hoosier poet's verses for and about children. The critic will have his say about the quality of some of the rhymes, but the sentiment can not be called in question.

The illustrations, by Will Vawter, have been made under the author's supervision, and portray the scenes and the little heroes and heroines of the poems with artistic fidelity.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.20 net.

There is a great deal of sound advice written into the "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. John Graham, the mer-

chant, is a pork packer in Chicago, and his son is a Harvard man who graduates with large ideas on certain points, notably foreign travel and his own importance, which are speedily lost in the paternal stock-yards. His father's epistolary style is graphic and convincing, though the purists will contend that his English is open to criticism. However, he accomplishes his purpose, makes a thoroughgoing business man out of the elegant Pierpont, and in the last letter gives him his blessing and a handsome increase in salary, together with an unqualified approval of the young woman who is to be his daughter-in-law.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Catholic children owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, the compiler of the McBride Literature and Art Books. Only a lover of children and a close student of their likes and ways could have exercised such admirable judgment in the work of selection, arrangement and illustration. Books IV, V and VI, recently published, fully achieve the author's purpose of placing before the young a series of reading books containing noble and elevating thoughts. Lessons of patriotism, heroism, chivalry and—best of all—love of God, are inculcated by the subject matter of these supplementary readers.

There are some stories that never grow old or lose interest; they are the heritage of each generation of children, and thus it is that we find in those books some legends and tales lovingly remembered as favorites in our own school days. But there is also a generous infusion of new matter introducing the children to writers of the present day. Thus in book IV we find among other gems of Catholic literature "The Easter Vision of the Brother Sacristan," by Susan L. Emery, an exquisitely beautiful conception that will incite young minds and hearts to emulate the devotion of the little maiden "holy and fair" who picked her way through copse and thicket seeking anemones and hepaticas and fragrant pink and white arbutus, saying as she went, over and over again, "For my risen Jesus." The intensity of love and faith in this little story will penetrate the consciousness of every child who reads it, making of him or her a more devoted and loving child of the Church. This is only one instance, but many might be cited if space permitted. Books V and VI are equally rich in contents, and the illustrations in all will open up to the child a wide acquaintance with the Masters of Art.

In the production of this series, Mrs. Burke has rendered noble service to the cause of Catholic education, and it is to be hoped that these books will be widely circulated—to the moral and intellectual betterment of all pupils who study their contents.

D. H. McBride & Co., New York.

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The Research Society, 590 American Tract building, New York city, has been established for the purpose of preventing the spread of consumption. The Society is sending free to consumptives and sufferers from bronchitis, asthma and catarrh, the prescription of Professor Hoff of Vienna, Austria, together with a bottle of the medicine and a book containing a full account of the cure of Frederick Hamman by Professor Hoff as published in the New York Journal. Hamman was selected from 100 consumptive patients at the Vanderbilt Clinic and sent at the Journal's expense to be treated by Professor Hoff, and returned home after three months, completely cured.

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